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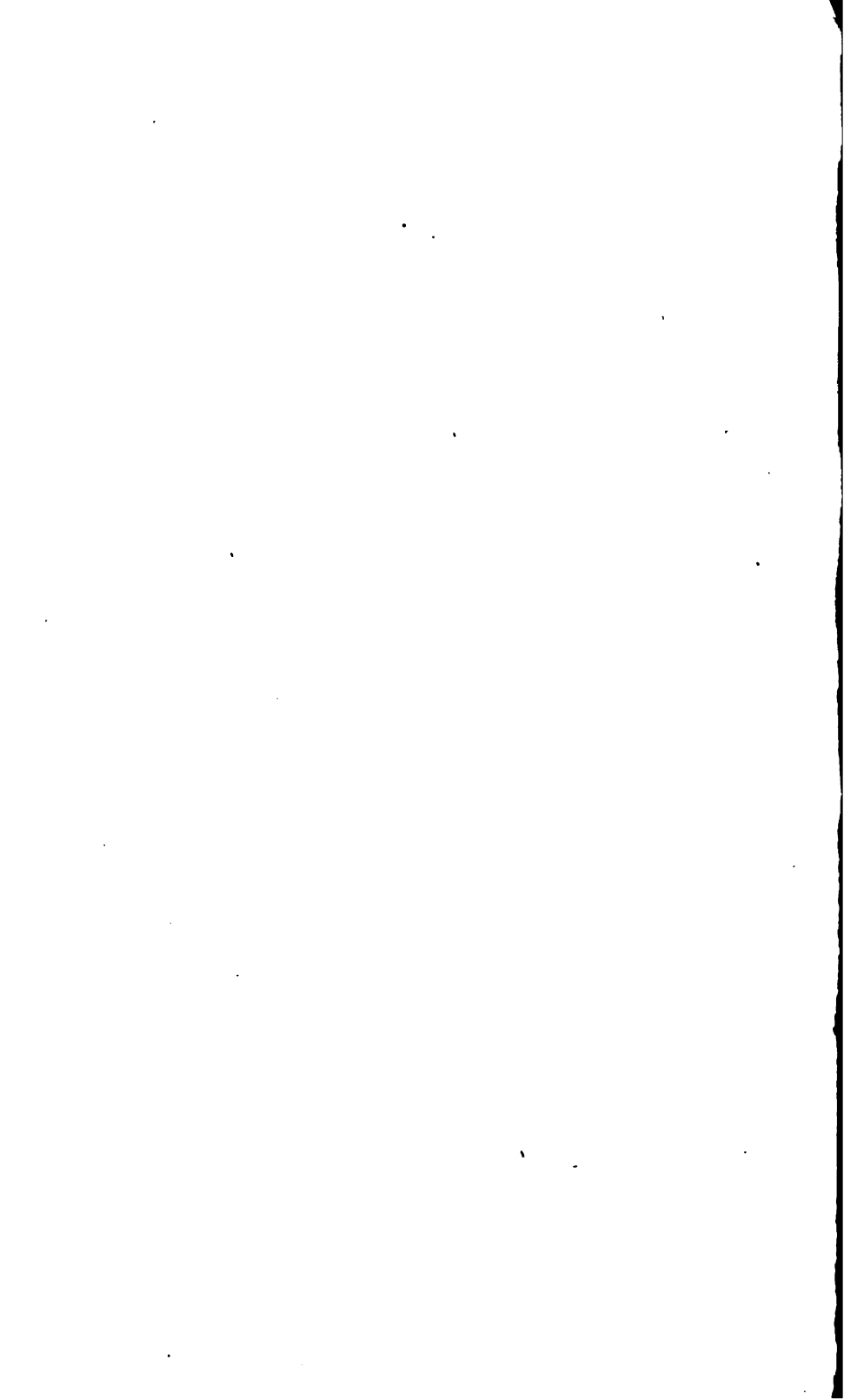
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THE NEWSPAPER PRESS:

ITS ORIGIN—PROGRESS—AND PRESENT
POSITION.

By JAMES GRANT,

AUTHOR OF "RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS," "THE GREAT METROPOLIS," ETC.
AND LATE EDITOR OF "THE MORNING ADVERTISER."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

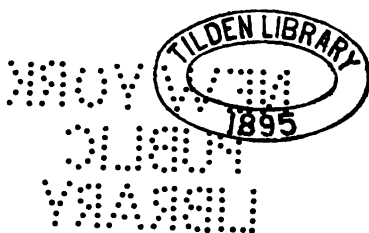
LONDON :

TINSLEY BROTHERS, 18, CATHERINE STREET, STRAND.

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1871.

LONDON :
SAVILL, EDWARDS AND CO., PRINTERS, CHANDOS STREET,
COVENT GARDEN.



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THE NEWSPAPER PRESS.

CHAPTER I.

PRESENT METROPOLITAN DAILY PAPERS.

THE TIMES—PART THIRD.

Further Particulars respecting the Invention of Steam Printing, and the Circumstances under which it was carried on till its Completion—Magnitude of the *Times* Establishment—Mr. Babbage's Account of it in 1832—Its Present Dimensions, as Described by two American Authors—Its Mental as well as Mechanical Resources—Early Expresses of the *Times*—Detection and Exposure of an Attempt at a Colossal Mercantile Swindle—Noble Conduct of the *Times* during the Height of the Railway Mania of 1845—The Number of the *Times*' Advertisements, and the Revenue formerly paid to Government for them.

IN connexion with the great discovery, to which I adverted at some length at the close of my first volume, and with the view of making all the circumstances connected with it better understood, it will be well I should quote from a writer in Chambers's "Book of Days," who evidently was well acquainted with the subject, his observations on it. But before doing so I wish to make one or two observations.

While the country was filled with wonder and delight

at the success of the great and important invention, no one could form any definite idea of the process by which the new mode of printing was carried on. Many, indeed, received the statements made on the subject with no inconsiderable incredulity, while the universal wish was that the process should be explained in a manner sufficiently clear as to be within the general comprehension. That wish, however, was not gratified; and consequently every one was left to form his own ideas on the subject. But after the lapse of a few years, a description appeared of the process whereby the *Times* was printed by steam.

The subjoined extract, from "The Book of Days," furnishes some explanatory particulars on the point; but I quote it chiefly because of its statements in relation to the circumstances under which the invention was carried on till its completion:—

The common printing-press, though much improved during the second half of the last century, could seldom strike off more than two or three hundred impressions per hour, with one man to ink the types, and another to work the press. To set forth the importance of machine-printing, it is only necessary to remark that, without such an invention, the production of a large impression of a newspaper was mechanically impossible, as the news would have been stale before the end of the impression was accomplished. In 1790, Mr. W. Nicholson obtained letters patent for a machine similar in many respects to those which have been adopted in later years; but it does not appear that he brought his invention into practice. Steam-power, it was known, would effect movements in machinery of almost every imaginable kind; but it was the enterprise

of the proprietors of the *Times* that enabled inventors to surmount the difficulties of applying such power to printing-presses.

It was—the same writer continues—the second Mr. John Walter (the son of the first, and the father of the present proprietor) whose management of the *Times* began in 1803, who gave so immense an impetus to rapid printing. It took many hours to strike off the 3000 or 4000 copies, of which the daily issue of the *Times* then consisted; and Mr. Walter was dissatisfied with that slow process. In 1804 Thomas Martyn, a compositor in his employment, produced a model of a self-acting machine for working the press; and Walter supplied him with money to continue his ingenious labours. The pressmen, however, were so bitterly hostile to any such innovation, that Martyn was placed almost in fear of his life; and as Walter did not at that time possess a very large capital, the scheme fell to the ground. John Walter, however, was not a man to be beaten by difficulties; he bore in mind Martyn's invention, and bided his time. He encouraged inventors from all quarters; and as his pecuniary means increased, he became able to pay them all well for their services. In 1814, he consented that König's patent for a printing-machine should be tried—not in the actual printing-office of the *Times*, but in adjoining premises, for fear of the hostility of the pressmen. König and his assistant, Bauer, worked quietly in these premises for many months, gradually perfecting the machine. The proceedings on the momentous 29th of November were highly characteristic of Mr. Walter. The night on which this curious machine was first brought into use in its new abode, says his biographer, was one of great anxiety, and even alarm. The suspicious pressmen had threatened destruction to any one whose inventions might suspend their employment—"destruction to him and his traps." They were directed to wait for expected news from the Continent. It was about six o'clock in the morning, when Mr. Walter went into the

press-room, and astonished its occupants by telling them that the *Times* was already printed by steam ; that if they attempted violence, there was a force ready to suppress it ; but if they were peaceable, their wages should be continued to every one of them till similar employment could be procured. The promise was no doubt faithfully performed ; and having so said, he distributed several copies among them. Thus was this most hazardous enterprise undertaken, and successfully carried through ; and printing by steam on an almost gigantic scale given to the world.

In connexion with this great improvement in the printing machinery of the *Times*, some strange misconceptions exist. Even the "Encyclopædia Britannica," in its latest edition, which stands so very high for the accuracy as well as the amplitude of its information, makes use of this phrase, in speaking of the circulation of the *Times* at this period :—"Thus it has come to pass that a circulation which did not, even in 1815, exceed an average of 5000 copies, became in 1834, 10,000 ; in 1844, 23,000 ; in 1851, 40,000 ; and in 1854, 51,648." The impression which this statement would leave on the minds of the readers of that great Encyclopædia,—the greatest, in its eighth and latest edition, the world ever produced,—would be this,—that the *Times*, in 1815, only had a circulation of 5000 copies per day. The writer in the work in question has strangely omitted to make the fact clear, that though this may, in that year, have been the average daily sale of the *Times*, yet that sale was not the measure of the demand for the paper. The sale was the measure of the productive capabilities of the

printing machinery. An impression of 5000 copies was, as I have before shown, all that the *Times* printing machinery could, before this, throw off previous to the intelligence contained in a particular number becoming old. It must too be remembered that for some time after the introduction of steam machinery into Printing House Square, the productive power of the steam-press, though great as compared with the previous hand-press, bore no comparison with its present productive capabilities. The utmost, according to the late Mr. Walter's own statement, it could do, in the way of expeditious printing, when, in 1814, the steam machinery was brought into play, was 1100 copies per hour, and that on one side of the form only. So that even this greatly increased productive power, was not always adequate to meet the demand for copies of the *Times*. But mechanical improvements continued to be made in the printing machinery of the *Times*, until we find, as recorded in the "Penny Cyclopædia," that in 1836 it was capable of producing 2500 copies per hour, *perfect*. This was thirty-five years ago. Since then the productive power of the printing machinery of the *Times* has, by successive improvements, become so great that I shall take occasion specially to refer hereafter to the speed at which that journal is now printed.

So great a work as the *Times*, published every morning with perfect punctuality as to time, necessarily involves the exercise of an immense amount of intellectual talent, mechanical capabilities, and

physical labour, all working in harmonious combination. Various guesses have, accordingly, been indulged in, and conclusions come to, as to the magnitude of the *Times*' establishment. Exactly forty years ago Mr. Charles Babbage, author of a "Calculating Machine," which was then said to be almost completed, though it has never made its appearance, wrote a work, entitled "On the Economy of Machinery and Manufactures," and which appeared the year after he wrote it. In this work, which attracted much attention at the time, and was noticed at great length in some of the leading quarterly reviews of the day, Mr. Babbage gives an account of the interior of the *Times*' establishment. Mr. Babbage may have been in the main correct in his statements at the time, but unfortunately we find those statements still quoted in encyclopædias and various journalistic publications, as if they were equally applicable now. "Nearly," says Mr. Babbage, "one hundred persons are employed in this establishment," and he estimates the number of compositors alone at fifty. But those who quote this statement from the work of Mr. Babbage, made forty years ago, should remember that the *Times* is not now, in a working sense, whether mentally or materially, what it was then. The change which has taken place in the way of progress is, in both respects, exceedingly great. Mr. Babbage states the circulation of the *Times*, at the date of the completion of his book in 1831, and which, as I have said, was published in 1832, at 12,000 copies per day. Even had

all other circumstances remained the same until the present time, the one fact that the circulation is now about six times as great as it was then, would involve the necessity of a considerable additional number of hands, notwithstanding all the improvements which have taken place in the printing part of the premises.

Mr. Babbage's statements were, I repeat, probably not far from the truth in 1832, though I believe even then, under the facts of the case. But I am surprised that down till the present hour, his statements are quoted as being equally applicable to the proportions of Printing House Square, mentally, mechanically, and numerically.

Though the first double sheet of the *Times* was published on the 29th November, 1829, it was not only—when Mr. Babbage made his supposition, of fifty compositors—brought out, as a rule, as a single sheet of four pages, but was limited to that space in every four or five out of every six publications. Often, indeed, for ten or twelve days in succession, not more than one sheet of eight pages was published. Even during the height of the Reform Bill agitation, and when the crisis of that measure's fate was in the hands of the House of Lords,—even then the *Times* did not on an average publish more than one sheet of eight pages per week. The other five impressions consisted of four pages only. Now, as it has been for many years past the practice of the *Times* to publish *two* double sheets of eight pages each every day, we are justified in assuming, that if Mr. Babbage

was right in giving the number of compositors in Printing House Square at fifty in 1832,—due allowance also being made for the much greater quantity of small type now used—the number of compositors at present in constant employment on the *Times*, is not less than from 140 to 150.

So with regard to the business officers in the establishment. The number of advertisements has, as every one who looks at the *Times* of to-day and compares, or rather contrasts, it in this respect, with the *Times* of 1832, must see, considerably more than trebled. Of course, then, there must be a corresponding increase in the number of those who receive the advertisements, and keep the advertisement, and stationery, and general accounts. In the printing machine department, too, there must be a much greater number of hands employed now than forty years ago,—not in the working of the machines only, but in keeping them and the place in general in proper order,—when Mr. Babbage wrote respecting the proportions of the *Times'* establishment.

The same observations apply with more or fewer modifications in relation to the various mental departments of the paper. When Mr. Babbage wrote the work to which I have referred, the leading article matter did not usually exceed a column and a half,—often less,—and even much of that did not consist of anything that could be called able discussion of the great political questions of the day. A goodly proportion consisted of mere references,—partly in the

form of summaries,—to current events, either at home or abroad. Now, the average amount of space devoted to leading articles in the form of masterly disquisitions on the more absorbing questions of the hour, is four columns. There must therefore be three times, or nearly so, the number of persons employed in that department of the paper, that there were in 1832,—the year in which Mr. Babbage's book was brought before the public.

Then there are the Parliamentary reporters. Mr. Babbage assumes their number to have been about twelve. I cannot say what the exact number of gentlemen in the galleries of the Houses of Lords and Commons last session was; but I know that two or three sessions ago the number was eighteen, including two summary writers and one gentleman who acts as general superintendent of the corps. The simple duty of the latter is to see that no chasm in the reports of the proceedings in either branch of the Legislature takes place, through unexpected illness, or any other accidental cause of absence. Here, then, is an addition of six "gentlemen of the gallery," in the Parliamentary reporters now on the *Times*, to the twelve mentioned by Mr. Babbage as the number forty years ago.

But in addition to the Parliamentary reporters connected with the *Times*, there is a body of law-court reporters. Probably, in one form or another, there are not fewer than nine or ten of this class of reporters engaged at weekly salaries for the leading

journal. So that, in one way or other, the number of persons engaged in directly working for the *Times*, instead of being only 100, as stated by Mr. Babbage in 1832, cannot be much, if at all, under 350 now.

Two American authors, within the last three years, have written at great length on the subject of the *Times* establishment. Both are lost in amazement at its magnitude. Nor, indeed, could any one have any definite idea of what that establishment is, without sharing this feeling; but while these two American writers are wonderfully correct in the main, they fall into several exaggerations. One represents the number of compositors and mechanics employed in Printing House Square as amounting to 400,—and adds that the number of persons employed in various literary ways is equally great. This would make the mechanical and literary employés on the *Times*, taking the two classes together, not less than 800. This, on the face of it, is a great exaggeration, as is stated by a writer in the *Printers' Register*, who had, a short time before been privileged to go over the whole of the establishment. The other American author to whom I have alluded, goes even farther than the first, so far as relates to the number of persons belonging to what he calls the literary staff. He assumes the number of literary salaried men on the leading journal to be upwards of 500. It is a pity he should have made so exaggerated a statement as this, because it cannot fail to have the effect of leading the readers of his work to view with distrust other state-

ments which are substantially correct. To those who are acquainted with the working of a great morning paper establishment, the sources of his errors in relation to the number of literary men having regular engagements on the *Times*, will be easily detected; but they will not be ascertained by other readers. He includes on the literary staff of the *Times* those persons who send from the provinces accounts of exciting catastrophes of all kinds, and miscellaneous intelligence of general interest. He does not seem to have been aware that the same parties send the same intelligence to all the other morning papers. The *Times*, it is true, has retained correspondents of its own in the leading provincial towns, just as all the other papers have; but these are few in number compared with those occasional correspondents who send reports of local matters to all the morning journals, taking the chance of their "copy" being inserted,—failing which they receive no remuneration whatever for their trouble. And when inserted in whole, or in part, they are only paid on the penny-a-line principle,—that is, three halfpence per line. Then, again, the second of the two American authors referred to, states that the *Times* has twelve metropolitan police-court reporters. This could not, in the first place, be correct, because there is not that number of police courts within the limits of the metropolis. But even if there were, it would not be correct to say that the *Times* had twelve police court reporters, because, in some of these courts, the parties

reporting for the *Times*, report for other morning papers as well.

But with these and some other deductions from the description given, by these American writers, of the greatness of the *Times* establishment,—with what a wonderful idea of the magnitude of that establishment do the facts I have mentioned furnish us! There is nothing like Printing House Square in the world, so far as relates to newspaper establishments. Yet, in all its varied operations, it proceeds night after night with the most perfect order and regularity, just as if it were guided and governed by certain fixed laws of nature. And then our wonder and admiration become all the greater when we remember, that little more than eighty years ago, this now mighty establishment—mighty in every sense—had hardly a name or existence, and could not have numbered more, altogether, than fourteen or fifteen persons as belonging to it.

In connexion with the amazing magnitude to which the *Times*, morally and materially, has attained, from its small beginnings in 1788, I ought not to omit the mention of another interesting fact,—that with the sole exception of the *Morning Post*, all its daily contemporaries at the date of its origin, have ceased to exist. There were at the time of the leading journal's birth, the *Morning Chronicle*, the *Morning Herald*, the *Public Advertiser*—the paper in which the letters of Junius appeared—the *Daily Advertiser*, the *General Advertiser*, and several others, some of

whose names the modern reader has never heard,—all of which have passed away, with the solitary exception of the journal I have mentioned, while the *Times* has been proceeding with giant strides towards those unparalleled colossal dimensions which it has so long possessed,—not in the journalism of this country only, but in the journalism of Europe and of the world.

Most of the authors and contributors to periodicals who have written in relation to the rapid progress which the *Times* made, beginning with 1834, and going on for twenty years after that date, have expressed their inability to account for it. To me the causes of the sudden start in the circulation and continued prosperity of the paper, are quite intelligible. In 1834 the *Times*, for the first time in the history of the Newspaper Press, established a system of expresses literally regardless of expense, in virtue of which, important intelligence could be received from all parts of the country with the greatest practical expedition; while at the same time correspondents were appointed in all the leading capitals of Europe, with authority to incur any amount of expense, however great, in getting anything of importance transmitted to the *Times* office at the earliest possible moment. One of the first of these home expresses of the *Times* created a great sensation in all parts of the country. The late Lord Durham, who was at the time immensely popular among the more advanced friends of political progress, had been

invited, in 1834, to a great public dinner at Glasgow; and the whole country was in a state of intense interest to learn what his utterances would be, because it was assumed his speech would be nothing more nor less than a great manifesto of what was then regarded as the party of progress. In order to get Lord Durham's speech faithfully and fully reported, the *Times* sent down to Glasgow two of its best Parliamentary reporters; and in order, at the same time, to do all that could be done to get the report of Lord Durham's speech brought as speedily as possible to the *Times* office, relays of postmen and horses—there being no railways at the time—were stationed at convenient distances between Glasgow and London. The journey from Glasgow to London—400 miles—was performed at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. The result was, that the speech of Lord Durham appeared in the *Times* at full length a day before it otherwise could have done. The expenses amounted to 200*l.*; but the unprecedented achievement created a great sensation throughout the country. Contemporaneously with this, or immediately subsequent to it, the *Times* displayed corresponding energy and liberality of expenditure in relation to foreign intelligence. The natural consequence was, that the *Times* was everywhere spoken of in terms of the warmest commendation. And the expressions of admiration of its spirit and enterprise gave, as might have been expected, that impulse to its circulation and commercial success which have

caused so much surprise to parties writing on that particular period of its history.

Among the many signal services which the *Times* rendered during the managerial dynasty of the late Mr. Walter, there was one which never ought to, and never will be forgotten. I allude to the exposure in 1840, and the complete destruction of one of the most colossal conspiracies of which we have any records in the annals of the mercantile affairs of this or any other country. In that year Mr. O'Reilly was the Paris correspondent of the *Times*, as he had been for a considerable time before, and continued to be for some years after. By some means or other, which never transpired, and which had no doubt been furnished to Mr. O'Reilly in confidence, he ascertained not only the objects which the conspirators had in contemplation, but the names of the principal parties in the gigantic project to swindle. The scheme was concocted in Paris. The principal feature in the programme, by which it was intended and expected to accomplish the object of the conspirators was, that there should be a concurrent presentation at all the leading banking houses throughout the Continent of forged letters of credit, purporting to be those of Messrs. Glyn, Halifax, and Company, of Lombard Street, London. The amount of money which this gang of Continental swindlers hoped to obtain by these means, was believed, soon after the discovery and exposure took place, to be no less than the round sum of 1,000,000*l.* sterling. That cannot

be much better than conjecture ; but that the amount was enormous—that it was not less than hundreds of thousands of pounds,—was a point regarding which no person had any doubt at the time. The Paris correspondent of the *Times*, on getting the first hints regarding this meditated fraud, spared no personal effort nor pecuniary expense to get further particulars, on which he could rely. His inquiries were attended with success so far as related to the obtaining of the names of the leading conspirators. Further information was procured from the examination of a subordinate agent of the conspirators, who had been accidentally arrested at Antwerp. On the 26th of May, the *Times*, with its fearlessness of consequences—which has been one of its chief characteristics from the appearance of the first number in 1788, till this present year 1871—exposed and effectually crushed this grand scheme to swindle, by making public all it knew, under the heading of “Extraordinary and Extensive Swindling Conspiracy on the Continent.” One of the parties, named Bogle, brought an action against the proprietors of the *Times*, in the person of Mr. Lawson, the printer, for a libel, in consequence of including his name in the list of conspirators. The case was tried at the Croydon Assizes in August of the following year. But in the interim between the notice being served and the case coming on, the *Times* had sent parties to every part of the Continent to procure witnesses to prove the existence of the conspiracy. No expense was to be spared by those whom the *Times* employed to obtain evidence whereby

the charge could be proved. With what determination and disregard of expense the *Times* prosecuted the case may be inferred from the fact, that the action cost the proprietors of that journal considerably more than 5000*l*. The case created the most profound interest not only throughout this country, but in all the monetary and mercantile cities in Europe. Owing to a technical defect the *Times* could not obtain a verdict; but the jury did all that the law allowed them by returning a verdict for the plaintiff of —“One Farthing Damages!” A subscription was immediately set on foot towards defraying the heavy expenses which the *Times* had incurred in the case; and a sum of upwards of 2500*l*. was raised. But the proprietors of the paper declined to accept any portion of it for their own purposes; and the money was instead appropriated to two purposes,—the first, two commemorative tablets, the one to be placed in the *Times* office, and the other in the Royal Exchange court. The price of these was not to exceed one hundred and fifty guineas. The remainder of the money was funded, and the interest set apart for the establishment and support of two Walter Scholarships in connexion with Christ’s Hospital and the City of London School, with the view of assisting pupils in these institutions, who intended to proceed to the Universities of Oxford or Cambridge. This purpose was carried into effect in the following year—namely, in 1842.

Within three years afterwards—that is, in 1845—

the *Times* furnished the world with another marvellous manifestation alike of its independence, its power, and the sacrifice of its pecuniary interests to the public good. There are many thousands of persons still alive who have a painful remembrance of the railway mania of 1845, because of the serious, often ruinous losses, they sustained in consequence of taking shares in the railway companies, which were then daily launched with a prodigality too great for the morning newspapers to be able to find room for the insertion of their glowing prospectuses. None of these ever promised less than fourteen or fifteen per cent., while others gravely assured the credulous reader that the dividends would be so great that the directors were afraid to name them! Of course the *Times* had the lion's share of these railway advertisements. What their number was during the few weeks that the mania was at its height may be inferred from their productiveness. The *Quarterly Review*, in an article devoted to the subject, ten years afterwards, gives as follows the aggregate weekly amount received at the *Times* office for advertisements during the nine weeks beginning with September 6th, and ending with November 1st, 1845:—

September 6	.	.	.	.	.	£2839	14	0
„ 13	.	.	.	.	.	3783	12	0
„ 20	.	.	.	.	.	3935	7	6
„ 27	.	.	.	.	.	4692	7	0
October 4	.	.	.	.	.	6318	14	0
„ 11	.	.	.	.	.	6543	17	0
„ 18	.	.	.	.	.	6687	4	0
„ 25	.	.	.	.	.	6025	14	6
November 1	.	.	.	.	.	3230	3	6

There can be no doubt that these returns are correct. They have, indeed, in all probability, been furnished from Printing House Square itself. It will be observed, that, including miscellaneous advertisements, the amount received in the week ending September 6th, was 2839*l*. At this time the railway mania had but partially developed itself; but it will be remarked that the aggregate receipts for advertisements rapidly increased till October the 18th, when they reached the amazing amount of 6687*l*. having nearly trebled what they were seven weeks before. Even assuming that in the week ending September 6th there had not been a single railway advertisement included in the number for which the returns were made, it will be seen that in each of the seven intervening weeks, the produce of railway advertisements alone must have been close on 4000*l*. But it is a well-known fact, that in two or three previous weeks there were in the *Times* a goodly number of railway advertisements; and consequently I feel I am warranted in assuming that the amount received by the *Times* for railway advertisements alone must have, on an average, been increasing from 700*l*. to 800*l*. per week, until it approximated to 5000*l*.

The point to which I am now coming is this—and it is one to which I invite the special attention of the reader, as substantiating what I have said of the independence, power, and self-sacrifice of the *Times* in the interests of the public—the point is, that though that journal was during these weeks receiving this

enormous amount of profits from these railway advertisements—instead of encouraging, as several of the other journals did, this reckless and ruinous mania, it day after day exposed the bubble nature of the great majority of the projects, and in earnest and eloquent language warned the country of the collapse and disasters which were certain immediately to succeed the madness which had seized the public mind. The *Times*, by the noble course which it thus adopted, was consciously losing thousands per week, yet it persevered in that course till the end. The falling off in the last fortnight of its receipts from advertisements, from 6687*l.* to 3230*l.* weekly, being more than one-half, proved the power no less than the patriotism of the *Times*. The collapse which that journal so confidently predicted as inevitable, immediate, and ruinous to myriads in its results, came with the suddenness and the tremendous force of some mighty Alpine avalanche, sweeping everything before it in its irresistible course. I feel assured that there is no instance on record in newspaper history of so striking a display of journalistic power, blended with self-sacrifice, arising out of purely patriotic principles, as that which was thus displayed by the *Times* during the railway mania of 1845.

The advertisements during the railway mania of this year were usually remarkable for their length; and therefore, though they were more productive in a pecuniary point of view than any others, because the *Times* has always charged from forty to fifty per cent.

more for them than the ordinary advertisements, the impressions of that journal in which they appeared did not contain so great a number of advertisements as some other impressions of the leading journal did. I find, for example, that on May 4th, 1845, five months before the railway mania had reached its height, the *Times* contained the large number of 2570,—a much greater number than appeared any day during the time the mania lasted. But marvellous as it is that such a number of advertisements should be got into one impression of any public journal, even that number was many years ago exceeded by nearly a third. I cannot at the moment give the date, having omitted to take it down at the time, but I can speak with all confidence as to the number. It was no fewer than 3560. Who could believe, were the fact not beyond all doubt, that so great a number of advertisements could have found their way in one day into the columns of one newspaper? That was the question which every one asked on the appearance of the impression of the *Times* in which this extraordinary number of advertisements appeared. But even that number was not the greatest which has appeared in one impression of the leading journal. On the 22nd of June, 1861, the *Times* issue of that day contained the almost incredible number of 4076 advertisements. It seems hardly credible that so amazing a number could be crammed into one impression of the paper. And yet the *Times* of that day did not exclude one item of intelligence of ordinary interest.

Among the recent copies of the *Times*, the one in which the greatest space was devoted to advertisements, appeared on the 22nd of May last. Including the announcements of "Births, Marriages, and Deaths," all of which are paid for in the *Times*, though not in other papers, except on rare occasions, there were on that day seventy-five columns, or twelve pages and a half. The usual charge for a column of advertisements in the *Times* is 22*l.* ; but taking the average price of a column at 20*l.*, we should have the aggregate sum received at Printing House Square for the advertisements on that day as no less than 1500*l.* ! What an enormous amount ! Why, there is not an establishment in the world, no matter of what nature—no, nor a monarch either—that has an income at all approaching 1500*l.* per day. Then to make the marvel all the greater, there is the colossal size of the paper on the day in question. In addition to the usual two double sheets, there was a supplementary half-sheet consisting of four pages. So that altogether the *Times* of that day consisted of no fewer than 20 pages, or 120 columns of small type, making so great a quantity of matter, that it would require a whole day to read it all !

But even this colossal copy of the *Times* is not the largest that has been published. On June 22nd, 1861, there appeared to the astonishment of the world an impression, specially noticed in that journal,—of a Sextuple paper ; that is, a paper which, viewing four pages as being for more than thirty years after its

establishment the normal size, contained no fewer than 24 pages, or 144 columns !

The late Mr. Walter was in many respects a remarkable man. He would have been so were it only for his habits of business. Even during the years he was M.P. for Berkshire and Nottingham, he never neglected his self-imposed duties in Printing House Square. Though the House of Commons often sat late, and he remained till towards the close, when a sense of his legislative obligations to his constituents and his country rendered it necessary that he should be in his place in parliament to more than one small hour in the morning,—that did not prevent his repairing to the *Times*' office to see how matters were moving there. Usually, too, in the daytime he was, if not a daily, a very frequent visitor at Printing House Square. An anecdote has been related to me, of the accuracy of which there can be no doubt, considering the quarter whence it came, which is in every respect most creditable to the late Mr. Walter, and shows what a business man he was. The anecdote is this:—One day, early in the afternoon, he called at Printing House Square, a few minutes after the compositors, whose duty it was to be in readiness for second editions, had gone to dinner,—feeling sure in their own minds that there would be no matter for a second edition that day. Just as he entered the office a messenger came in breathless haste, with a parcel marked “Immediate and Important.” Mr. Walter at once opened the parcel, and found that it contained

some communication not only of the very greatest national, but world-wide importance. His father, I ought here to mention, had given him some little knowledge of the way of setting types, when, as a mere youth, he used to be hanging about the office of the *Times*. He accordingly set to work at once to put into type this brief but most important communication. He did so with almost the expedition of an experienced compositor; and a pressman being fortunately at his post at the time, Mr. Walter actually had the despatch printed and published before the compositors returned from their dinner.

CHAPTER II.

PRESENT METROPOLITAN DAILY PAPERS.

THE TIMES.—PART FOURTH.

Circulation of the *Times* at different Periods—Printing Machines of the *Times*—Its Composing Rooms—Its Prestige—Curious Calculation as to what Measurement one Edition of the *Times* would make—Its Profits—Remarks relative to its Advertisements—Writers in the *Times*—Captain Sterling the reputed “Thunderer” of the *Times*—Mr. Delane—Prestige and Power of the *Times*.

I HAVE before referred to the great and continuous rise which took place in the circulation of the *Times*, after the year 1834. Availing myself of the stamp returns for the two decades, beginning with 1834 and ending with 1854, we find in round numbers the following results:—Circulation of the *Times* in 1834, 10,000 copies; in 1844, 23,000; in 1854, 51,648. Though I have not access to the stamp returns for the decade ending 1864, I know that the circulation of the *Times* had risen in the year 1860 to considerably upwards of 60,000 copies. This is a marvellous rise, and it is all the more surprising when it is remembered, that during all this period every other

morning paper, except the *Morning Advertiser*, during the first four years of 1850 continued steadily, in several instances rapidly, to fall. To the causes of the great increase in the circulation of the *Morning Advertiser* in the years 1850 to 1854, I will advert when I come to speak of that journal. In 1854 the circulation of the *Morning Advertiser* was 7668; that of the *Morning Herald*, 3712; that of the *Morning Chronicle*, 2800; that of the *Morning Post*, 2667; and that of the *Daily News*, 4160. The extraordinary rise in the circulation of the *Times*, is made still more wonderful if we take another parliamentary return, in which the circulation of that journal is compared with that of all the other papers taken together, beginning with the year 1846, and ending with the year 1854. In 1846 the circulation of the *Times* was 28,594 per day; the aggregate circulation of the other morning papers was 38,969. In 1854 the circulation of the *Times*, as already stated, had risen to 51,648; in the same year the aggregate circulation of the other morning papers was 26,000,—making the circulation of the *Times* in the last named year actually, within a few hundreds, double that of all the other morning papers taken together.

In the first half of the following year the circulation of the *Times*, according to a parliamentary return of the stamps used for that period by all the daily papers, continued to increase in a still greater ratio than before. I subjoin the respective numbers of stamps so issued in the first six months of 1855, in the order in

which they were given, in compliance with an order of the House of Commons :—

Morning Chronicle	401,500
Morning Post	465,000
Morning Herald	554,000
Morning Advertiser	1,034,518
Daily News	826,000
The Times	9,175,788

According to these parliamentary returns, the *Times* had increased in circulation several thousands a day in the first half of 1855, as compared with the average circulation of the previous year.

In speaking of the great and still growing circulation of the *Times*, especially of late, I ought not to forget to bestow a passing notice on the exceptional sale of that journal during exciting events. We have the authority of an evidently well-informed correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, for saying that the report of the Duke of Wellington's funeral, in the *Times*, on the 19th November, nearly doubled its usual sale. The number sold on that occasion exceeded 70,000 copies. With even the greatly improved productive power of the printing machinery introduced by the late Mr. Walter, it would have been mechanically impossible to have thrown off so large a number as this, because, it will be remembered, that the greatest number which the steam power, then applied for the first time to printing, could, in its undeveloped state, accomplish, was no more than 1100 copies an hour; but by this time the machinery in Printing House Square

had been so greatly improved that the normal rate of throwing off copies exceeded 10,000 an hour.

On indeed all great exciting occasions, the extra sale of the *Times* has always been large, sometimes double that of its regular sale. During the Crimean War the sale occasionally exceeded 70,000 copies; the sale before that war commenced having been, as stated, 51,640. One day during the war upwards of 72,000 copies were sold, and several thousand more could have been disposed of, but for the fact that the 72,000 exhausted the productive power of the machinery at that time. That power, it is right to state, has been very greatly increased since then, and the productive capabilities of the *Times'* machinery are now equal to any demand for copies which is likely to arise. Treble sheets of the *Times* were frequently issued during the war in question. So great was the demand for the paper, when it contained an account of some great battle, that as much as half a guinea has been known to be offered for a single copy. On the occasion of the death of Prince Albert, in December, 1861, the *Times*, containing a biography of his life, had a sale of 91,000 copies. On the opening of the International Exhibition in 1862, the demand for copies of the *Times* exceeded 88,000; and on the entrance into London of the Princess Alexandra, in the same year, the sale amounted to 98,000 copies. But the most extensive sale which the *Times* ever had was on the marriage of the Prince of Wales with the Princess Alexandra. On that

occasion it amounted to the extraordinary number—regard being had to the price, which was fourpence halfpenny—of 110,000 copies.

This reference to the extraordinary numbers of the *Times* published on special occasions, leads me to advert to the mechanical resources which that journal possesses for meeting what is now, to a great extent, a normal demand, though then only one of an exceptional and comparatively rare kind. I have made passing allusions to the productive powers of the *Times* in the way of multiplying copies of that journal, when speaking of its history at various periods; and I have brought down the history of the capacity of the *Times* machinery in throwing off copies, to a recent date. It is right I should pause here to remark that what I have hitherto said of the machinery whereby the *Times* is printed, and the various rates of rapidity at which the impressions of each day are thrown off, not only applies to different periods of time, but is somewhat differently stated by different authors. The facts, however, which I have given relative to the printing department of the *Times*, are substantially correct. I have mentioned, on the authority of an author who professes to have had a thorough acquaintance with the machinery of the leading journal, that up till the time at which he wrote, which was seven years ago, the amount of money expended by the late and present Mr. Walter in increasing the productive power of the printing machinery in Printing House Square, could not have

been much less than 100,000%. I have no doubt that the sum so expended has, by this time, considerably exceeded that amount, for within the last seven years something like a revolution has taken place in the printing department of that journal. I make this statement on the assumption that another statement is correct, made by a Philadelphia journal principally devoted to printing matters, regarding the changes which have been made in the engine department of the *Times*. The statement to which I allude is that the two ten-cylinder Hoe's presses, and the two eight-cylinder machines, by which that journal was formerly printed, are to a great extent superseded by a newly-invented machine, called "The Walter Printing Press." This latter machine is stated to be capable of printing from 22,000 to 24,000 an hour, and it produces in that time from 11,000 to 12,000 *perfect* sheets, printed on both sides, and ready for the reader. This statement is on the same authority as before. The same author adds: "This machine is somewhat similar to the 'American Bullock Press.' It prints from a large roll of paper, containing from 2500 to 3000 sheets, cuts them apart after printing, and delivers them by a double motion into two piles. It has been pronounced a success by competent judges here"—that is in America—"and will probably revolutionize the printing business in England, on account of its great capacity, and the cheapness with which it is operated. This wonderful machine was invented and constructed by Mr. John C. Macdonald,

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one of the leading men of Printing House Square, and has been named by him 'The Walter Printing Press,' in honour of the proprietor of the *Times*. He spent six years of constant anxious labour in building and perfecting it." It may be mentioned here, that before Mr. Macdonald was appointed head of the engine department in Printing House Square, he occupied a prominent place on the literary staff of the *Times*, chiefly in what may be called the literature of science and mechanics. "The Walter Printing Press" is a self-feeder, and only requires a man and two boys to manage it while in operation.

Another account of "The Walter Printing Press," written so late as last year, and consequently some years later than that which I have just quoted, gives further and, in some respects, different information respecting this great mechanical invention. The latest authority to which I allude is the *Printer's Register*, which stands high in the trade for the usual accuracy of its information on printing subjects. I transcribe its account of "The Walter Printing Press" without alteration, knowing that it will be read with great and general interest. "We deem it worthy," says the periodical in question, "of being placed on record that in the *Times* office the Hoe machine has been superseded by one recently invented by Mr. Walter, the manager and chief proprietor of the *Times*, the principal merits of which are simplicity, compactness, speed, and great economy. While each of the ten-feeder Hoe machines, a long and lofty row,

requires eighteen men to feed and work it, the new Walter machine occupies a space of only fourteen feet by five, or less than any newspaper machine yet introduced, and requires only three lads to take away, with half the attention of an overseer, who easily superintends two of the machines while at work. The Hoe machine turns out 7000 impressions, printed on both sides, in the hour ; but the Walter machine turns out 11,000 impressions completed in the same time. It seems to be formed of a collection of small cylinders ; and the paper, just as it comes from the mills, is sent in at one end in a web 3300 yards in length, and issues at the other in two torrents accurately cut and printed on both sides. The cylinder round which the stereotype plates are fixed makes 900 revolutions in a minute. The sheet, as it passes inward, is damped by being made to pass over a cylinder, which revolves in a trough of cold water ; it then passes on to the first pair of impression cylinders, and is printed on one side ; it then is reversed, and sent through a second pair of cylinders, and printed on the other side ; it then passes on to other cylinders, and is cut into proper lengths. From thence the sheets are conducted by tapes into a strong frame, which, as it vibrates, delivers them on each side, a raker assisting in carrying them forward, and depositing them on the tables at which the lads sit to receive them. The machine is almost entirely self-acting, from the pumping-up of the ink out of the cistern below the stairs into the box for immediate

use, to the registering of the numbers as they are printed, in the manager's room above."

It will be observed that there is a discrepancy as to an important matter of fact between the two accounts which I have quoted of this wonderful machine. The American writer states positively that to Mr. John Macdonald, chief engineer in Printing House Square, is due the credit of having planned and brought to perfection the Walter Printing Press; whereas the *Printer's Register* is equally unqualified in its statement, that to Mr. Walter the honour of the invention belongs. It is to be regretted that there should be any conflicting statements as to the fact. The real author should be known if the invention is the result of the exercise of one man's mechanical genius; but it occurs to me as not improbable, that the honour may be a joint one between Mr. Walter and Mr. Macdonald. Mr. Walter, we all know is, as his father and grandfather were before him, a man of no common mechanical attainments, and has for years devoted much of his spare time, as well as expended an immense sum of money, in seeking to improve the productive capacity of the machinery in Printing House Square. If to this be added the fact that Mr. Walter and Mr. Macdonald are in constant personal communication with each other, I regard it as highly probable that both gentlemen have worked together in bringing "The Walter Printing Press" into practical operation.

The *Times* is printed from stereotype plates. An
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American author, writing in one of the leading periodicals of his country, thus describes the printing process adopted in Printing House Square. "Ten stereotypers," he says, "prepare the plates for the printing machines, by the *papier-maché* process, and these machines are now run continuously from eight o'clock in the evening until seven the next morning, besides working during the day upon 'second editions.' Sixteen firemen and engineers attend the engines and boilers; six men prepare the paper before printing; ninety are employed on the machines; and seven deliver the papers to the news agents after it is printed."

This was written in 1867, and as four years have elapsed since then, during which interval the *Times* has been rapidly rising in the extent of its business in its various phases, it may be safely concluded that the number of persons employed in what may strictly be called the printing department of the great establishment in Printing House Square, has since then considerably increased.

The same American author estimates the weight of paper weekly consumed in the *Times* office at not less than seventy tons, and the quantity of ink at two tons, or from ten to twelve tons of paper, and not far from half a ton of ink, daily. I can easily believe that there is no exaggeration in the writer's statement as to the weight of paper weekly and daily consumed by the *Times*, because of the thickness of the paper on which that journal is printed. I should

think a ream of its paper must be at least a third heavier than that of most of the penny papers.

And yet, notwithstanding the amazing magnitude of the *Times* establishment, and the variety of work to be done, the whole business of the establishment proceeds as regularly as if it were an affair which was in the hands of few persons. This is really extraordinary. No clashing, no collision between one department and another. No unusual bustle, indeed, is ever seen in Printing House Square. It is interesting to be able to add, that vast and varied as are the phases of the business connected with the *Times*, the system of business is so comprehensive, that the slightest error or mistake in any particular department would be detected in a moment. So thoroughly complete, indeed, is the system on which all the affairs in Printing House Square are conducted, that in order that there may not be what is called over printing, and losing thereby, as several of the morning papers do, the cost of printing and paper of some thousand unsold copies, the *Times* requires that all newsmen should send in their orders by two o'clock on the previous afternoon.

There are various considerations connected with the getting up of each copy of the *Times* which are calculated, at first sight, to fill the mind with surprise. It seems, for example, almost incredible that every copy of that journal, in its normal double sheet, should require, what the compositors, in their own phraseology, call the "lifting up" of no fewer, in

round numbers, than 2,500,000 separate types before the "forms" can be completed. I have tried to make as great an approximation to the fact on this point, as can be made by taking the different sizes of type we find in the *Times*, and the average relative quantities of these different sizes,—long primer, minion, and nonpareil: and the conclusion to which I have come is that two millions and a half of separate pieces of type have to be taken out of the cases by the hands of individual compositors, before the sixteen pages of the *Times* can have received the necessary complement of matter, consisting of ninety-six columns. And yet this work is nightly accomplished with the greatest regularity, and without a seeming effort,—amid, too, let me add, a quietude and silence which could hardly be surpassed if there were but one person, instead of forty or fifty in each of the several composing rooms.

The prestige of the *Times* is remarkable. The same articles, if they were to appear in other papers, would not produce the same effect as if they had appeared in the *Times*. This is no mere opinion. It is one which has been again and again established by fact. When Mr. Baldwin was proprietor of the *Morning Herald*, he did all he could to ascertain the names of the principal writers in the *Times*, and when he found who they were, he did, wherever he thought there was a chance of success, everything in his power, by offers of extra-liberal remuneration for their services and otherwise, to prevail upon them

to quit Printing House Square and become co-workers in Shoe Lane. I could name several parties, well known in the literary and newspaper worlds, who were induced to leave the *Times*, as occasional contributors, and to join the *Morning Herald* staff; but it is not expedient I should do so. It may be enough if I state, which I do from individual knowledge, that while their articles had produced a marked effect when they appeared in the *Times*, they produced none whatever when published in the *Morning Herald*. To some persons this may seem strange. To me it does not. A prestige has, for nearly half a century, attached to the *Times* which has not attached to any other paper ever published in this country. Nor has that prestige anything whatever to do with the mere question of circulation. There was a time when, as I have before shown, the circulation of the *Morning Herald* exceeded that of the *Times*; but even then the same article appearing in the *Morning Herald* would not have produced the same impression on the public mind, which it would have done had it been published in the *Times*. But in order to establish my proposition, it is not necessary to go back for a period of forty years. There is one, if not two, of our present papers which has a circulation very far exceeding that of the *Times*,—their price being only a penny, while that of the *Times* is three pence,—yet who does not know, who does not in his own mind feel, that no articles, however able they may be, which appear in any other paper, make the same impression, or call

forth the same admiration, as is done by the leading articles in the *Times*? Articles, in other words, which create a sort of sensation when they appear in the *Times*, would, did they appear in any other journal, no matter which one, fail of attracting any special attention, much less of producing any deep or permanent impression.

The *Times* is often made the subject of interesting conversation in society, viewing it in its various mental, material, and mechanical aspects; and some curious calculations respecting it are not unfrequently formed. One very curious one appeared in a periodical publication in the year 1851. It was furnished by a correspondent, and was as follows:—"There were sold of the *Times* of Tuesday, February the 14th, 1840, containing an account of the Royal nuptials, 30,000 copies, and the following curious calculations were afterwards made respecting this publication. The length of a column of the *Times* is twenty-two inches. If every copy of the *Times* then printed could be cut into forty-eight single columns, and if those forty-eight columns were tacked to each other, they would extend over 494 miles and 1500 yards. To give some idea of the extent of that distance, it may be sufficient to say that one of the wheels of the mail which runs from Falmouth to London, and again from London to Easingwold, a small town twelve miles beyond York, might run all the way on the letterpress so printed, except the last 167 yards. The same extent of letterpress would reach from London

to Paris, and back again from Paris to Canterbury, and a little further."

It is a wonder that *Notes and Queries* has not since 1851—now exactly twenty years—been furnished by some of its many curious correspondents with a calculation of what the distance now would be, with the *Times*' daily circulation of upwards of 70,000 copies, and its 96 columns instead of 48 in 1851, computed columns, and tacked together. If the 48 columns, with a circulation of 30,000 copies, gave in round numbers a distance of 500 miles of columns, the simple doubling of the columns would make the distance 1000 miles. But then when we double the calculation, not of the 48 columns, but of the 96, we have the astounding number of 2000 miles of ground which would be occupied, were all the 96 columns of the 70,000 impressions of the *Times* to be cut up into single columns. To put the thing in another form—if no waters nor mountains intervened, a column of the *Times* might be laid down almost half the distance to India, over which one wheel of a carriage might pass all the way.

With regard to the profits of the *Times*, we constantly hear statements made in the London letters of the provincial papers, varying largely as to the specified amount, yet each given with as much confidence as if each of "Our Own Correspondents" had been favoured with a sight of the balance sheet. No one knows anything about the actual profits of the *Times*. No one, indeed, is in a position even to form

an opinion of the approximate amount. There is no great establishment in the world where the commercial state of matters is kept more sacred than in Printing House Square. Some years ago, however, it may be remembered that the *Times* made known certain facts connected with its "financial affairs," which excited great interest at the time. Figures and facts were given to show that the mere circulation of that journal, however extensive, could yield no profit, because the proceeds of the sale would barely meet the cost of production. The paper at that time was sold at fourpence, including the penny stamp, and frequently, if not daily, had a supplement of four pages. It was consequently found necessary, when the *Times* resolved on the daily publication of a Supplement, and especially as it was foreseen that it would be indispensable often to publish double sheets, to charge an extra halfpenny on the paper. The conclusion which was clear from this was, that the profits of the *Times* were solely derived from the advertisements. As the expenses of the paper were yearly increasing, in consequence of the increasing liberality and spirit with which it was conducted, it has been found necessary, from time to time, to increase the charge for advertisements. On one occasion an additional charge was made of twenty per cent., except on advertisements from servants wanting situations; and since then several other increased scales have been prepared. I believe I am correct when I state that within the last half century the increase in the price of advertise-

ments in the *Times* has, in the aggregate, been not less than seventy-five per cent. And even with the high price which that journal now charges for its advertisements, the number which pours into its columns, cannot all be got in for several days. This is especially the case with book advertisements. I have indeed known instances in which book advertisements have not appeared for more than a week after they were paid for.

Some calculation may be formed with regard to the pecuniary productiveness of the advertisements of the *Times*, when I mention that for lists of publishers' advertisements, varying in length from a column to a page, twenty-two pounds a column is charged. As therefore we often see, from Mr. Murray and other publishers, advertisements extending over an entire page, the price of such advertisements at the rate of 22*l.* per column would be 132*l.* But there is a class of advertisements—I mean those of public companies—for which the *Times* charges at least twenty-five per cent. higher than for advertisements of books. In round numbers this class of advertisements are, I believe, charged at the rate of 30*l.* per column. I have gone over the file of the *Times* for March and April last, being the best part of the year for advertisements, and I find that, taking one day with another, the daily number of advertisements occupied about eight pages and a half. In the winter months of the previous year the average number was six pages and a half. This would give, speaking generally, an average

of seven pages of advertisements throughout the year. Now, suppose, allowing for the greater cheapness of the advertisements of the "Wanted Situations" class, that each column of advertisements produces 20%, that would give 120% for each page, or 840% for the day, which would be equal to 5040% for the week. Say then, that, in round numbers, the receipts of the *Times* for each week are 5000%, that would give the yearly income of that journal from advertisements alone, at no less than the enormous amount of 260,000%.

In connexion with the subject of advertising in the *Times*, many will remember, that when a whole page was first filled with one advertisement, the fact occasioned something like a sensation. The subject of this advertisement, and the attendant circumstances, may have had something to do with the interest which was felt in the appearance of so huge an advertisement. It was a record of the efforts which were then making to put a stop in the provinces to the delivery of letters on Sunday, so as to harmonize in that respect with the metropolis, in which there is no Sunday delivery of letters. The requisition to the Legislature to this effect, was headed by the present Lord Overstone, then Mr. Jones Loyd, head of the great banking firm. This was in 1856. The names of the requisitionists included all the great metropolitan banking and mercantile firms of that day. The advertisement occupied an entire page of the *Times*, and was charged 108%. At the present scale

of 22*l.* per column, it would, as I have said, be charged 132*l.*

But a still more colossal advertisement, and for the insertion of which there was, of course, a corresponding greater price charged, appeared in the *Times* some time after. This excited a still greater interest than the one to which I have alluded, because its length was not only greater but there was a novelty in the advertisement from the nature of its subject. A clergyman, Archdeacon Thomas, who had always been hostile to the British and Foreign Bible Society, made about the time of which I am speaking, a famous onslaught, at a public meeting in Bath, on that Society. Its enemies, who were numerous and great then, as they have been before and since, were delighted to see it attacked in so fierce a manner by a dignitary of the Church; but their joy was not of long duration. The Rev. Daniel Wilson, still living, and rector of the parish church of Islington, forthwith published an answer to Archdeacon Thomas, which was regarded by the Committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society, as it was by the evangelical portion of the religious public generally, as so signal a triumph, that they resolved on republishing the whole of the pamphlet as an advertisement in the *Times*. I cannot speak with positive precision either as to the length of the advertisement or the price paid for it; but, so far as my memory may be relied on, the length considerably exceeded two pages, or twelve columns, and the price paid

for it was 250*l.* Only fancy 250*l.* being paid for one insertion of an advertisement in any public journal.

But in speaking of the enormous size of some of the advertisements in the *Times*, and the high scale of prices paid for their insertion, there is another fact connected with them which ought not to be overlooked. I allude to the number of advertisements which we daily meet with in its columns. It is no uncommon thing to find from 2500 to 3000 advertisements in one impression of the *Times*. Often, indeed, the number exceeds 3000. On one occasion when an extra sheet of eight pages was given with the usual double sheet of sixteen, at least it actually exceeded 4000. We have the authority of the leading journal itself for the fact that on the 21st June—the longest day in the year—1861, the number of advertisements in one impression was no less than 4229. One cannot read this statement without being struck with astonishment. The fact is so marvellous and so interesting in the history of journalism, that I am sure the reader will like to see the words in which the *Times* itself has recorded it. “Our impression of this day,” says the *Times*, “will be found to consist of twenty-four pages; the extraordinary pressure of advertisements has compelled us to add an extra sheet to our already ample dimensions. Fifty years ago the average number of advertisements in a single impression of this journal was about 150: to-day no less than 4000 advertisements will make

known the wants of the community throughout the length and breadth of the empire. We have long discontinued the head of 'Supplement' to the second sheet of the *Times*; and have only adopted the title of 'Extra Sheet' in this instance to attract the notice of our readers to this, the longest production that has ever issued from the daily press. We trust it will not be too long for a constant reader to get through within the compass of the longest day of the year."

The *Times*, it will be observed contrasts the number of advertisements in this impression published ten years ago, with what the average number was published fifty years previously, which was only 150. Had the *Times* instituted the contrast with what the number was when the *Times* was commenced, which would only have been going back twenty-three years farther, the contrast would have been still more striking; for, as has before been stated, the number of advertisements in the first number of the *Times* was only 60; making the number in 1861, no less than *thirty-eight* times as great as the number was in 1788!

A correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, who is curious in such matters, has been at the pains to put into classes this astonishing number of advertisements in one day's impression of the *Times*. As that, too, is very curious in its way, I subjoin the classification,—only premising that births, marriages, and deaths are all paid for in the *Times* as advertisements,—none of them being charged less than six

shillings, and if there be a word of praise given, either to the living or the dead, the charge is increased :—

Births, 25 ; Marriages, 22 ; Deaths, 23 ;	
Total	70
Lost Property, &c.	22
Exhibitions and Amusements	94
Shipping	152
Apartments and Houses to be Let, &c.	1483
Educational	100
Carriages, Horses, &c.	94
Coal	40
Dental and Surgical	67
Chancery	45
Books, Pamphlets, &c.	463
Sale or Hire of Furniture	80
Sales by Auction	115
Want Places in Household	141
Situations Wanted in Business	882
Miscellaneous	371

I regard this as a most interesting and instructive document. It gives a graphic though brief idea of the wishes and the wants, the circumstances and the aspirations of the masses of her Majesty's subjects.

But to recur for a moment to the various rumours in circulation as to the amount of the profits of the *Times*, and repeating what I have said, that while every one professes to know what the sum annually received as the *Times'* dividends are,—and also repeating that no one possesses any information on the subject,—we have the *Times'* own authority for the conclusion, that its profits are enormous. So far

back as the year 1852, it was stated in a leading article in that journal, that its gross income was equal to that of the most flourishing of the German Principalities. And if such were the profits of the *Times*, almost twenty years ago, what must they be now, when there has been so great an increase, both in circulation and the advertisements, in the intervening period? Though one would naturally be curious to know what the nett income is of an establishment of such magnitude as that of the *Times*, mingling the moral and mental with the mercantile elements of Printing House Square, I confess that, so far as I am myself concerned, it would be to me a much greater gratification to know what the expenditure of the *Times* is, than what the profits of that journal are, because, I know, from a variety of instances of undoubted authenticity, that great as the liberality of the *Times* in its remuneration to all who are employed upon it is, and lavish as is its expenditure in procuring early and extensive information,—the world has no adequate idea of the munificence with which it expends its money in the public service.

For a long series of years the *Times* has been remarkable among the newspapers of the world for the improvements it is constantly making in the classification of its matter, and the arrangement of its columns. With a view to its readers being furnished with every practical facility for finding with the least possible loss of time, whatever they may respectively re-

quire, and ascertain what the chief contents of each number are, and in what part any particular article may be found, the conductors of the *Times*, two years ago, determined on giving a list of each day's subjects,—just as the contents of periodicals, of books, and of several weekly newspapers are given. This list of contents will always be found at the head of the first leading article, that being the most prominent part of the paper. It proves exceedingly convenient, and though the idea has not yet been adopted by any other daily paper, I have no doubt it speedily will. Small as is the space which this table of contents occupies in the *Times*, its preparation involves a large amount of labour, because it has to be brought down to within a very brief period of the paper going to press. One gentleman, I am told, has that sole duty assigned to him, and receives in return a salary so large that I should not like to name it, though it has been mentioned to me.

During the period in which the stamp duty on newspapers was fourpence, with a deduction of twenty per cent.; and the duty on advertisements was three shillings and sixpence, the *Times* contributed largely towards the revenue of the country, and ought, consequently, to have stood high in the estimation of every succeeding Chancellor of the Exchequer. In 1830 the *Times* paid the Government 70,000*l.* for advertisements alone. Since then the number of advertisements in its columns must have considerably more than doubled; so that, had the duty of three shillings

and sixpence on each advertisement been still imposed, the *Times* would now have been contributing to the national revenue at least 150,000*l.* a year from this one source alone. But supposing that the four-penny stamp duty, deducting the twenty per cent. discount, had also been continued till the present day, what does the reader suppose would be the yearly amount of the revenue which the Government would receive from that source? Assuming, as I have already done, the circulation of the *Times* to be 70,000 per day, the daily sum paid for stamp duty would be considerably over 1000*l.*, and multiplying that amount per day by 313, the number of days in each year on which the *Times* is published, we should have an aggregate return of the yearly amount paid by the *Times* for stamps, of no less than 313,000*l.*, which, added to the advertisement duty of 150,000*l.*, would make the total yearly contribution of the *Times* to the national income, the amazing amount—amazing as coming from one quarter—of 463,000*l.*, or not very far short of half a million sterling!

Many of our leading newspaper writers during the present century, as in the past, have written largely in the *Times*, as in the other morning papers, under assumed names or phrases. Where particular individual writers in the *Times* would not wish their real names to be identified with those assumed ones under which their contributions appeared, I will not seek to

remove the veil of secrecy. But some such identifications have been made for so long a time, that there can be no objection to my making a passing allusion to them, for the information of those who may not be acquainted with the subject. To Captain Sterling I shall make an allusion presently. About forty years ago he had written in the *Times*, previous to his becoming officially connected with it, many brilliant and powerful articles under the signature of "Vetus." More than a quarter of a century ago, Mr. Disraeli wrote under the signature of "Runnymede," in the leading journal, a series of papers, which created a great and general interest at the time. Within the last ten or twelve years a series of masterly communications, chiefly on subjects relating to international law, have appeared in the *Times*, under the signature of "Historicus." It is no secret to those who are even moderately conversant with newspaper matters, that "Historicus" is Mr. Vernon Harcourt, M.P. for Oxford, and for many years one of the principal and one of the most "slashing" writers in the *Saturday Review*.

In adverting, as I have done at so much length, to the rise, progress, and present position of the *Times*, it is an interesting and instructive fact, that of the many morning papers which have been started since the establishment of the leading journal in 1788, not one, with the two exceptions of the *Daily News* and *Daily Telegraph*, now exists. One after another—some after a prolonged but troubled exis-

tence—has gone to its grave. The life, indeed, of the great majority of their number has been but brief, as well as unhappy. It is a great fact, when so many morning papers have been started—each, of course, in the hope of enjoying an immortal life—during the eighty-three years which have elapsed since the first number of the *Times* appeared,—that none of their number, with the two exceptions I have mentioned, should now be alive to tell the tale of their history from the date of their origin. This silent fact speaks in terms more emphatic than the loudest language could, that the effort to establish a prosperous morning paper, is one of the most difficult and perilous enterprises in which a man could engage in these days of extensive and sanguine speculation. No wonder, with the experience of the past before them, that the most adventurous of our modern race of speculators should not bring forward schemes for new morning papers. Nor is there the slightest probability that any change in this respect is destined soon to take place,—not, certainly, in our day. The proprietors of the existing morning papers may set their minds at ease in relation to the appearance of competitors in the field of morning journalism.

The *Times*, from the period at which it first acquired even an approximation to the extraordinary prestige and power it has possessed for nearly forty years, adopted a resolution which was a most judicious one. It was that it would discountenance in the most

marked manner any revelations respecting the writers of its leading articles. In newspaper journalism ignorance as to the principal writers is, I will not say everything, but it is an immense deal; and I regard the circumstance of maintaining secrecy as to the writers of leading articles in the *Times*, as one of the causes to which its enormous moral power and commercial success are to be ascribed. So deeply impressed are the conductors of the *Times* with the policy of maintaining secrecy as to the identity of its principal writers, that I believe they would dispense with the services of the ablest men that ever contributed to its columns, were they to discover that any of their number were, in this matter, breaking the seal of secrecy which it is sought to preserve. The latter are all aware of this, and hence the little that is known to the public of who those writers are. I possess some knowledge on the subject, but it would be an instance of exceedingly bad taste were I, knowing the feeling of the *Times'* conductors on the matter, to make any revelations in relation to it. I may, however, make one exception. There was one of the most powerful newspaper political writers of the present century, whose name may be mentioned in connexion with the *Times*. I allude to Captain Sterling. His name, as having been, for a long time, the principal leader-writer in the *Times*, between thirty-five and forty-five years ago, has appeared in various works,—amongst others in his “Life of the late John Sterling,” by Mr. Carlyle. Captain Sterling has been generally

understood to have been "The Thunderer" of the *Times*, and the way in which he came to be called by that name was, if report may be credited, this:—He had one day, in reference to a previous article, in which he had displayed his great power as a political writer, to the best advantage, expressed himself thus:—"We thundered forth the other day an article on the subject of," &c. Some of the *Times'* contemporaries, in referring to this expression, called the leading journal, "The Thunderer," and though nearly fifty years have elapsed since then, the appellation is still kept up. And certainly the phrase was not inappropriate, for sentence after sentence in Captain Sterling's leaders rolled forth with a moral majesty which might well be compared to the pealing of thunder in the natural world.

I shall have other opportunities of referring incidentally to the unparalleled prestige and power of the *Times*. In the meantime, I will content myself with saying, that it will, no doubt, have been observed, that in the course of all I have written, I have not once mentioned the name of Mr. Delane. It was not necessary. His name is just as well known, as the editor of the *Times*, throughout the civilized world, as is that of any of our European kings, as the sovereigns of the countries over which they reign. The *Times* may indeed be called the Monarch of the Press. Being supreme in the control of that mighty moral power, Mr. Delane may be said to possess an empire which is co-extensive with the area of

civilization, and which the progress of events, so far from placing in peril, will most surely consolidate and extend for an indefinite period to come ; for the Newspaper Press is destined by Providence to be the supreme sovereign of the world.

CHAPTER III.

PRESENT METROPOLITAN DAILY PAPERS.

THE MORNING ADVERTISER—THE GLOBE—THE DAILY NEWS.

Commencement of each of these Journals—Their History till the Present Time—Various Anecdotes regarding them.

THE *Morning Advertiser* was established in 1794, by a Society of London Licensed Victuallers. It was established on the mutual benefit society principle. Every one belonging to the Society was bound, as a preliminary step to membership, to take in the paper daily. A failure afterwards to do so, unless it could be proved to have been the result of accident, subjected the party deviating from the rule to a forfeiture of membership. Each member became entitled to a share in the profits of the paper. The terms of membership were the subscription of a guinea; and, as I have just stated, "taking in" the journal of the Society every day in perpetuity. The only instance in favour of whom an exception was to be made was those licensed victuallers who might be out of business. If they took in the *Morning Advertiser* until the day they sold their business, and took

it in again as soon as they resumed business in some other house, it was not expected they should regularly, or at all, take it while out of business. They consequently continued members until they took some new house. The same rules and regulations still exist, though no fewer than eighty-five years have passed away since they were first formed and adopted.

But the great benefit derived from the profits of the *Morning Advertiser* does not so much consist of the share of those profits which the members receive while they are in business, as from the annual allowance to which they are entitled in the event of their being unsuccessful in their trade. In that case they become pensioners on the funds of the institution,—pensioners, I ought to say, not in the sense of paupers receiving charity, but pensioners in the sense of persons who have a legal claim to what they receive. This varies, according to circumstances, from seven to ten shillings per week. Instances have been brought to my knowledge in which licensed victuallers have failed in business in a few years after joining the society, and have consequently been thrown on its funds; and having lived many years wholly dependent on its bounty, have actually received before they died the aggregate sum of 350*l.* in payments of so many shillings per week.

I have said that the *Morning Advertiser* commenced in 1794. The circumstances connected with its origin are curious. There was at the time a paper

entitled the *Daily Advertiser*—to which I have before adverted—consisting wholly of advertisements, with the exception of half a column of general news, usually devoid of any interest. Whatever circulation this paper had was consequently owing to its advertisements. Many, indeed, in particular departments of business were on this account obliged to see this *Daily Advertiser*. Among the tradespeople who had been the most extensive advertisers in its pages were the publicans of London, who had just formed themselves into a society, called the “Society of Licensed Victuallers,” which society afterwards obtained an Act of Incorporation, and is therefore now called “The Incorporated Society of Licensed Victuallers.” It occurred to a Mr. Grant, a master printer at that time, that it was a thing to be regretted that the publicans of London should be sending all their advertisements, for which they paid a high price, to another paper, when they might have a journal of their own, which, by means of their own advertisements, and its circulation among themselves, even were they to receive no support from the public,—would be sure to be a successful enterprise, and they could appropriate all the profits to their own Benefit Society. Mr. Grant’s idea was approved of by the licensed victuallers of London belonging to the Benefit Society; and no sooner was it so than the necessary arrangements were made, and carried into effect. The title chosen for the new paper was the *Morning Advertiser*, and from that time, 1794, to the

present year, 1871, that journal has daily appeared under the same title. The project of Mr. Grant was an immediate success. All the publicans' own advertisements appeared as a matter of course in their paper; and as each member of the society—as I have before stated—was bound to take in the paper daily, a large circulation was at once insured to it. The natural effect of the *Morning Advertiser* being seen in nearly all the public houses in the Metropolis, was that other tradesmen advertised largely in it,—so that from the first that journal became a paying property.

But in addition to my own account of the circumstances under which the *Morning Advertiser* was commenced, it may be well to give the brief allusion to those circumstances which Mr. Daniel Stuart, afterwards proprietor both of the *Morning Post* and the *Courier*, furnished to the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Referring to the *Daily Advertiser*, which was deemed at the time to be as safe a property as the Bank of England—to use an expression then in general use when alluding to anything about the stability of which there could be no doubt—Mr. Stuart thus writes:—"The *Daily Advertiser* lost by its circulation, but it gained largely by its advertisements, with which it was crammed full. I recollect my brother Peter saying that in proposing to a tradesman to take shares in a new paper, he was answered with a sneer and a shake of the head—'Ah, none of you can touch the *Daily!*' It was the paper of business, filled with

miscellaneous advertisements, conducted at little expense, very profitable, and taken in by all public houses, coffee-houses, &c., but by scarcely any private families. It fell in a day by the scheme of Mr. Grant, a printer, which made all publicans proprietors of a rival, the *Morning Advertiser*, the profits going to a publican's Benefit Society."

I have known in my day many instances of the sudden and complete collapse of prosperous newspaper property; but I have no recollection, and I do not suppose there is any on record, of one so sudden and complete as that which has just been mentioned in the case of the *Daily Advertiser*.

For very many years—down, indeed, till 1850—the circulation of the *Morning Advertiser*, was chiefly confined to public houses; but it had also a certain amount of circulation among the cheaper class of coffee-houses. Its circulation at this time fluctuated between 4500 and 5000 copies per day. But as in the year previous to that just mentioned the circulation had greatly fallen off, and continued to do so, in the first half of 1850,—it was deemed necessary to make some great effort to put it on a more prosperous footing. It was accordingly determined by the Managing Committee, with the almost unanimous consent of the proprietors, who by this time numbered 1500 or 1600, to enlarge the paper, so as to make it the size of the *Times*. In coming to this resolution, the Committee of Management resolved at the same time to appoint a new editor. The *Morning*

Advertiser was accordingly doubled in size in October, 1850,—that is, was made to consist of eight pages, the size of the *Times*, instead of four pages, as before. At the time the paper was doubled in size I was chosen the new Editor; and the power with which I was invested was as supreme as if the property had been my own. The circulation was at the time under 5000 copies per day, and the yearly profits were below 6000*l.*; but in the short space of four years the circulation increased to nearly 8000. This statement as regards the extraordinary increase in the circulation will be found verified by the newspaper stamp returns of the two years I have named. The profits in the intervening four years were correspondingly great with the increase of the circulation. The Advertisements, too, proved of a class never before sent to the *Morning Advertiser*; and between the profits on them and the profits on the circulation, the paper selling at the time at fourpence, the aggregate profits rose in that brief period of four years from 6000*l.* to 12,000*l.* per annum; in other words, were doubled, and that, too, although the increase in the yearly expenditure consequent on the enlargement, was no less than 10,000*l.*; that is to say, the income of 1854 was 16,000*l.* greater than in the year 1850. Such instances of rapid newspaper prosperity are of very rare occurrence. A remarkable change, too, took place in the course of these four years in the character of the circulation of the *Morning Advertiser*. Formerly, as I have said, the circulation was almost con-

financed to public and coffee-houses, but now the paper found its way to *all* the leading West-end clubs,—the Athenæum, the Reform, the Carlton, the Conservative, Brooks's, White's, United Service, &c., and in some of these clubs several copies were taken. Individual members of successive Ministries, and Members of Parliament, with other private gentlemen, regularly received the *Morning Advertiser*. In order to merit the approval of the public, new features were introduced into the paper. The number of parliamentary reporters was increased from four to ten; and to give an inducement to their zeal, their salaries were raised. Literature, too, especially in the form of elaborate reviews of books, received especial attention; and arrangements were made for telegraphic communications of important intelligence from abroad. This was before the establishment of Mr. Renter's system for receiving telegraphic despatches from all the capitals and leading towns in continental Europe. Every effort was made to give greater variety and interest to the *Morning Advertiser*. Its greatly increased circulation at the period in its history to which I refer, is the best proof which could be given of the success which crowned the efforts which had been made with that view. An article on "The Newspaper Press," which appears in the sixteenth volume of the eighth and latest edition of that wonderful work, the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, published in 1855—admitted to be the highest literary authority in the world—says, in speaking of the metropolitan daily

press, that "the *Morning Advertiser* is the most popular of its daily contemporaries." Of course the *Times*, to which the *Encyclopædia Britannica* had been specially advertizing before, was not included in the "contemporaries" which the work in question had in its eye.

At this time, among the contributors to the leading article department of the paper were to be found some of the ablest writers of the day; but there was one, above all others, who wrote under the signature of "An Englishman," whose writings have not been surpassed for power or brilliancy since the days of Junius, and whose identity, like that of Junius, remained undiscovered throughout the whole of his eight years' contributions to the *Morning Advertiser*. But as I have gone at some length into the subject of the communications of this extraordinary writer, in what I have said when speaking of the contributions of Junius to the *Public Advertiser*, I will content myself here with referring the reader to my observations in that part of my work. For part of the time during which "An Englishman" was, at brief intervals, creating a profound sensation in the public mind by his articles, unmatched for their eloquence and power, the late Lord Brougham and the late Sir David Brewster were respectively contributing to the *Morning Advertiser*,—the former anonymously, and the latter with his name attached to his contributions. Probably three more gifted men have seldom, if ever, been found to be writing at the same time for the same daily paper.

The politics of the *Morning Advertiser* have always been Liberal, and during the period of my editorship, extending from the year 1850 till the year 1870, a period of twenty years, I conducted that journal on thoroughly Independent as well as thoroughly Liberal principles. The course which I laid down for myself, and from which I never once deviated, was to blend the most thorough independence, alike of parties and individuals, with a courteous tone and terms in the expression of my views and in the advocacy of those principles which I believed to be most conducive to the best interests of the country, and at the same time most adapted to promote the prosperity of the paper. I do not say this for the purpose of magnifying myself, but because of the opportunity it affords me of stating, that the experience of an Editorship of twenty years verified, in my case, the truth of the proverb, that honesty is the best policy,—especially if, with that honesty, there be blended a thorough independence and fearlessness in the utterance of one's convictions. It was, and ever will be, to me, the source of a gratification greater than it would be possible to express, that when in August last year I gave the three months' notice of my intention to resign the editorship of the *Morning Advertiser*, to which the Managing Committee were entitled, the profits of the preceding quarter were 400%. higher than on the corresponding quarter of the previous year, being an increase at the rate of 1600%. per annum; and this, too, notwithstanding the

great talent and wonderful energy of the penny papers, with which the *Morning Advertiser*, a full-priced paper, had for many years to compete.

The origin and history of the *GLOBE*, are interesting. It was started in 1802 under peculiar circumstances. The *Morning Post* was at that time at the head of the daily journalism of London, and from the low circulation of 350 copies per day, when Mr. Daniel Stuart bought it from Mr. Tattersall in 1795, the new proprietor raised it in seven years to a circulation of between 4000 and 4500 copies daily. As it was well known to the public that no other morning paper had at the time half so great a circulation, the great bulk of the advertisements of the day found their way to the *Morning Post*. To use the phraseology of Mr. Stuart, at the time the sole proprietor of the *Post*, "They flowed in beyond bounds." The result was, that with the then limited size of the paper, Mr. Stuart could not, on many occasions, get them all inserted on the days that the parties sending them wished them to appear. Sometimes, indeed, many advertisements had to stand over for eight or ten days; and as the rule by which Mr. Stuart was guided in the matter was to postpone such advertisements as it was thought were least pressing, from their nature, for publication, he chiefly singled out booksellers' advertisements for postponement. The booksellers were naturally disappointed at this, and on remonstrating with the proprietor of the *Post* on the injury done to them by the delays in the appear-

ance of their advertisements, he assumed the haughty tone which great success, and no rival in the field, too often engender. He told them that he would act in the matter as he pleased, and that if they chose, they might withdraw their advertisements altogether. As might be expected, they felt indignant at this, especially as while the paper was in the transition stage from impending ruin to the prosperity to which it afterwards attained, Mr. Stuart was not only courteous, but almost servile, in the expression of his grateful appreciation of their advertising favours. At last the London publishers combined together for the purpose of starting two newspapers of their own. This intention was carried into effect. One appeared as a morning paper—the *British Press*; the other as an evening paper—the *Globe*. The belief of the publishers—then called booksellers—was that they could accomplish a double purpose by adopting this course,—first by promoting their own interests in getting thereby the necessary publicity for their new books; and secondly—and perhaps the latter motive was little less strong than the former—getting no small amount of that “sweet revenge” which is natural to most men who believe they have been treated badly, by succeeding in inducing others to withdraw their advertisements from the *Morning Post*. To show how largely the alleged feeling of revenge influenced, at this time, the leading publishers of London, in the determination to establish the *Globe* as an evening paper, in addition to the *British Press* as

a morning paper, it is necessary I should state that the *Courier* was also at this time the property of Mr. Stuart; and therefore they felt that if they could succeed in establishing both papers, it must prove seriously injurious, if not ruinous, to the *Morning Post* and the *Courier*. But it is right that the causes of complaint which the booksellers had, and the provocation they received to determine on acting as they did, should be stated in Mr. Stuart's own words, which were not likely to be either unduly favourable to them, or unfavourable to himself. I will only preface his statement by the remark, that he has not told the whole of the truth in what he says, and that the booksellers, headed by Sir Richard Phillips, a leading man among them, had much greater grounds for dissatisfaction with the way in which they were treated by the *Morning Post*, than appear in his statement:—"The booksellers and others," says Mr. Stuart, "crowded to the *Morning Post*, when its circulation and character raised it above all its competitors. Each was desirous of having his cloud of advertisements inserted at once in the first page. I would not drive away the short miscellaneous advertisements by allowing space to be monopolized by any class. When a very long advertisement of a column or two came, I charged enormously high, that it might be taken away without the parties being able to say it was refused admission. I accommodated the booksellers as well as I could with a few new and pressing advertisements at a time. That would

not do. They would have the cloud. Then, said I, there is no place for the cloud but the last page, where the auctioneers already enjoy that privilege. The booksellers were affronted—indignant. The last page! To obtain the accommodation refused by the *Morning Post*, they set up a morning paper, the *British Press*; and to oppose the *Courier*, an evening one, the *Globe*. Possessed of general influence among literary men, could there be a doubt of success?"

In the last sentence there is obviously a sneer; and for a time the enterprise was a decided failure as regards both the new journals. The morning paper, the *British Press*, was so completely a failure, that after struggling on amidst many and great difficulties for several years it expired. The evening paper, the *Globe*, still survives.

But the reader will be curious to know more particularly under what circumstances the two new papers were ushered into existence, and what was the history of the days, and weeks, and months of their childhood. Mr. Lane who was the manager, having been induced to leave the *Post*, of which he had been manager for several years, will best furnish the desired information. "Mr. Stuart," says Mr. Lane, referring to the remarks of the former, that the booksellers possessed great influence among literary men,—“greatly overrates the literary support and patronage which the newspapers [the *British Press* and the *Globe*] received. The actual sale at the commencement did not exceed 200 copies each, and

any literary contributions received and inserted were paid for. The booksellers, almost immediately, from various causes, began to drop off. Mr. Murray, now of Albemarle Street, then a very young man, was the most active, liberal, and valuable among them ; but he, with Messrs. Longman, Clarke of Portugal Street, Butterworth, and many others of the greatest influence and importance, after a short time, withdrew ; and I was left to contend with difficulties under the most discouraging circumstances, in which the fortunes of the papers appeared desperate, their very existence hanging, as it were, on a thread before I succeeded in establishing the concern on safe grounds, at which time no more than two booksellers remained partners in it."

The latter sentence requires a word of explanation. The *British Press* never was "established on safe grounds." What Mr. Lane meant to say was that it was so far rescued from the desperate circumstances in which it was placed, "when its very existence hung as it were on a thread," that the proprietors were able to carry it on without the serious losses which, for a considerable time after its commencement, they had sustained. It never was a paying property, or if so, only for a very brief period, and owing to exceptional circumstances. "Established" it never was in the sense in which that word is usually understood. Mr. Lane wrote the letter to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, from which I have made this extract, in August, 1838, and he knew full well that the *British Press*,

which he speaks of as having been "established on safe grounds," had, after being carried on at an enormous loss for several years, ceased to exist for at least fourteen or fifteen years before that time.

But the *Globe*, the twin paper, still continues to exist, after the prolonged life of nearly seventy years. It was at one time a valuable property. Thirty-five years ago it had a circulation of 3000 copies every evening, and at that time the price of the paper was sevenpence. The circulation alone therefore must have produced large profits, because the paper was conducted at an exceedingly small expense. But in addition to its profits from the circulation, it derived a large revenue from its advertisements. These were charged at a high rate; and, for an evening paper, they were numerous. The profits of the *Globe* were, at the time of which I am speaking, so great that yearly dividends of from 5000*l.* to 6000*l.* were paid to the proprietors. I also know, that when circumstances rendered a valuation of the paper necessary, its estimated value, made by a professional agent, was 50,000*l.* The *Globe*, however, did not long continue so valuable as this. It remained for a few years pretty stationary, "with," as they say on the Stock Exchange, "a tendency to decline;" and in a few years more, the "tendency" became a historical fact. The *Globe* had considerably declined, as a property, and has continued to do so, with occasional brief periods in which its pecuniary position has remained stationary, till the present time.

In the course of years the *Globe* absorbed several other evening journals, the best known of which was the *Traveller*; and for many years it not only took the latter into its arms, but assumed it into partnership even, so far as related to the title. The *Globe and Traveller* has been its heading from that time, 1823, till the hour at which I write. I am not sure that I can give the name of all the papers—some of them advocating political views opposite to its own—to which the *Globe* matrimonially allied itself, but I can give the names of four, in addition to the *Traveller*. The first I ought to mention was the *Statesman*, on which I look back with a special interest, because a communication I made to it, of about half a column in length, was my first appearance in print; and now, after having written fifty-five volumes and literally thousands of leading articles, none of either ever filled me with the sensations of delight which I experienced, when I then, for the first time, appeared in the *Evening Statesman* in all the importance of leaded and leading-article type. The *True Briton*, the *Evening Chronicle*, the *Nation*, and the *Argus* were the names of the other journals I knew as having been received into the embraces of the *Globe*. The *Evening Chronicle* and the *Argus* were two of the short-lived enterprises of Mr. James Silk Buckingham, M.P. for Sheffield,—the most desperate journalistic speculator it was ever my fortune to be personally acquainted with.

The *Globe* was until lately divided into shares. I

do not at the moment remember the exact number, but I have a distinct recollection of this fact, that a well-known bookseller in Piccadilly purchased nearly twenty years ago, for a sum of between 6000*l.* and 7000*l.*, a sufficient number of shares to give him a preponderance of influence in the management of the journal. All this time, I ought to mention, and for many years afterwards, the *Globe* was a Liberal paper, of the Whig school of politics; and for at least ten or twelve years, it was uniformly, when the Whigs were in office, the evening Government organ. Some years ago, the Piccadilly publisher to whom I have referred, sold his interest in the *Globe*, and shortly afterwards the shares all came into the hands of one proprietor. About three years ago the copyright was again sought to be sold,—the paper still adhering to its original Liberal principles. A personal communication was made to me relative to the proposed sale, because it was deemed probable that I might be able to do something towards facilitating its transfer to other hands. Circumstances have occurred since then, which I shall presently mention, which have so altered the position of the *Globe*, that there can be no harm in my now stating—which I never did before—that the circulation then was, according to the information furnished to me, about 2000 copies daily, and the yearly profits were represented to be 1200*l.* The price asked for the copyright and plant was 6000*l.*; but the impression was left on my mind, from the conversation I had with the gentleman authorized

to negotiate a sale, that considerably less would be taken—probably 5000*l.*, or even 4500*l.* As the *Globe* was a small paper, and conducted at little expense, I can easily believe, from my knowledge of daily newspapers, that the gentleman who communicated with me on the subject, did not exaggerate the amount of the *Globe's* profits when he stated that they were 1200*l.* a year. Some time afterwards I learnt that a change in the proprietorship had taken place; and before long the price of the paper was reduced from fourpence to twopence. The next change, in connexion with that journal, was one which at the time excited a great deal of interest in the public mind, especially in the minds of those who had been, like myself, conversant with its Liberal traditions for much more than a generation. All at once it abjured its Liberalism of fully sixty years, and became a thorough-going Tory journal. Before any long interval had elapsed, the price was reduced from twopence to a penny, and the form of the paper from four to eight pages,—which are its present price and form.

The *Globe* has had connected with its principal departments, at different times, many of the leading political writers of the day. For a number of years the late Colonel Torrens, for several years M.P. for Bolton, was not only, a quarter of a century ago, its chief proprietor, but the most extensive writer in its editorial columns. As it was at that period, and for a long time before, remarkable for the earliness, fullness, and accuracy of its foreign intelligence; and as

Lord Palmerston was then Secretary for Foreign Affairs; there was a wide-spread, indeed, an almost universal belief, that he was a frequent, if not a habitual contributor of leading articles to its columns. The impression was wholly without foundation. But Lord Palmerston, through his Private Secretary, systematically furnished information to the *Globe*, in the form of an attorney's brief to a barrister, leaving those in the office of the paper, whose duty it was, to work up in their own way, the facts thus communicated to the paper. It was also confidently said and generally believed, that Mr. Charles Buller, then M.P. for Liskeard, was editor of the *Globe*. But there was not the slightest foundation for the assertion. Beyond writing occasionally leading articles for it, he had no connexion whatever with it. Probably the most eminent literary or political writer who had a regular connexion with the *Globe* twenty-five years ago, was Mr. Francis Mahony, better known by the sobriquet of "Father Prout." He wrote largely for it about the time I mention, alike in its leading-article, literary, fine arts, and theatrical columns; and then went to France, as its Paris Correspondent, at a time when French affairs acquired a special interest in the eyes of Europe. His letters from Paris were characterized by a point and piquancy, even when there was nothing particularly interesting in them, which formed a great attraction, and were of great service to the *Globe*. "Father Prout," I ought to add, had a pecuniary interest in that journal, apart from what remuneration he received for his services.

neration he received as one of its stated contributors. After his return from Paris, as the Correspondent of the *Globe*, he continued for some time his connexion with it; but by and by, a few years before his death, he ceased to write for its columns, or have any interest as a shareholder in its fortunes.

Of the leading parties now connected with the editorial department of the *Globe*, nothing is publicly known; but the paper is conducted with great ability, and possesses, as fresh as ever, that feature which it has never failed to exhibit during the thirty-five years that I have known it well,—the feature of condensing into its limited space a large amount of the most interesting intelligence of the day, in a manner so attractive as to render the *Globe* one of the most readable of our daily journals.

Among the many Editors which the *Globe* had, between the years 1830 and 1850, there was one who is entitled to special notice. I allude to Mr. Gibbons Merle. He possessed more than average abilities, and was a very attractive person in society; but there was a fickleness about him, mingled with a singularly sanguine temperament, which constantly led him into schemes of what to any one else would have appeared, after a moment's consideration, of a wild and visionary character. All the new papers he started,—and they were numerous,—died one after the other, after a very brief existence. Indeed, those who knew anything of newspaper matters could detect the fatherhood of any of his new journals, which made its appearance,

from certain features which they were sure to possess, without having beforehand received any specific information on the subject. The only journals which I remember at this time, nearly forty years ago, which owed their paternity to Mr. Merle, were the *Intelligencer* and *Weekly Register*. Finding everything he undertook in this country come to speedy grief, Mr. Merle proceeded to France, and soon became one of the editors of *Galignani's Messenger*. He had not been long in Paris before he became acquainted with several persons of influence at the Court of Louis Philippe, and somehow or other got himself made a French Baron. As he was a man who possessed the quality of ambition in the form of social position, the title thus received ministered much to that feeling. Being anxious that the fact should be known in this country that he had received the title of Baron in France, he resorted—so at least it was said—to the ingenious device, as the best means of accomplishing his object, of getting some one to publish a paragraph to the effect, that the British public would be sorry to learn, that Baron Merle, formerly editor of the *Globe*, had died in Paris. The ingenious device was successful. The paragraph went the round of the journals, provincial and metropolitan alike; and in several papers a few panegyrical words were appended to the simple statement of the supposed fact. By and by another paragraph appeared from the same source, stating that the paragraph referred to announcing his death, was altogether without foundation, and that so

far from Baron Merle being dead, he never was in better health. Nothing, therefore, could have been more complete than the expedient resorted to, to let the English public know that Mr. Merle, late editor of the *Globe*, had had conferred on him by the Government of Louis Philippe, the high honour of being made a Baron of France.

But I anticipate the question, "What was the ultimate destiny of Mr. Merle?" It was certainly, I must say, in answer to the question, not exactly what he would have himself preferred, and certainly not what he would have wished the world to know. He married a Parisian widow who kept a hotel—a very respectable hotel—near the Madeleine. I stayed a night in it on coming through from Germany. If I remember rightly, the name of the hotel was the "Victoria Hotel;" but I am not sure, for I am speaking of a period so far back as the year 1843.

It would render my reference to the *Globe* of a quarter of a century ago, incomplete, if I did not say something of Mr. Moran, who was then, and for years before and after, the sub-editor of that journal. I venture to say that a better sub-editor was never connected either with the *Globe* or any other evening paper, than Mr. Moran. His whole heart was in his duties. The greatest amount of labour which he was ever called upon to go through, was to him a labour of love. The variety which he contrived to introduce into the columns of the *Globe*, few and short as they were, was wonderful; and it was admitted on all

hands that, so long as the *Globe* was in Mr. Moran's hands, it had, in the feature of variety, no rival. To give it this characteristic, he daily examined with the greatest care, not only all the morning papers, but the provincial journals from all parts of the land. In the same way and for the same purpose, he glanced over not only the more popular periodicals of the period, but literary and scientific journals which were almost if not altogether unknown to the public. Many a new periodical, quarterly, monthly, or weekly, owed its being first known to the world by some reference made to it, or some quotation from it, by Mr. Moran, in the *Globe*. Its most prosperous days were when he was its Sub-Editor, and when I say Sub-Editor, it is due to his memory to state, that though he never wrote leading articles, in the proper sense of that term, the proprietors' appreciation of his zeal, and his capacity for the situation which he filled, was so great that much larger powers in relation to the general management of the paper were confided to him, than are usually entrusted to one filling that position on any of our daily journals.

Mr. Moran had no small share of the quality of eccentricity in his character. He dressed so plainly that no one could ever identify the day on which he had made himself master of a suit really new. It used to be a joke on the part of some of his contemporaries of the press, that he must always have dealt with some secondhand vender of clothes. He took the joke in good part, as he did all jokes at his ex-

pense. He was exceedingly good-natured. I never knew him do an unkind thing to, nor say an unkind word of anybody. There was a great mystery connected with his death, which was somewhat sudden. He had for years previous to the close of his life sought to impress on the minds of his friends that he was a moneyed man. And he succeeded in making them believe it. A very few weeks before his death—probably not more than three or four—he introduced to me the subject of his being comparatively wealthy, for a Sub-Editor, and he even entered into particulars so far as to name some of the best of our joint-stock banks in which he held shares; and he concluded by saying that he had 6000*l.* in the London and Westminster Bank. He had said the same thing to others, and the result was, that on his death application was made to the London and Westminster Bank to know what amount of money, either as deposits or shares, was due to him. The answer was, “None at all.” He had not a sixpence there; nor have I ever heard, up till the present day, that a single farthing was found in any other quarter belonging to him. Apart, altogether, from his own statements made to others and to myself, it was something strange that nothing belonging to Mr. Moran was ever found, because he had a good salary—not less, including certain perquisites, I should suppose, than at least 500*l.* a year; while he received, to my certain knowledge, a considerable number of allotments of shares during the great

railway mania of 1845. I know it may be said that Mr. Moran may have lost, instead of gained money, by these allotments, in consequence of keeping them until the terrible railway panic came; but he did not retain the shares allotted to him. He told me himself that he made it a rule, from which he never departed, to sell them the very day on which he received the allotment. He must, therefore, have made very considerable sums in this way, instead of losing anything, for I know that on many of the shares he received large premiums. Mr. Moran's personal expenditure, too, must have been exceedingly small; for he lived alone in lodgings in Howard Street, leading out of Norfolk Street, Strand,—saw no company in his own apartments, and lived altogether in the most economical manner which can be conceived. Yet, notwithstanding all this, and his own assurances made to myself shortly before his death, as well as to others, that he was possessed of a considerable fortune,—not one sixpence, as I have said, belonging to him was found after his death.

The DAILY NEWS commenced in 1846. Probably no morning journal ever started under, so far as one could form an opinion, more favourable auspices. The proprietors—of whom the chief were Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, the eminent printers, both of whom died a few years ago—were not only men of means, but of great public spirit. It was divided into one hundred shares, several being held by Sir William Jackson, M.P., the late Sir Joseph Paxton, and Sir

Joshua Walmsley. Mr. Charles Dickens was appointed editor—at, I am assured, a salary of 2000 guineas a year—while the late Mr. Dilke, proprietor of the *Athenæum*, and grandfather of Sir Charles Dilke, Bart., M.P. for Chelsea, was the manager. The late Mr. George Hogarth, father-in-law of Mr. Dickens, was chosen musical critic, while Mr. John Foster largely contributed to the literary department, if, indeed, he had not practically the superintendence of that department. Miss Harriet Martineau was for several years one of the principal contributors of leading articles. Mr. M'Cullagh Torrens, M.P. for Finsbury, was also one, for many years, of the recognised writers of leading articles.

Mr. Dickens, on the appearance of the first number, wrote for it the first leading article; but the article was more of a general address to the public, expounding the course which the *Daily News* intended to pursue, than a political article. It is strange that amidst all the varied notices of him given in the public journals at the time of Mr. Dickens's death, no one should have reproduced that maiden article of his, in his capacity of Editor of a morning political journal. Yet such, so far as my recollection goes, was the fact. As the article will be read with interest, I here subjoin it. It appeared as the first article in the initiatory paper, which was brought out on January 21st, 1846. Though this introductory article to the *Daily News* written by Mr. Charles Dickens had no heading, it may, with propriety, be transferred to these pages under the title of—

MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS
TO THE READERS OF THE "DAILY NEWS."

In the outset of such an undertaking as we contemplate to-day, it is perhaps excusable that, turning for a moment from the many questions of public interest which crowd upon us for consideration, we should devote a few words to ourselves and the course which lies before us.

They need to be but few ; for, as our readers will naturally found their own opinion of this journal on the knowledge they acquire, from day to day, of its principles and conduct, we may spare them the trouble of perusing, in the beginning, any formal and lengthened exposition of our views. For the same reason, we abstain from any but this passing allusion to the establishment we have formed for the production of a Daily Newspaper, complete in its many costly departments ; or the means we have taken for securing to our readers early and reliable intelligence of every kind. If these, likewise, be not sufficiently expressed from day to day, in the subject-matter of our columns, we should expatiate on our preliminary exertions to very little purpose.

The Principles advocated by the *Daily News* will be Principles of Progress and Improvement ; of Education, Civil and Religious Liberty, and Equal Legislation ; Principles such as its Conductors believe the advancing spirit of the time requires, the Condition of the country demands, and Justice, Reason, and Experience legitimately sanction. Very much is to be done, and must be done, towards the bodily comfort, mental elevation, and general contentment of the English People. But, their social improvement is so inseparable from the well-doing of Arts and Commerce, the growth of Public Works, the free investment of Capital in all those numerous helps to civilization and improvement to which the ingenuity of the age gives birth, that we hold it to be impossible rationally to consider the true interests of the people as a class question, or to separate them from

the interests of the merchant and manufacturer. Therefore, it will be no part of our function to widen any breach that may unhappily subsist, or may arise, between Employer and Employed; but it will rather be our effort to show their true relations, their mutual dependence, and their mutual power of adding to the sum of general happiness and prosperity. That this great end can never be advanced, without the carrying of a calm and moderate tone into the discussion of all questions bearing on it, is sufficiently apparent. In such a tone we shall hope to treat them.

And we now especially invite the attention to one feature in the course we have marked out for ourselves. We seek, as far as in us lies, to elevate the character of the Public Press in England. We believe it would attain a much higher position, and that those who wield its powers would be infinitely more respected as a class, and an important one, if it were purged of a disposition to sordid attacks upon itself, which only prevails in England and America. We discern nothing in the editorial plural that justifies a gentleman, or body of gentlemen, in discarding a gentleman's forbearance and responsibility, and venting ungenerous spleen against a rival, by a perversion of a great power—a power, however, which is only great so long as it is good and honest. The stamp on newspapers is not like the stamp on universal medicine-bottles, which licenses anything, however false and monstrous; and we are sure this misuse of it, in any notorious case, not only offends and repels right-minded men in that particular instance, but naturally, though unjustly, involves the whole Press, as a pursuit or profession, in the feeling so awakened, and places the characters of all who are associated with it at a great disadvantage.

Entering on this adventure of a new daily journal in a spirit of honourable competition and hope of public usefulness, we seek, in our new station, at once to preserve our own self-respect and to be respected, for ourselves and for it, by our readers. Therefore, we beg them to receive, in

this our first number, the assurance that no recognition or interchange of trade abuse, by us, shall be the destruction of either sentiment; and that we intend proceeding on our way, and theirs, without stooping to any such flowers by the roadside.

Mr. Dickens did not long remain editor of the *Daily News*, nor did he write much for it during the few months he occupied the editorial chair. In fact, his editorship was confessed, by his greatest friends and admirers, to be a decided failure. His views were thoroughly Liberal in politics, as they were Unitarian in religion; but he did not pay that attention to politics which would enable him to master the great questions of the day. Neither, if he had fully grasped them, did he possess the gift of writing for a morning paper. That was the very opposite of his forte. We all know in what direction his forte lay.

For some time after Mr. Dickens ceased to be editor of the *Daily News*, it was not generally known who was his successor; but I knew it was Mr. John Foster, author of the "Life of Goldsmith," and at that time editor of the *Examiner*. He did not long occupy the editorial chair, but was soon succeeded by Mr. Knight Hunt, author of "The Fourth Estate," who continued to occupy the editorial chair until his death, which took place in 1854. After Mr. Hunt's death, Mr. Thomas Walker, who had been previously assistant-editor, was appointed to take the editorial helm, and continued in that position until, on the death of Mr. Thomas Behan, he re-

ceived the appointment of "Editor," as it is called—though the word is, in this particular case, a misnomer,—of the *London Gazette*. When I come to speak of this latter publication, I will refer to the nature of the duties, if such they can be called, which the gentleman holding that position has to fulfil. Since Mr. Walker's retirement from the editorship of the *Daily News*, two years ago, there have been two editors, one having only remained in the office for a few months.

The *Daily News* commenced its career with a most liberal, indeed, it may with greater propriety be said, with a most lavish expenditure of money. While the salary allowed to Mr. Dickens as Editor, was double that given at the time to the editor of any other journal, except the editor of the *Times*, the salaries given to the reporters were higher than those given by any other paper, not even excepting the *Times*. Reporters' salaries on the *Times* and the other morning journals were, at the time the *Daily News* started, five guineas a week, except in one or two cases arising from exceptional circumstances, when they were six or seven. But the *Daily News* commenced its career by allowing its reporters seven guineas. The other prosperous morning papers, such as the *Times* and *Morning Herald*, were obliged to follow the example of their new rival; but the latter soon found that the prodigal expenditure generally which it was incurring would, if persisted in, prove ruinous, and therefore the proprie-

tors felt the necessity of making retrenchments ; and the reduction of the reporters' salaries from seven to five guineas per week was one of the first steps which were taken in the economical line.

The other papers soon and gladly followed, in this respect, the example of their young competitor for public favour, as they had before reluctantly followed its example in giving so large a salary to the reporters as seven guineas a week. The consequence of these short-lived salaries, as I have shown in my notice of the late *Morning Herald*, was that the reporters were, in the end, injured rather than benefited by them ; for they soon found it was much easier to increase their expenditure in proportion to their increase of salary, than it was to reduce it in accordance with the reduction of their salaries from seven guineas to five guineas per week.

Finding, after an experience of several years, that the losses on the *Daily News* were enormous, the proprietors determined on making what, on the face of it, was a hazardous experiment. They resolved to reduce the price of the paper from five pence to two-pence halfpenny. They soon found that this was a great mistake. Though their circulation increased largely, owing to the reduction in the price, their losses increased in a still greater proportion ; and the result was, that after a somewhat lengthened continuance of the experiment, and a second one by raising the price to threepence, the proprietors felt constrained to return to the original price of the

paper,—that price being fivepence, the same at the time as the other morning journals.

The losses on the *Daily News* were, for the first ten or twelve years, enormously great. I speak on this point from information communicated to me personally by two of the then proprietors. They both, though having no understanding together on the subject, agreed in saying that during the first ten years of the *Daily News*' existence, the losses were not much short of 200,000*l.* This can be the more readily believed when it is remembered that Mr. Murray lost by the *Representative* from 15,000*l.* to 20,000*l.* in six months. Each of these two proprietors, both Members of Parliament at the time, stated what their respective losses were; and as they also told me what the number of shares was which they severally held, it was a simple question of arithmetic to say what the aggregate losses on the journal were. Neither of these gentlemen is a proprietor of the *Daily News* now; nor, indeed, I believe are any of those who were so in the first ten years of the paper's existence,—otherwise I should not have communicated these facts; but as the present proprietors were wholly unconnected with the *Daily News* at the period of which I speak, there can be no harm in relating them.

The *Daily News* has always been conducted with much spirit, and characterized by great ability; and having a few years ago reduced the price of the paper to a penny, it is due to its proprietors to say, that instead of displaying less enterprise, or re-

ducing its expenditure, they have shown greater spirit and been more liberal in its expenditure than ever. Nor have the efforts of the new proprietors failed of success. On the contrary, there is no paper in London, nor anywhere else, that distinguished itself so much as the *Daily News*, with regard to the earliness, the accuracy, or the fulness of its intelligence respecting the progress of the late Franco-German war. Even the *Times* itself, with a generosity which it could well afford to show, spoke in the very warmest terms of commendation of the extraordinary and successful efforts which the *Daily News* had made to procure the earliest and most important intelligence in connexion with that war. The same may be said with equal justice in relation to the deplorable outbreak in Paris, with all its disastrous results, after peace had been made with Germany. Day after day, during that dreadful state of things in Paris, the *Daily News* surprised and gratified the whole country by the copiousness, the correctness, and the interest of its telegraphic communications from its correspondents stationed in the French capital.

No one will wonder when told, that the result of this extraordinary enterprise has been an immense increase in the circulation of the *Daily News*. I am assured that its circulation has trebled, and though, with an end of the excitement, there would naturally be a falling off from its highest sale, yet there can be no doubt it will permanently retain—it certainly ought to do so—the great bulk of the addition which

has been made to its circulation since the month of May.

I hear the present circulation of the *Daily News* spoken of as being about 70,000 copies. I can state, with all confidence, because my information comes from an undoubted source, that it is, on an average, not much under 90,000 copies per day. It received a great accession of subscribers on the discontinuance of the *Morning Star*. I believe I am not exceeding the mark when I say that the permanent addition to the circulation of the *Daily News*, by the cessation of the *Star*, was not much, if at all, under 6000 copies.

As was naturally to be expected, with the popularity which the *Daily News* has acquired during the present year, and the enormous addition made to its circulation, there has been a corresponding increase in the number of its advertisements. This is a great fact, and is as obvious to those who see the paper, as it is great; and as advertisements, after all—not mere circulation—are the grand sources of newspaper commercial prosperity, the *Daily News* may be congratulated on this very great accession to the advertisement department of the paper.

In the course of last session the press of advertisements was so great that it was found necessary, once or twice every week, to enlarge the size of the paper from the ordinary six columns, to seven columns in every page.

It is no secret that for many years in the earlier

history of the *Daily News*, Miss Harriet Martineau was a stated writer of leading articles in its columns. It is only justice to that lady, who is still engaged in writing for publication some sort of work or other, though verging on, if she has not entered, her seventy-fifth year,—it is due to her to say that she was a very able journalist. During, indeed, her lengthened connexion with the *Daily News*, she was one of the ablest of its many able writers. I do not know of any other lady who has ever been a constant writer of *political* leading articles for any morning paper, but I do know several other ladies, some married and some single, who contribute occasional leading articles to our metropolitan daily papers. In New York there are several ladies who are statedly on the staff of the writers of political leaders ; and who attend the office of the establishment with which they are connected as systematically as the male members of the editorial staff. This is especially the case in relation to the office of the *New York Tribune* ; and it is said that their articles, in exposing and denouncing the writings or the works of other ladies, are characterized by a bitterness and brilliancy which the most severe and most talented writers of our sex could not even approach.

CHAPTER IV.

PRESENT METROPOLITAN DAILY PAPERS.

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH — THE STANDARD — THE PALL MALL GAZETTE—THE ECHO.

The Origin and Progress of each of these Journals, with General Observations on their Political Principles and Character.

I COME now to the *Daily Telegraph*, the most extensively circulated of all the daily papers in this country ; or, indeed, if its own statement is grounded on good information, which I do not for a moment doubt, it has the largest circulation of any daily paper in the world. It is not generally known, that the present *Daily Telegraph* was not the first newspaper brought out under that title in this country. Yet such is the fact. The late Mr. Ingram, the originator of the *Illustrated London News*, and for several years, and indeed until his untimely and accidental death, member for Boston, started a daily newspaper under the title of the *Telegraph*, several years before the *Daily Telegraph* of the present day. Mr. Ingram made the great mistake which many newspaper men have fallen into—that because some one adventure has proved singularly successful, they are sure to be no less suc-

cessful in any other enterprise in which they may think fit to embark. Hundreds have, in this respect, found out their mistake, when they have put the matter to the test. Mr. Ingram was one of the number. As his *Illustrated London News* had proved one of the most brilliant instances of journalistic success in the present century, he could see no reason why a morning daily paper, started under his auspices, and with the prestige of his name, should not be equally prosperous. It was under this impression that he started *his Telegraph*. One short week sufficed to dispel the delusion under which he laboured with regard to the success of his enterprise. It was seen to be a dead failure. The publication fell stillborn on its appearance. It attracted no attention ; it excited no interest. It lingered on in a manifestly dying state for seven or eight weeks, and then, without making any sign, quietly slipped into its grave. I am satisfied that my information is correct when I say, that the few weeks of the existence of the *Telegraph* cost Mr. Ingram not much short, if anything, of 4000*l*.

The history of the present *Daily Telegraph* is one of great interest. It was started on June 29th, 1855, by the late Colonel Sleigh, as a single sheet, at the price of twopence. Its original title had "*and Courier*," attached to it. The full title was therefore, the *Daily Telegraph and Courier*. It was the cheapest daily paper, even at twopence, that ever had been published in this country ; but notwithstanding that, it created no general interest on its appearance. Nor

did it while in the hands of Colonel Sleigh. It never had, while his property, anything worthy the name of circulation, while the advertisements rarely brought in more than from ten to fifteen shillings per day,—often, indeed, even less than that. Colonel Sleigh, as might be expected, as he did not possess a shilling of capital when he started the *Daily Telegraph*, soon got embarrassed; and amongst his debtors was Mr. Levy, the present chief proprietor of the paper. Matters, with Colonel Sleigh, before many months had passed away, had come to a crisis, and it was felt that if something were not speedily done, the stoppage of the *Telegraph* would be, before long, inevitable. But as it had been for the previous two or three months in circulation, Mr. Levy thought that possibly in other hands something might be made of it. He accordingly took the copyright of the *Daily Telegraph* as part security for the debt, consisting of several hundred pounds, which Colonel Sleigh owed him. Matters went on for a little longer, but at last they had reached such a state, that had not Mr. Levy taken the paper into his own hands, and brought it out at his own expense, it would, on a particular day, have ceased to exist. What a narrow escape was this! How near Mr. Levy was of missing a magnificent fortune, and the public of losing for ever a paper which has since ministered so much, and is doubtless destined to minister still more, for an indefinite time to come, to its enlightenment and gratification!

The condition in which the *Telegraph* came into

Mr. Levy's hands may be inferred from the amount of money which he received for advertisements in the first number published under his auspices. I should like the reader to try to make the best guess he can as to what the sum was. It was exactly Seven Shillings and Sixpence! As this may scarcely be credited, I may state that the fact has been mentioned to me by a gentleman who has a proprietary interest in the paper. Seven shillings and sixpence as the produce of one day's advertisements in the *Daily Telegraph*! To-day—the 21st April—whilst writing this, I venture to say the receipts in the number before me for advertisements are considerably above 500%.

I need not narrate the unprecedentedly rapid progress which the *Telegraph* made in Mr. Levy's hands. One of his first movements was to reduce the price from twopence to a penny. This gave the circulation a powerful impulse; and advertisements soon began to come in in such numbers, that it was found necessary to enlarge the paper to double its original size. It was the first of the penny papers while a single sheet, and as such was regarded as a newspaper marvel; but when it came out, which it did soon after the *Standard*, as a double sheet, the size of the *Times*, published at fourpence, at a penny, it created quite a sensation. Here was a penny paper, containing not only the same amount of telegraphic and general information as the other high-priced papers—their price being then fourpence—but also evidently written in its leading article department with an ability which

could only be surpassed by that of the leading articles of the *Times* itself. This was indeed a new era in the morning journalism of the metropolis. No wonder, then, if the *Telegraph* rose in circulation, and also increased in advertisements, with greater rapidity than ever. As it used no penny stamps like the high-priced papers, the public had no means of knowing what the circulation was at any particular period; but at certain intervals, of longer or shorter duration, the proprietors published accounts of the circulation, the accuracy of which was vouched for by public accountants of undoubted respectability. Still, the profits of the paper were prevented from being what they otherwise would have been, by the duty on paper. By and by, however, that tax on the newspaper press—a tax which pressed with especial severity on the penny papers—was remitted; and on the vote of the House of Commons taking place, abolishing the duty, I remember, just as well as if it had been but yesterday, a party who knew well what he said, remarking to me, “That will be an addition to the profits of the *Daily Telegraph* of at least 12,000*l.* a year.” I cannot say what the exact amount of the circulation of that journal was at the time, but I am sure it could not have been half of what it is now; and if I am correct in my opinion on that point, the profits of the *Daily Telegraph* now, consequent on the entire abolition of the paper duty *alone*, cannot be under 24,000*l.* a year.

The public, though not deriving any advantage

from this remission of the duty on paper, so far as the price of the *Telegraph* was concerned, did derive a great benefit from it in another way. Previously, from absolute necessity, the quality of the paper, because of the price, was very bad,—so much so that it was often difficult to read the impression; but the moment the duty was remitted, Mr. Levy shared with the public the benefits of the saving which he thereby effected, ordering ever after a quality of paper which, though not equal to that on which the *Times* and some others of the high-priced papers are printed, was sufficiently good to make the reading of the *Telegraph* pleasant to the public.

But this is not the only way in which the readers of the *Telegraph* have been, as well as the proprietors, benefited by the remission of the paper duty. They receive now more than the usual double sheet for their penny. During the past Session there was scarcely an impression of the paper that did not consist of ten pages; and even during the legislative recess the proprietors give twice or thrice a week a supplement which makes the paper consist of ten pages. This is a wonderful quantity of paper as well as of matter for one penny; and my confident opinion is, that before twelve more months have elapsed we shall see the *Telegraph* publishing daily all the year round its ten pages. But, however, for the remission of the paper duty this could not have been.

It may be more than questioned whether there be an instance in the annals of the newspaper world in

which a political journal has acquired the same power, reached the same amount of popularity, and attained an equally extensive circulation, as the *Daily Telegraph*. Indeed, I may say there is no parallel case. Even now, as compared with others of its morning contemporaries, it may be said to be in its infancy. Having been started, as already stated, in 1855, it has not yet emerged from its teens. It is, indeed, hardly half through them; nor will it reach its majority until 1876. And yet, politically, intellectually, and commercially, it possesses and successfully displays all the maturity and vigour usually incident to, and looked for, in the meridian of life. Who could have expected when, sixteen years ago, the *Daily Telegraph* was so sickly that it was for weeks uncertain whether it would survive another day, that it should present the robust appearance it now does? As newspaper prosperity always has been proverbially precarious, its value used to be estimated at from a five years' purchase. I leave each reader to form his own opinion as to what the period would be at which the purchase price of the *Daily Telegraph* would be fixed, were that journal in the market. It would be for a term of which comparatively few of us are likely to see the end. The extent of its circulation is known to the world. It is from time to time published in its own columns. The returns it gave in March last of its sale during the half-year ending 1870, show an average daily sale of 190,885. Of course, certain deductions must be made from the gross number of

copies sold in the last six months of the past year, in consequence of the large extra demand for the paper caused by the Franco-German war. What that deduction ought to be I am not able to say; but as the war, in its more exciting periods, only lasted a few months, I should think that after making a liberal deduction from the aggregate sale, there would be left, as the average sale, no fewer than 175,000 copies daily. What an enormous circulation! We all know that the circulation of the *New York Herald* is immense, but I do not remember any statements of its circulation made by that journal in which so high a circulation was claimed as this of the *Daily Telegraph*. The latter journal, therefore, so far as my knowledge extends, is justified in the statement which it makes of having "the largest newspaper circulation in the world."

The only instances in the history of the newspaper press in which, so far as I know, there are anything approaching parallel cases of signal success, in point of rapidity, to that of the *Daily Telegraph*, are the *New York Herald* and the *Philadelphia Ledger*. The proprietor of the former New York journal is, as nearly all the world knows, Mr. James Gordon Bennett, who was born, at the close of the last century, near Keith, in the county of Banff, about half way between Aberdeen and Inverness. After having tried various means of earning a livelihood, with very indifferent success, the idea occurred to him, about the year 1833, of starting a daily paper under the name

of the *New York Herald*. What his pecuniary resources were at this time will be inferred from the fact, that they were barely sufficient to pay the expenses of the first week's publication. To be still more specific,—Mr. James Gordon Bennett's capital was, as nearly as might be, 100%. His office was in a cellar in one of the most obscure, and certainly least respectable, localities in New York. His editorial chair was formed by placing a rough piece of board on two flour barrels. There was no other chair in the office, either for himself or anybody else. All the literary work, and much of the other work as well, was done by Mr. Bennett himself. The *New York Herald*, on its commencement, consisted only of four small pages of four columns each. For some few years the progress of the *New York Herald* was not rapid; but still it did make progress. After the lapse of seven or eight years it took a decided start, just as was the case with our own *Times*; and curiously enough, much about the same time—that is, soon after 1840. The prosperity thus so decidedly begun, made, for many years afterwards, something like geometrical progress, until we now see it by far the most commercially successful journal in the United States. Its circulation is the largest of any journal on the other side of the Atlantic, verging, as it does, on 100,000 copies daily, and on extraordinary occasions far exceeding that number. Its dimensions have been at various times enlarged, until they now present the proportions of sixty columns instead of

the sixteen with which, thirty-seven years ago, it commenced,—each column being twice the size of its first columns when the *Herald* started. Of these sixty columns, forty are usually filled with advertisements, all of which are charged at a very high rate. The *New York Herald* is one of the most inconsistent and unprincipled papers either in America or anywhere else. Mr. Bennett's motto is, "Make money in any way, and at any rate; never mind the means, so that the money is made." And he has made it. The daily income of his paper is 800*l.*, and the nett annual profits for some years past have averaged about 80,000*l.*; and this, notwithstanding the most liberal expenditure of any newspaper in the United States, or, indeed, in the world, with the single exception of our own *Times*. In the one article of telegrams alone it expended in one year, three years ago, the enormous sum of 10,000*l.* The great success of the *New York Herald* is solely to be ascribed to the remarkable enterprise and the great tact with which it is conducted. By a curious anomaly, though entirely devoid of principle, and habitually practising the most glaring inconsistencies ever witnessed in the world, it possesses immense power in the United States. Successive Governments of that country have stood in awe of it,—a fact which was proved in the case of the late President Lincoln offering, on his advent to the White House, to send Mr. James Gordon Bennett as the American Ambassador to Paris. No one in the United States doubted,

when this fact transpired, that the proposal to confer this high honour on the proprietor of the *New York Herald*, was to purchase the support of that journal, or, failing that, to bribe it into an absence of opposition.

With regard to the other paper—the *Philadelphia Ledger*, I have mentioned its having achieved a signal success, with a rapidity in some measure resembling that of our own *Daily Telegraph*,—there is something exceedingly interesting in its origin and in its progress to the marvellous prosperity which it now enjoys. It was started in the year 1836 by three working printers, named respectively Swain, Abell, and Simmons. Their united capital amounted to 1000*l*. These three industrious men composed their own type, worked their own hand-press, and personally delivered their own paper to all the Philadelphia subscribers. The *Ledger*, in its infancy, consisted of four pages, each measuring nine inches by twelve. Yet so rapid and great was the progress of this journal, that when sold, in 1864, the original proprietors retired with a joint fortune of no less than 1,000,000*l*.; and the estimated present value of the copyright is close on 500,000*l*. These, I repeat, are the two nearest approaches, with which I am acquainted, to the rapidity with which the *Daily Telegraph* has achieved its signal success; but neither of the two can be compared in that respect with the *Telegraph*.

With its enormous circulation, it is unnecessary to say that the *Telegraph* requires an immense amount

of mechanical power to enable the proprietors to meet the demand in time for the usual hour of publication. All that can be done in that way has been done, so far as money could command the means of rapid printing. They have, within the last twelve months, set up one of Bullock's printing machines, with the latest improvements. This machine works on the rotatory principle, and throws off impressions of the paper at an average rate of considerably more than 138 copies per minute, or 11,000 per hour,—which, with the co-operation of their previous machinery, enables them to publish their paper simultaneously with other morning papers not having half the circulation of the *Daily Telegraph*.

The STANDARD, though now a morning as well as evening paper—and more a morning than an evening paper—was originally an evening paper only. The circumstances under which it started are curious, and have not before been made public. For some time previous to the year 1827 the cause of Catholic Emancipation had not only been convulsing all Ireland, but had been making great progress in England. The *Times*, and most of the daily journals had identified themselves with that cause, and though the *Morning Herald* and the *Morning Post* had been opposed to the agitation which was then going on for the removal of the disabilities, to use the phraseology of the day, of the Roman Catholics,—there was no evening paper which opposed their claims to all the civil and religious liberties which other classes of the community

enjoyed. In 1826 a deputation of the leading men opposed to the claims of the Catholics waited on Mr. Charles Baldwin, to endeavour to prevail on him to start an evening paper which would make it its grand feature to offer an uncompromising resistance to those claims. He had at the time as his sole property, the *St. James's Chronicle*, published three times a week, and as it was thoroughly opposed to Catholic Emancipation, he saw that a journal published every evening taking the same course, would, in the nature of things prove injurious to it. The deputation talked about the great religious and constitutional principles which were involved, and pressed Mr. Baldwin to accede to the wishes, as they said, of all true Protestants in every part of the country. He expressed his readiness to give all due weight to that consideration, but felt that he was not called upon to become unnecessarily a pecuniary martyr for Protestantism. But, he intimated to them that if they were so attached to Protestant principles, as their appearance that day, under the circumstances, indicated, he would be willing to co-operate with them, provided they would lodge in the bank of Messrs. Stevenson and Salt, well known bankers at the time, and also his bankers—the sum of 15,000*l*. In that case he would at once start a daily evening paper which should strenuously advocate the cause of Protestantism, and no less strenuously and perseveringly oppose the Roman Catholic claims. This proposal they were not prepared to accede to.

The deputation to Mr. Baldwin accordingly left without any result. Nearly twelve months had elapsed when, strange to say, another deputation, chiefly consisting of the same gentlemen, waited on Mr. Baldwin with the same view. The Tory Cabinet had been broken up solely on this question of Catholic Emancipation, and the deputation came to urge anew on Mr. Baldwin the establishment of an every day evening paper, now that so momentous a crisis had occurred in connexion with the question. Mr. Baldwin's answer was the same as before:—"Lodge your 15,000*l.* with my bankers, Messrs Stevenson and Salt, and you shall have a daily evening paper before a week has passed." Finding that there was no other way of accomplishing their object but by raising the required sum, the amount was raised, and forthwith out came the *Evening Standard*, without any preliminary flourish of trumpets. Dr. Giffard, a barrister, who had for some years previously been Editor of the *St. James's Chronicle*, and who was as thorough an opponent to Roman Catholicism, both politically and religiously, as that system ever had to encounter, was appointed Editor of the new Protestant evening journal; and certainly for zeal, boldness, and ability a better choice could not have been made. The *Standard* accordingly made its appearance in the year 1827. It had not been more than a few weeks in existence when one morning early, a splendid carriage with magnificently liveried coachman and servants stopped at the door of Dr. Giffard's house, in Penton-

ville, when one of the servants, knocking at the door, and on its being opened, said he wished particularly to see Dr. Giffard, in order to deliver into his own hands a communication of great importance. He was accordingly shown into Dr. Giffard's room, and duly delivered the small package. On his leaving, Dr. Giffard, as a matter of course, opened the parcel, and to his surprise found that it contained notes to the amount of 1200*l.*, from the then Duke of Newcastle,—the grandfather of the present Duke, and the one who at the time of the Reform Bill of 1832 got more notoriety than could have been agreeable to him, by his memorable question, in relation to the right to the suffrage of all his tenantry, “Have I not a right to do what I like with my own?” In a note which accompanied the 1200*l.* in Bank of England notes, the Duke stated that he begged Dr. Giffard's personal acceptance of the amount as a practical expression of his (the Duke's) admiration of the masterly article which had appeared in the *Standard* of the previous evening, in opposition to the Roman Catholic claims. Dr. Giffard has been many years dead, but it is due to his memory to state, that he said, that while accepting the princely gift of the then Duke of Newcastle, he did not apply the sum to his own individual use. It may be doubted whether so much money was ever before given in recognition of the merit of an article, in a newspaper, of little more than a column in length.

Yet, notwithstanding, the zealous support which the more ultra portion of the Tory party gave the

Standard, and the sum set apart for its establishment, it had, for several years, great difficulty in keeping itself alive, owing to the division which then took place in the Conservative party. Indeed the general belief, after a two years' existence, was that it would not long survive. The *Morning Chronicle*, at that time a journal of position in the newspaper world, went, indeed, so far as to predict its early extinction after it had only been twelve months in existence. "It is," says the *Morning Chronicle*, "a journal which has lately crawled into existence, and is fast hastening towards dissolution." The prediction was not fulfilled; but curiously enough the fate thus prophesied in relation to the *Standard*, has befallen the *Morning Chronicle* itself. It has gone to its grave. Six or seven years since it underwent the process of dissolution, while the *Standard*, which, nearly fifty years ago, it so confidently consigned to a place beneath the green turf, is now as alive and vigorous as ever,—indeed more alive and vigorous than it ever was at any previous period of its prolonged career.

I have given the above details of a sum of money—no less than 1200*l.*—which the grandfather of the present Duke of Newcastle, presented to the late Dr. Giffard, when Editor of the *Evening Standard*, as an expression of the Duke's admiration of one particular article in that journal in opposition to the claims of the Roman Catholics for emancipation. But no one could fail to see that the amount was probably in-

tended as a bribe, to insure future articles of a similar kind. I ought, however, to add, as one whose acquaintance with the Morning Metropolitan Press is so intimate, and of many years' standing, that it is a very rare thing for any direct attempt to be made to unduly influence the Newspaper Press. But other means are frequently had recourse to with that end. High social, or political position is one of these. Even the great Duke of Wellington himself did not hesitate to make use, with that view, of his exalted position,—a position only inferior to that of the Sovereign herself. Dr. Giffard, who when Editor of the *Standard* exercised great, I may say supreme influence over the *Morning Herald* also, which was at that time the property of Mr. Baldwin, the then proprietor of the *Standard*,—received on one occasion a message from the Duke of Wellington, penned in a most peremptory tone, commanding the Editor, in fact, not only to take a particular course in the *Standard* on a very momentous question, but to get the Editor of the *Herald* to adopt the same course. Dr. Giffard never spoke of this incident but with the greatest indignation at the conduct of the Duke, in thus seeking to unduly influence the press. But while Dr. Giffard resented this attempt of the Duke of Wellington to influence his conduct, he was accessible to milder and more gentlemanly agencies. When the late Sir Robert Peel resolved to pass his Maynooth Bill for placing the Grant to Maynooth on the Consolidated Fund, and thus prevent a re-

currence of the annual debate on the Maynooth Grant, he took care first of all to endeavour to convince Dr. Giffard that the concession was indispensably necessary for the peace of Ireland. The Doctor, though not convinced, yet desirous of pleasing Sir Robert Peel, took care that neither the *Standard* nor the *Herald* should oppose the measure. This desertion on the part of the *Standard* and the *Herald* of what was to them a bounden duty, greatly injured their circulation, and still more their character; and knowing this, Sir Robert Peel, when in the following year, he brought in his bill for the abolition of the Corn Laws, did not even pay Dr. Giffard the compliment of apprising him of his intention. It is thus that all are treated, sooner or later, who will sacrifice principle to please persons or party.

But of the *Standard* as it exists at the time I am writing, I shall more properly have to speak hereafter. In the meantime let me say that while Dr. Giffard, in the earlier days of that journal was the sole Editor, Mr. Alaric Watts was appointed Sub-Editor. I was for several years intimately acquainted with Mr. Watts, and found him a most gentlemanly and agreeable man, and remarkable for the amount of his newspaper, as well as general literary, information. With regard to newspaper information, indeed, it would have been passing strange if he had been surpassed by any one for the amount he possessed, for I unhesitatingly affirm that no one either before or since his day, had been the means of

starting more newspapers than he. I will not at this distance of time,—not far from twenty years—undertake to say what the number was, but that it could not have been much less than twenty I feel assured. The only two journals, still existing, which I remember as having been commenced under Mr. Watts's auspices, are the *United Service Gazette*, and the *Manchester Courier*. He was the author of more than one volume of beautiful poetry; while it was conceded on all hands, that his "Literary Souvenir," one of the numerous family of Annuals which flourished in the early part of the second quarter of the century, was the best, whether regarded in a literary or pictorial point of view. Yet, notwithstanding all the enterprises in which Mr. Alaric A. Watts was engaged, he never was in easy circumstances. Though he only remained a year, in the first instance, as Sub-Editor of the *Standard*, he resumed, in the same capacity, many years afterwards, his connexion with that journal. Mr. Watts was succeeded in the Sub-editorship of that journal by Dr. Maginn, one of the ablest writers in the leading periodicals of his day. He was an eminent classical scholar. He had often been spoken of then, and continued to be long after his death, as the Editor of the *Standard*. And it was not to be wondered at that he was so, because the fact being universally known that he was connected with that journal, it was a natural conclusion that one who had so great a literary reputation as he possessed, would be assumed to be editorially supreme

in the establishment. For one that knew the name of Dr. Giffard there were twenty to whom the name of Dr. Maginn was familiar. It was, indeed, the subject of surprise to the friends of the latter, that he should have continued to fill a subordinate situation on any newspaper establishment. Yet so it was. Between two such able men, as might have been expected, the paper gradually advanced in popularity and commercial success. It rose in the course of a few years from a circulation of 700 or 800 copies every evening, to a daily circulation of from 3000 to 3500 copies. And there was a corresponding increase in the number of the advertisements. For the first year, the average number of advertisements fell considerably short of a column; but before it closed its fourth year they had increased, on an average, to four columns. The result was—the expenses being very small—that it was the prevailing belief at the time that before it was five years old, its profits could not have been less than from 7000*l.* to 8000*l.* a year. And as the only proprietor, Mr. Charles Baldwin, was also the sole owner of the *St. James's Chronicle*, thrice a week; the *London Packet*, twice a week; and the *London Journal*, once a week,—all got up with scarcely any expense, out of the *Standard*,—it was estimated that Mr. Baldwin's income from his newspaper property could not have been less at the time of which I speak, than 15,000*l.* a year. This was the opinion given to me in the year 1835, by one who had been many years in an important

and confidential position in Mr. Baldwin's establishment.

Dr. Giffard was perhaps one of the ablest and most accomplished controversial writers that ever fulfilled the functions of Editor of a daily paper ; but he was often, in his zeal for the cause he espoused, and the political party with whom he identified himself, very sophistical. Unfairness was frequently a quality in his writings, when writing in the capacity of a disputant. It may be that he was himself unconscious of this, and that it was to be ascribed to the fact, that the strength of his political feelings led him to misconceive, instead of consciously misrepresenting the arguments of his opponents. But one thing I feel a pleasure in saying, as an act of justice to the memory of Dr. Giffard—a thing which I said in a work which I wrote, though much opposed to him in politics many years ago, and when he was alive—that he never, under any circumstances, allowed his political hostility to betray him into an invasion of the sanctities of private life. His conduct in relation to the memorable case of Lord Melbourne, when he was Prime Minister, and the Hon. Mrs. Norton, furnished a remarkable illustration of this. It was well known at the time that the Tory party confidently expected, by means of that case, to upset the Administration of Lord Melbourne, and that all the more servile and less honourable of their journals did all they could to make it the instrument of accomplishing that object. But Dr. Giffard, though alternately implored, re-

proached with unfaithfulness to his party, and even threatened with repudiation by them, resolutely resisted all attempts to induce him to convert the Melbourne-Norton case into an engine for the promotion of Tory purposes.

In my notice of the late *Morning Herald* I have given some account of the circumstances under which Mr. Edward Baldwin was obliged to part with that paper. Until the time he became proprietor of the *Herald*, his father, Mr. Charles Baldwin, retained possession of the *Evening Standard*; but afterwards the latter journal fell into the hands of the son, and the latter having become bankrupt, both papers were ordered to be sold by the Court of Bankruptcy. Mr. James Johnson, who had for many years held an official appointment of considerable pecuniary profit in that court, bought the newspaper property thus put up for sale. I believe I am making no disclosure to which Mr. Johnson would object when I mention, that the price which he paid for the *Morning Herald* and the *Standard* together, including what is called the "plant"—that is, presses, types, everything, indeed, necessary for working the papers, was 16,500*l.* Mr. Johnson continued for some time to conduct the two journals in the same way as before, and published them at the same price; but finding, before long, that he was doing this at a loss, he reduced the price of the *Standard* from fourpence to twopence, and made it a morning as well as evening paper. The natural result of a reduction of the price to one half

of what it was, was a very considerable increase in the circulation of the paper, but not to a sufficient extent to make it a paying property. Still Mr. Johnson continued for some time to publish the paper at twopence. At length, however, he determined to make the experiment—which was looked upon at the time as very hazardous—of reducing the price to a penny, and enlarging it to a double sheet. This was in 1858. As a matter of course, that step again brought a large addition to the circulation of the paper, but not sufficient for a considerable period to bring it to the paying point. Still Mr. Johnson courageously persevered, and his confidence and public spirit were rewarded by seeing the *Standard* become not only a paying, but a highly remunerative property. Not only did the circulation continue steadily and rapidly to increase, but advertisements began to pour in freely. About this time all the papers received an addition to their profits, greater or less according to the extent of their circulation, from the entire abolition of the duty on paper. To the penny papers, with their circulation of tens of thousands, this remission of the paper duty was a boon of no common magnitude; and the *Standard* received therefrom a very large addition to the profits it had already begun to make. By and by Mr. Johnson, finding that the great and growing influx of advertisements was making serious inroads on the intelligence department of the *Standard*, enlarged it to its present immense size. No one who takes into his hand a

copy of that journal, or takes in by his eye its colossal dimensions, can or will question its right to use the three words in large letters, which we see, after the title of the *Standard*, on the posters in all newsvenders' windows—"The Largest Paper."

With regard to the profits of the *Standard*, I might mention what I am assured from private sources they are; but I deem it better not to go into figures on that point. Besides the profits on all newspapers, especially the daily ones, vary every year owing to varying circumstances. But this I may mention, that the profits of the several morning journals were much greater in the year 1869 than they were last year. The Franco-German war of 1870 entailed an enormous addition to the normal expenditure of the morning papers. I believe I speak in accordance with the fact when I say, that the increased expenses last year of more than one morning paper, consequent on the war between France and Germany, were between 8000*l.* and 10,000*l.* Suffice it therefore to say, in relation to the profits of the *Standard*, that they are great,—much exceeding yearly the annual incomes of most of the ducal dignities of the land.

The *PALL MALL GAZETTE* is, with the exception of the *Echo*, the latest of the evening papers. It was brought into the world in 1865. It owed its title to a casual expression which appeared in one of Mr. Thackeray's works, to the effect that there would be, in some future day, among the metropolitan journals, one under the title of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. This

was said playfully, Thackeray never imagining that his remark would ever come to be a reality. Mr. George Smith, head of the publishing firm of Smith, Elder, and Co., was a great admirer of Thackeray's works, as well as a personal friend of the author of "Vanity Fair," and having resolved on publishing a daily evening journal on a plan altogether unlike any of the existing metropolitan journals, he adopted the title thus playfully suggested by Thackeray.

In due time, accordingly—that is, in the year I have stated—the *Pall Mall Gazette* made its appearance; but before the publication of the first number, the amount expended in advertising the journal did not, I am assured, much, if at all, fall short of 3000*l*. I can all the more readily believe this, not merely because I know how expensive advertising new publications is, especially when crossing pages, or two columns, as the announcements of the *Pall Mall Gazette* did, but more especially from what I believe I may say with all confidence is a fact, that before the first number of Mr. Smith's *Cornhill Magazine* made its appearance, no less a sum than 5000*l*. was expended in preparing the public for its coming advent.

The best writers on political, literary, social, and other important questions, that could be procured, were retained as constant contributors to the new journal, and prices were paid them for their communications which I would regard as incredibly great, did I not know that my information on the point

comes from a source which leaves no room to doubt its accuracy. Such liberality, indeed, had not been heard of before in connexion with the newspaper press,—always, of course, excepting the rate of remuneration which is received by the higher class of writers for the *Times*. One poor penny-a-liner was, on one occasion, absolutely frightened at the price which he was paid for one of his wordy communications,—a communication which, however, I ought to add, though wordy in the habitual penny-a-liner style, was very interesting, because it contained the narrative of a very tragic occurrence. Paid by the line, at the three-halfpence rate, the “Dreadful Catastrophe” would not have come to more than half a guinea, and the “reporter’s bill” was made out for that sum ; but instead of that amount being handed over to the “liner,” a five-pound note was given him. He was confounded at the liberality of the *Pall Mall* cashier, and said, with a feeling of tremor, lest he should have done something wrong in receiving the princely pay, “I fear, sir, you have made a mistake,”—returning the five-pound note. “All right,” said the cashier ; “it was a very interesting report, and we always, in such cases, like to pay liberally.” The joy of the “liner” may be imagined. He returned home with his prize, feeling that, like Goldsmith’s parson, he was “passing rich” with a five-pound note in his pocket,—probably the first he ever possessed which he could call his own. He “lined” no more that day. For at least one day in his life he felt himself to be superior to

fires, inquests, suicides, melancholy catastrophes, and the varied category of materials out of which the industrious class called penny-a-liners get their precarious subsistence. Of course all penny-a-liners were not paid at the rate of this fortunate member of the fraternity ; nor, indeed, were any of their number, long after that, paid for their "copy," at a rate much beyond what was the traditional price for the kind of contributions which they furnish to the daily and weekly press. But down till the present hour the *Pall Mall Gazette* is one of the most liberal papers, always excepting the one leviathan journal, in the remuneration with which it rewards the higher class of its contributors. And in connexion with this point, I ought here to say that, considering its relative size to other journals, a greater amount of original matter appears in its columns than in those of any of its daily contemporaries. On some occasions it has happened that nearly one-half of its contents has consisted of articles and paragraphs expressly written for the *Pall Mall*.

With regard to its creed, either political or theological, I am conscious of my unfitness for the task of defining it ; and I feel assured that every one who habitually peruses its pages will, speaking for himself, say the same. In relation to politics or religion it is neither one thing nor the other. The homely expression, "It is neither fish, flesh, nor fowl," furnishes as good an idea of the *Pall Mall*, in this respect, as could be given. Its political and theological

faith is made up of opposites. Politically, it might with great propriety be called a Radical journal; while in relation to religion, its beliefs, if so they can be called, are a kind of Christian-Pantheism,—that is to say, if by any possibility these two creeds could be held by any one person, or advocated by any one journal.

The career of the *Pall Mall* has been of a very chequered kind. For upwards of a year it made but little progress in circulation or advertisements,—the two great, indeed the only, elements of prosperous journalism. Still, Mr. Smith, amidst the great discouragement consequent on large losses, persevered in his determination to establish the *Pall Mall*. Just at a period in its history when a man of nerve less strong than that possessed by Mr. Smith, would have lost all heart and hope, an incident occurred which proved the turning-point in its fortunes. Mr. James Greenwood, well known in the world of literature as a popular author, went disguised as a “casual pauper” to the Lambeth Workhouse, and spent a night in it, submitting to the same treatment in reference to the fare, the sleeping accommodation, and the regulations generally of the establishment, as the real unfortunates had to do. His object in this was to see with his own eyes, hear with his own ears, and then describe with his own pen what he had seen and heard in the place. Accordingly, in a day or two a long, elaborate, and graphic description of Mr. Greenwood’s visit to Lambeth Workhouse ap-

peared in the *Pall Mall*. The article purported to be written by a real "Casual," and attracted a very unusual amount of attention as soon as it appeared. In a week or two it was quoted in nearly all the public journals, both in the metropolis and provinces. Many of them, in addition to transferring the article to their columns, called special attention to it in the form of leaders, or otherwise. The natural effect of all this was that a newspaper sensation, such as has seldom been known, was created by the description of the "Casual," and the impression in which it appeared was purchased by thousands. This drew a large amount of attention to the journal which had first brought the article before the public, and the consequence was, that from that time for many months afterwards the *Pall Mall* rose in circulation with great rapidity, while advertisements, of which it had but very few before that time, flowed in like a stream to its columns. So great, indeed, was the success of the *Pall Mall* for more than a year after the appearance of the article, that I am assured there was a period in its history when 6000*l.* was offered for a sixth share in it. Mr. Greenwood got 100 guineas for his article; and it is but right to add that he received that sum from Mr. Smith long before the full amount of the benefit it would confer on the *Pall Mall* was, or could be, known.

But soon after this, the *Pall Mall* began to experience something of the uncertainty of all things earthly, and especially of the precariousness of news-

paper property. Both the circulation and the advertisements fell gradually off; and this was felt to be all the more discouraging because, during the brief period of the *Pall Mall's* great prosperity, Mr. Smith had expended very large sums in purchasing new machines, and enlarging and improving the premises in which the paper was printed and published. Thousands of pounds have been mentioned to me as having actually been expended in this way. This fact must have made the constant falling off in the circulation and advertisements very disheartening to Mr. Smith. In the peculiar and serious circumstances in which the *Pall Mall* was placed, he resorted, in the hope of bettering his position, to a reduction of the price of the paper from twopence to a penny. The experiment was a decided failure. What, then, was to be done? Mr. Smith resolved on another experiment. He determined on publishing a morning *Pall Mall Gazette*, in addition to the *Evening Pall Mall*; and instead of the folio sixteen pages, to bring it out in the form of eight pages, but considerably less in size than the *Times*, and printed generally in a larger type. This second experiment, which was made in the beginning of 1870, was equally a failure with the first; and after lasting three months, a recurrence was resolved on to the former state of journalistic matters,—the same form, the same price of twopence, and the publication of an evening paper only. That is the present position of matters in relation to the *Pall Mall Gazette*; and though not what it was in its

more prosperous days, it is understood to have greatly improved of late from what it was in its days of adversity. It is a most carefully conducted journal, as no one who reads it can fail to perceive. The expenditure in procuring early and accurate intelligence from the various capitals of Europe, is most liberal, and the quality of the correspondence is such as to justify the large sums expended on it. I am revealing no secret when I mention that Mr. Frederick Greenwood is the managing Editor, and the Rev. Dr. Hutton, formerly a Unitarian minister, the principal writer in the leading-article department of the paper.

I now come to the last and cheapest of the daily London journals, whether morning or evening. Every one knows to which of our metropolitan daily newspapers I refer. It is the *ECHO*. It was only commenced in December, 1868, and therefore comparatively little can be said of a paper still in its infancy. It was begun and continues at the price of a half-penny. It was an enterprise in which it required great spirit to embark. It was, indeed, generally regarded as a very hazardous experiment. For a considerable time, as must have been expected in an undertaking in many respects so novel, the expenditure must have been immense ; while the income from advertisements—one chief source of newspaper profits—could not, in the nature of things, have been calculated on as great. But as Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, whose property it is, had fortunately the necessary monetary resources, as well as the intelli-

gence and business habits to ensure its success, if success could be ensured in any hands, it is now understood to be not only out of all danger, but to justify confident expectations of being made a good property. Most certainly, the enterprising and influential firm by which the *Echo* has been ushered into existence, well deserve the measure of success which their journal has met with, and whatever still greater degree of prosperity may be in store for it; for, from the appearance of its first number till the one last published before this sheet is sent to press, it has displayed an amount of ability in its leading-article department, which would do credit to any of our daily papers. I was indeed quite prepared for this, because I chanced to know, especially on some changes taking place in the literary staff a few months after the *Echo* was started, the names of several of the principal writers,—names occupying a high place in the literature of the land.

But it is not in the leading-article department only that this, the youngest of the daily journals, possesses merit of no ordinary kind; it is no less entitled to commendation on account of the interest and variety of its selected matter. By the process of what is called “seizing the points” and skilfully condensing them, its space, limited as it necessarily is, contains an amount of general information which is often surprising.

With regard to the other features of the *Echo*, it is due to its proprietors and editors to state, that it has,

just as if it were one of the high-priced journals, its "Own Correspondents" in most of the leading capitals and cities in Europe and America, as well as in the various principal towns of the United Kingdom. It regularly receives too, both from Mr. Reuter and its own Correspondents, telegraphic despatches relating to all matters of general importance,—so that small as its dimensions necessarily are, considering its price, it is in every sense of the term entitled to be regarded as a regular newspaper. It is as carefully superintended in all its departments as its comparatively gigantic contemporaries. Though we have no longer any such evidence as to the circulation of the papers as we had in the times of stamp returns, whereby to tell the exact amount of the circulation of the *Echo*, yet I speak from private sources of information when I say it is so great, that I wonder the proprietors have not adopted the plan of the *Telegraph*, and published the numbers they circulate, with the guarantee of some well-known accountant's signature.

With respect to the politics of the *Echo*, it is not easy to give a precise definition of its political creed. It is, indeed, much easier to say what its politics are not, than what they are. They are not Whig, they are not Tory, nor are they Radical in the extreme sense of the word. I know indeed no phrase that would designate them more fitly than that of "independent Liberal." A liberal vein pervades the political views of the *Echo*; but its thorough independence often leads it to assume attitudes of antagonism to the

present Liberal Government, as it would induce it to extend occasional support to a Tory Administration, were such in existence. It does not, in the words, if I remember rightly, of Pope, "Give up to party what was meant for mankind;" or it might place after its title on the first page, or as a prelude to its heading in the fourth page, the well-known words of Junius,—for so many years prefixed to the political department of the *Scotsman*,—"This is not the cause of faction or of party, or of any individual, but the common interest of every man in Britain."

It will be seen from the references which I have made to the daily press of London, that the number of morning journals is five,—a smaller number than at any former period for half a century; and that the evening journals are four, making nine daily papers altogether. New York greatly surpasses London in the number of its daily papers. It has nearly more than treble the number published in the metropolis of Great Britain. While we have only nine, the metropolis of the United States has no fewer than twenty-four,—of which number thirteen are published in the morning and eleven in the evening. But it ought to be mentioned that out of the twenty-four daily papers published in New York, two are printed in the French language, and three in the German. This is a very remarkable fact when it is considered that the language of America is English. I have spoken of the expenses incurred in conducting a morning paper in London,

especially those of the *Times*. With the exception of the latter journal, the expenditure of several of the New York journals, such as the *Herald*, the *Times*, and the *Tribune* is greater than any of our morning papers. Mr. Augustus Haverick, in his "History of the New York Press," published so late as last year, states that the proprietors of each of the leading daily journals in New York expend not much less than 150,000*l.* a year, or nearly 3000*l.* a week, in conducting their respective papers. I do not suppose that the expenses of any of our London journals, the *Times* excepted, are a third of that amount; and it may be a question whether even the expenditure of the *Times*, great as it is, approaches the sum of 3000*l.* per week. The same authority, whose correctness I have never seen disputed, says that the number of persons editorially connected with a leading New York morning paper is, on an average, ten, with a greater number of reporters. The regular compositors, exclusive of eight or ten occasional hands, is sixty. "Twenty carriers," adds Mr. Haverick, "convey the printed sheets to the readers. Twelve clerks and bookkeepers are employed by each paper. The editorial salaries now range from 20 to 60 dollars; reporting from 20 to 30 dollars; and the gross receipts of the first class daily morning papers for a year, often reach 1,000,000 dollars, of which an average of one-third is clear profit." This presents us with a remarkable representation of the magnitude of the New York morning newspaper establishments,

of the enterprise of the proprietors, and of the extent of their profits. With, I repeat, the exception of the *Times*, none of the London morning papers come near to the New York journals either in their incomes or their profits.

I have shown in a previous chapter, that the yearly income of the *Times*, from advertisements alone, must be 300,000*l.*, and, assuming its circulation to be 70,000 copies daily, at twopence per number clear, there would be a sum of about 500*l.* received each day for the papers sold. In this respect no New York journal approaches the *Times*. If we add to the *Times*' income, in round numbers, 160,000*l.* a year for the sale of papers, 800,000*l.* received for advertisements, we have a gross yearly income of the leading journal, of not less than 460,000*l.*,—not much short of half a million.

But the reference I have here made to the New York daily papers, is only intended to be regarded as a mere passing one. Towards the conclusion of my work, I will institute a comparison in various respects, between the London, the Paris, and the New York daily Newspapers.

CHAPTER V.

PAST AND PRESENT TRI-WEEKLY AND BI-WEEKLY METROPOLITAN NEWSPAPERS.

THE ST. JAMES'S CHRONICLE—THE EVENING MAIL— THE RECORD—THE LONDON GAZETTE.

HAVING concluded my notices of the Past and Present Daily Newspapers, and finding that from the limits to which I must confine my present volumes, I must defer my account of the Past and Present Weeklies to a succeeding volume, I can only in this place, give an account of the thrice and twice a week journals.

Though at the present time we have only one paper published three times a week, we had a few years since, three which regularly appeared tri-weekly.

Among these was the ST. JAMES'S CHRONICLE, to which I have already made repeated references. It was originally started under the name of the *London Postman*, in 1724, and was for many years a largely circulated and prosperous journal. It was especially profitable during the half century it was connected with the late *Morning Herald*. Belonging, as it then did, to the same proprietor as the latter journal, the

matter and the type were transferred from the *Herald* to it, with the exception of the leading articles and the advertisements. As beyond the editor who wrote leading articles specially for it, the *St. James's Chronicle* cost comparatively little in getting up, and as it was read largely by country clergymen and country gentlemen of Tory principles, it was an excellent property for many years. I believe the authority on which I make the statement is correct when I say, that for a long series of years the annual profits were from 5000*l.* to 6000*l.* The late Dr. Giffard, for so many years Editor of the *Standard*, when an evening paper only, was also for many years editor of the *St. James's Chronicle*. After the bankruptcy of the late Mr. Edward Baldwin, proprietor of the latter journal along with the late *Morning Herald*, both papers came into the hands of Mr. James Johnson, present proprietor of the *Standard*. But soon after the two journals became his property he disposed of the *St. James's Chronicle* to Mr. Newdegate, M.P. for North Warwickshire, and the latter, after a time, converted it into a weekly paper.

In the course of a few years the *Press*, established more than twenty years ago, and which was called "Disraeli's Paper," because on all points it identified itself with his political views, was amalgamated with the *St. James's Chronicle*, and from that time till the present the united journals have appeared under the title of *The Press and the St James's Chronicle*.

The EVENING MAIL was another tri-weekly journal,

lately extinct, which existed for the long period of seventy-seven years. It sustained the same relation to the *Times* as the *St. James's Chronicle* did to the *Morning Herald*, so far as the use of the type and matter which appeared in the *Times* was concerned. It was not, however, the property of the proprietors of the *Times*. It was commenced in 1790, in terms of an arrangement made by the proprietors with the first Mr. John Walter,—that the *Evening Mail* should take all its matter from the *Times*, and use the type and printing machinery employed by the latter journal in Printing House Square. In terms of the will of the second Mr. Walter, the third or present Mr. Walter, gave notice, in 1861, to the proprietors, that they were not to use the *Times* type or matter any more. They declined to act on this notice, on the ground that the continuous custom of seventy years gave them a prescriptive right to use the matter and type of the *Times*. Mr. Walter, finding his views and wishes thus disregarded, brought the paper into the Court of Chancery, and after a suit which lasted several years, it was decided against the proprietors of the *Evening Mail*, on the ground that as there had been no written contract between the first Mr. Walter and the original proprietors of the *Mail*, the mere fact of an unbroken custom could not render the printing connexion between the two journals binding on the proprietors of the *Times*. The Vice-Chancellor, in accordance with this view of the case, ordered the *Evening Mail* to be sold. The result

of this severance of the connexion between the *Times* and the *Evening Mail*, was the ruin of the latter journal, because, though while using the matter and the type of the *Times*, it was a valuable property, producing annually for many years from 2500*l.* to 3000*l.*, it ceased to be a property at all when disconnected from the *Times*. It never had any advertisements beyond perhaps, now and then, three or four, but it had a large sale among officers in India, and country gentlemen in England, who got in it all the most interesting matter which had previously appeared in the *Times*, at half the price of the *Times*. It was discontinued—no purchaser being found for it—about two years ago.

The RECORD, which is now entering the forty-fourth year of its existence, originated in the desire of several excellent Christian men to see a journal established which, while identifying itself with the Episcopal form of church government, should be specially devoted to the exposure of vital error in relation to religion, and to the defence of evangelical truth. The necessity of such a journal had been long felt by men of all Christian denominations who held and cherished the grand central doctrines of the Gospel; but the two gentlemen to whom belonged the credit of giving a practical effect to this general desire among the more spiritually-minded men of all evangelical denominations, were the late Mr. James Evans, a brother-in-law of the late well-known Sir Andrew Agnew, and Mr. Andrew Hamilton, of Streatham Common,

the first secretary of the Alliance Insurance Company. Mr. Evans secured the pecuniary aid of several of his connexions, such as the late well-known and accomplished Mr. Douglas of Cavers, and Mr. Thomas Erskine of Linlathen. Mr. Hamilton was aided by the late Mr. Abel Smith, M.P., the eminent banker, Mr. James Farish, at one time Governor of Bombay, Mr. John Labouchere, the brother of the Cabinet Minister, and others, so that a considerable sum of money was subscribed to launch the paper. But it was on Mr. Evans and Mr. Hamilton that the burden at first chiefly rested. At an early stage they took into their counsels Mr. John Stuckey Reynolds, then holding a high position in the Treasury, and since better known as the Honorary Secretary of the Home and Colonial School Society. This gentleman cordially joined them in the work, of which they had so earnestly desired the accomplishment. The result was the appearance of the *Record* at the beginning of January, 1828.

Amongst those who hailed the appearance of the first number of the *Record*, and took a deep interest in the experiment—for it was a great experiment considering the state of evangelical religion at that time—were the late Rev. Daniel Wilson, of Islington, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta; the Rev. Edward Bickersteth; the Rev. J. Haldane Stewart, then of Percy Chapel; the Rev. Dr. Marsh, of Colchester; the Rev. William Howell; the Rev. W. Biddulph, of Bristol; the Rev. W. Tindale; and many honoured

men besides, who have since gone to their rest. Others of equal eminence still survive, amongst whom may be mentioned as having signed himself a subscriber from the beginning, the Very Rev. Henry Law, Dean of Gloucester, and Francis Close, the Dean of Carlisle. One of its earliest supporters, and a writer of some of the ablest of its early literary articles, was the celebrated Dr. John H. Newman, of Oxford, then thoroughly imbued with Protestant and Evangelical principles, although now one of the most zealous champions of the Church of Rome.

From the first the *Record* was welcomed as a champion of Evangelical truth, no matter in what section of the Church of Christ it existed. But it was soon found that to raise the circulation of a new journal, and especially of one depending chiefly on religious support, so as to attract to itself a remunerative advertising connexion, could only be the work of time. The funds subscribed by its original projectors and their friends were absorbed before six months had expired; and although it had, within six months, already attained a circulation of 1200, it was carried on at so great a weekly loss, that it was felt that it must be discontinued. The conductor made this announcement in July, 1828; and the result was that a zealous friend waited on Mr. Reynolds, who acted as the treasurer of the paper, and urged that such a step was premature. The announcement led to overtures of pecuniary aid; and besides other assistance two noblemen together advanced 300/.

This opportune aid afforded time for reorganizing the paper, and securing a regular staff of contributors, which it had not before possessed. Of the four, two were clergymen,—the Rev. Henry Blunt, of Chelsea, and the Rev. Mr. Turner, who soon afterwards became a successor of Daniel Wilson, as Bishop of Calcutta; and two were laymen, of whom Mr. Andrew Hamilton was one. Mr. Blunt for a time undertook to act as Editor, but the state of his health and pressing parochial engagements shortly afterwards induced him to resign. Some of the occasional contributors to the *Record* were men of considerable eminence; and even after he was elevated to Lambeth, one Lord Archbishop has been known to send a communication, which was adopted as a leading article.

But it was not by pecuniary aid alone that a deep interest was shown at this critical period in the fortunes of the *Record*. Many of the evangelical clergy in the Church, and laymen in and out of the establishment, took themselves two copies, where they had only before taken one; while others induced their friends to become subscribers. Advertisements too, especially of theological works, began to come in in increasing numbers; and the result was that in a very short time the *Record* was not only able to pay off the advance of those who did not wish to become permanent shareholders, but became not only a self-supporting, but a valuable property, viewing the phrase in its commercial acceptation.

It was from the month of September, 1828, that the

Record first really assumed the position it has since maintained. At first it had only claimed to be "a record" of Evangelical news; it afterwards assumed a more decided tone; and as an unflinching champion of the truth, in opposition to error from whatever quarter it was advanced, contributed to diffuse a more vigorous and healthy tone into the Evangelical body of the Church. For example, the Neology taught in Dean Milman's "History of the Jews" was fearlessly exposed, as well as the dangers connected with the circulation of Bibles adulterated with the Apocrypha. The dangerous errors of the Irvingites were also assailed, and Bishop Sumner paid the *Record* the compliment of saying that to that journal for a long time was due the merit of having been the first publicly to raise a warning voice against the subtle and Romanizing tendencies of the Oxford Tracts, and such Romanizing writers as Dodsworth and other subsequent perverts.

Although only published twice a week at its commencement, the prosperity of the *Record* soon justified its proprietors, in the interests of religion, to publish more frequently.

Accordingly, recourse was had to a three times a week issue. This has continued down till the present time. The *Record*, I ought to mention, publishes supplements during the sitting of Parliament, and on other occasions,—in almost every one of which we meet with elaborate reviews of important books, usually admired for the masterly style in which

they are written, and the intimate acquaintance of the reviewers with the subjects which they have undertaken to handle.

There is one feature in the *Record* to which especial attention ought to be drawn. It has for many years been remarkable for the earliness and the accuracy of important political and ecclesiastical information,—often of a nature which has excited surprise that it ever could have found its way outside the walls of the room in which the Cabinet Councils are held. No one, indeed, who is in the habit of seeing the *Record*, could have failed to be struck by its exclusive sources of information, on matters relating to the Church or the State, in which the whole nation feels the deepest interest. By a curious coincidence, just at the very moment I am writing these lines, I learn from an undoubted source, that so late as two days ago an ex-Lord Chancellor, talking with a friend on other matters, said to him—"Can you tell me how it was that the *Record* first got to know things which were said and done in the Cabinet Council?"

I have made a passing allusion to the signal service which the *Record* has rendered to the truth as it is in Jesus. It has been fearless in its exposure, and uncompromising in its denunciation of all vital error, no matter how high the parties may be in the Church of England, or in other denominations, who have given publicity and their advocacy to that particular form of error. No less earnest nor less able has it uniformly shown itself to be in its defence of the

essential truths of the Gospel. It has invariably been firm and faithful in its vindication of its own conscientious convictions, without reference either to personal friendships or commercial considerations. Of this the *Record* has given many striking illustrations in the course of its prolonged journalistic career. It is due to it to add, that there is not, so far as I am aware, a single heresy of vital importance which has made its appearance in the religious world, which it has not fully exposed and fearlessly held up as a thing to be summarily rejected by all who seek to be sound in the faith and to cling to the simplicity of the Gospel of Christ.

Nor is this all. The *Record* has, on all occasions, been the *first* of our religious journals to enter the arena of conflict whenever it was found necessary to fight the great fight of Faith on behalf of some of the cardinal doctrines of the Gospel of Christ. It has on all such occasions rushed to the front, and never withdrawn from it while the combat lasted. But even a still higher praise than this is due to the *Record*. It has often had,—“faithful among the faithless found,”—to fight the battles of evangelical religion single-handed against the marshalled hosts of Ritualism and Rationalism. Such a journal, I need scarcely add, has special claims on the sympathy and support of the Christian world; and there cannot be a doubt that its eminent services in the cause of evangelical truth and personal piety, will continue to receive, as they have hitherto done, the practical appreciation of

all who recognise the binding obligation of all Christians to obey the apostolic injunction to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints.

I now come to speak of the LONDON GAZETTE, which has from the first been a bi-weekly paper. I have alluded to the fact in a previous part of this work,—that towards the end of the seventeenth century the advertisements in the newspapers of the period began to assume a somewhat more miscellaneous character than they had before done. But it is right to repeat that a very long time elapsed before advertising became what is called general. For many years after the middle of the seventeenth century, the average number of advertisements, even in those newspapers which had the largest circulation, did not exceed ten or twelve, while in the majority of cases they did not exceed six or seven. Even as late as the beginning of the second quarter of the eighteenth century, I find that the average number of advertisements was under a dozen. I of course except, in making this statement, the *London Gazette*, which was the organ for the Government advertisements. It was originally published at Oxford under the title of the *Oxford Gazette*; but even that journal, for some time after its establishment in 1665, did not average more than from fifteen to twenty advertisements, and often consisted of one leaf of smaller size than the *Saturday Review*.

There is something so interesting in the history of the *London Gazette*, that I am sure I will be pardoned

if I pause for a few moments for the purpose of glancing at the changes which its features, its dimensions, and importance, have, in the intervening period, undergone, in its progress to its present position. The *London Gazette*, for nearly two years, had not regularly any advertisements at all. Now and then it had a stray one, but nothing more. Mr. Andrews, in his work on "British Journalism," has ferreted out an advertisement of historical interest, as being contained in the ninety-fifth number of the *London Gazette*,—which advertisement, he says, is one of the earliest which appeared in that journal. This was on the 16th October, 1666. The advertisement related to the Great London Fire of that year, and is as follows:—"Such as have settled in new habitations since the late fire, and desire for the convenience of their correspondence to publish the place of their present abode; or to give notice of goods lost or found, may repair to the corner house in Bloomsbury, or on the east side of the great Square, before the house of the Right Honourable the Lord Treasurer, where there is care taken for the receipt and publication of such advertisements."

This notification in the *London Gazette* necessarily increased the number of advertisements. And with that increase in the advertisements, and still retaining its previous principal features,—shipping news and foreign intelligence,—the *Gazette* enlarged its size, and has gone on doing so ever since until the present day. Yet, for seventy years after its establishment,

the *London Gazette* consisted of only two pages, nearly half of which was blank. Now its ordinary size is from fifty-five to sixty pages. It contains no ordinary news, but consists exclusively of advertisements, the list of partnerships dissolved, bankruptcies, dividends in bankrupt estates, and other information which is ordered by Government to be inserted, and necessary to fulfil certain legal requirements. As everything published by the *London Gazette*, which appears, as it did on its commencement two centuries ago, on Tuesdays and Fridays,—is paid for at a high rate, according to the length of the notification, and the price for each copy is one shilling, this official journal—the only official one—brings in a large annual revenue to the Government. Its circulation is of necessity extensive, because a large class of persons are under a professional or business necessity of regularly reading its pages, and filing it for purposes of reference. Last year the profits yielded by the *London Gazette* exceeded 22,000*l.*, and they have been about the same for some years past. I ought to mention that it never contains anything indicating a political bias. The only exception I know to this rule occurred in the year 1813, when it published an account, in French, of one of our greatest victories over Napoleon I., and distributed thousands of copies all along the coast of France.

For many years there has been an “editorship” attached to the *London Gazette* with a salary of 800*l.* a year; but the office is purely a sinecure, and is

invariably given, when a vacancy occurs, to some literary or editorial friend of the Government. On the death of Mr. Thomas Behan, more than two years ago, it was stated that the office would be abolished. It was no secret at the time that such was the intention of Mr. Lowe, the Chancellor of the Exchequer; but Mr. Gladstone, as Prime Minister, opposed the wishes of Mr. Lowe. His chief ground of opposition was, that it was not only politically expedient, but right in principle, that there should be some means reserved of rewarding gentlemen connected with the Press, who had rendered important services to the Government, and could not in any less objectionable way receive a practical acknowledgment of their services. The moment this determination on the part of the Government had been come to, a host of candidates for the office made their appearance, amounting, I am assured, to nearly two hundred. They were all connected, more or less directly, with literature, or the newspaper press,—most of them with both. That, indeed, was conventionally understood to constitute an indispensable qualification for the office. Among the candidates were several members of Parliament. The successful candidate was Mr. Thomas Walker, for many years Editor of the *Daily News*. While strenuously and ably supporting Liberal principles, Mr. Walker conducted the *Daily News* in a tone which made it respected wherever it was read. The candidature of Mr. Walker was warmly supported by Lord Russell, Mr.

John Bright, Mr. Samuel Morley, and other influential parties ; while it was no secret that Mr. Gladstone, in whose hands the patronage was vested, leaned decidedly in the same direction. Probably no other appointment would have given more general satisfaction than did that of Mr. Walker to the "Editorship," as it is still by a fiction called, of the *London Gazette*. If anything could have enhanced to that gentleman the value of the appointment—which is one for life—it would have been the very handsome letter which he received from Mr. Gladstone, when the gift was made.

CHAPTER VI.

INTERIOR OF A MORNING PAPER ESTABLISHMENT.

The Editor—Sub-Editor or Sub-Editors—Theatrical and Musical Critics—Reading Department—The Reader—His Condition—The Compositors—Their Condition—Their Dialogues—"The Printer's Devil"—The Paper Wetter—The Publisher.

THE interior of a morning paper establishment is a sight well worth seeing, and thinking of after it has been seen. First of all, there is the Editor sitting in his own apartment, and at his desk. Usually he has lying before him a heap of newspapers, pamphlets, leading articles, either in manuscript, or proofs, or both, with letters partly private, and partly intended for publication, should they be so fortunate as to meet with the Editor's approval. The conducting, or Chief Editor, only occasionally writes leading articles himself. He has duties enough to perform without that. He has abundant work to do in reading all the original matter which comes before him, as he has to decide as to the fitness of the numerous communications, on every conceivable variety of subject, which are brought under his consideration, and to alter and otherwise adapt to the tone and policy of the paper, such as may in the

main be deemed suitable. He would on many occasions, when the press of that sort of matter is great, have a sufficient amount of labour even had he nothing else to do. But all Editors of morning papers have in addition a large amount of correspondence with contributors, which must be attended to. Then there are the Sub-Editors, and others on the literary staff of the journal, with the head printer, constantly entering the editorial sanctum, either to receive instructions with respect to some particular points, or to ask questions relative to the views of their chief on matters with regard to which they would not venture to act on their own judgment, because of the responsibility which that would involve. But in addition to all these hindrances to the quiet discharge of the duties of his office, which an Editor has to meet with, he is subject to frequent, and often prolonged interruptions from visits of persons of position in the political world, or of social standing, whom he feels he must see. I venture to say, on behalf of the Editors of all morning papers, that they feel these visits to be matters of grave inconvenience, especially when they are protracted ; and when the subjects on which they wish to converse are neither important nor urgent. And I am sure I will be thanked by all the Editorial brotherhood for the hint which I thus give to these inconsiderate visitors, who, not knowing the value of their time, nor the arduous and onerous nature of the duties they have to perform, put them to serious inconvenience either by the frequency or the length of their

visits. "He best can paint them who has felt them most."

Then there is this feature in the position of the Editor of a morning paper,—that it is one of profound and perpetual responsibility. No one can fully feel the force of this remark, who has not occupied the Editorial chair of a morning journal. The chief Editor is responsible for every error whether of omission or commission which occurs in the paper which he conducts. It will scarcely be believed, but such is the fact, that not only the public, but in some cases the proprietors of the journal regard him as responsible for even those typographical errors in the advertisements which appear in the paper issued under his editorial auspices. He is, indeed, the scapegoat on whom the sins of everyone on the establishment are laid, whether Sub-Editors, reporters, correspondents, or compositors. His load of responsibility, therefore, will be seen to be no light one.

But in addition to all this, are the Editor's long and late hours. The time at which he commences his labours varies with circumstances. Some Editors of morning journals go at an early hour in the forenoon, and remain in the office till the afternoon; others do not go till the afternoon, and remain till an early hour in the evening, and then return at seven or eight o'clock, or even later, according to circumstances. Some do not go to the office at all till seven or eight in the evening, having previously received

all their letters and papers at home, and provided a certain amount of what is called "copy" for the compositors to go on with. As a rule, Editors of morning papers do not get to bed till nearly three o'clock on the following morning. When Parliament is sitting, the hour is later than that. Half-past four is not, when the debates are heavy in either branch of the Legislature, an uncommon time to get to bed. I could name one Editor of a morning journal who, for the long period of twenty years, regularly left his own house to begin his editorial labours at ten o'clock in the morning, and remained in the office till two in the afternoon; then left his own house again at half-past six in the evening, and did not get to bed till about three on the following morning. Several times, too, during this prolonged period, he has been two years without a single holiday. Others have been a year without one day of cessation from their labours. With these facts before them, the public will understand that the office of Editor of a morning paper, so far from being a sinecure, is one of the most laborious and responsible, and consequently one of the most anxious offices which a human being could fill.

Every morning paper has its Sub-Editor; most of them have two,—one of them being subordinate to the other, just as he is subordinate to the Editor. The Sub-Editor's duties are to select from the evening and provincial papers whatever matter he thinks most suitable for the journal with which he is connected.

What would be most fitted for one paper would be altogether unfitted, or less suited, for another: and therefore an efficient Sub-Editor requires to be gifted with a good judgment. It is, too, an essential part of his duty to abridge reports of any kind which are prolix; or even if they are interesting to the extent to which they are given, the exigencies of the paper, as regards space, must be consulted, and lengthened reports cut down. This department of a Sub-Editor's labours, is one which, to be done well, requires great care and judgment, otherwise the matter so abridged will be found disconnected, and important portions of it omitted. The great object to be aimed at in abridging reports is to catch and preserve the "points." When this is done, the Sub-Editor proves himself a very useful auxiliary on the establishment with which he is connected.

But his hardest and most disagreeable duty is to cut down what is called the "flimsy,"—a kind of "copy" to which I shall have occasion to advert hereafter. This being written on the manifold system, is always more or less difficult to read; and when the writing is otherwise illegible, the Sub-Editor has work which is alike trying to his eyes and difficult as regards his judgment. And of this kind of work he has a great deal to do. All the police reports are sent to the office written in this way. So, too, are accounts of "tremendous conflagrations," "coroners' inquests," "appalling catastrophes," and every conceivable kind of matter which may be deemed

likely to earn a few shillings for the writer. And I ought to mention that this part of the Sub-Editor's duty is rendered doubly disagreeable from the fact, that as the person who furnishes this kind of "copy" to the daily press, is paid by the quantity he writes, his great aim is to make his materials go as far as possible. He employs as many words as he can press into his service. To separate the facts, therefore, which possess greater or less interest, from a profusion of unnecessary words, is a most difficult as well as otherwise disagreeable duty to the Sub-Editor. It will be seen then, that his position is not an enviable one, any more than that of his superior. It is indeed, in most respects, even less so. His pay is usually not half so good as that of the Editor. In many cases, indeed, it is little more than a third of what his chief receives. In addition to this drawback to his being contented with his situation, he is not, as Sub-Editor, a man of any position, compared with the Editor, however much he may be respected in the private relations of life. He has, however, this countervailing comfort,—that he may hope in the varying circumstances incident to this ever varying world, he will some day, more or less distant, be appointed to take the chair which his superior now occupies. This is no unfrequent occurrence. There is just now, on more than one morning paper, a gentleman as its Editor who for many years filled the situation of Sub-Editor. So, therefore, if the Sub-Editor of to-day has the dull, dry, drudgery work of his office to go nightly through,

he has at least hope, which Dr. Johnson used to say was worth to any one 1000*l.* a year—which is more than any Sub-Editor in reality has—even should the hope never be realized. They, therefore, are not the class regarding whom Milton makes an exception in the matter of hope, when he says that “hope which cometh to all comes not to them.” That was said of an entirely different class, amongst whom, it is to be “hoped,” speaking with all seriousness, none of us will ever be included.

But besides the one Sub-Editor, or the two or even three Sub-Editors—according to the circumstances of the journal—to be found on the establishment of every morning newspaper, there are others who occupy a position of considerable prominence. There is always a Foreign Editor; that is, one whose duty it is to translate, when the necessity exists, important intelligence coming to the office in foreign journals. It is an indispensable qualification for this office, that the party filling it should have a fair knowledge of the leading living languages, such as French, German, and Italian. But mere translation is not all that is required of the Foreign Editor. He must be a good condenser as well; so as to be able to reduce matter which though in the land in which it first appears it might be of the deepest interest, only possesses a moderate interest in this country.

Then again, in the establishment of the morning papers there is at least one gentleman whose duty it is to look after all theatrical and musical matters, and

see that they receive due attention in the journal with which he is connected. Reviews of books and notices of the fine arts are, in some cases, expected from the party to whom is confided the duty of writing dramatic and musical criticisms. In such an establishment as that of the *Times*, the division of labour, as it is called, is carried to such an extent, that one gentleman is appointed to each of these departments. The average salaries of this class of literary assistants vary from five to seven guineas.

There is another department of every morning paper which may be classed, though in a minor sense, in the literary category. I allude to what is called the Reading Department. It is not necessary that the persons,—for there are always four, five, or six of them,—filling the office of “Reader,” more generally called, outside the circle of those belonging to the office, “Correctors of the Press,”—should in the strict sense of the phrase be literary men; but they must be conversant to a certain extent with literature, in order that they may be able to detect and rectify certain errors, more or less obvious, which either the writer or the compositors may have committed. It is indispensable, too, to the efficient reading of proofs that the Reader possess at least a fair knowledge of French and Latin. I do not suppose that on any of our existing morning papers there are less than four Readers. I believe the *Times*, with its daily double sheet and its use of an immense quantity of small type, has at least six times that number—probably

even more—on its premises. Each Reader has a boy to assist him by either seeing that the proof is the same as the copy which he reads, or that the proof which the boy reads, accords with the copy which he has lying before him on his desk. The latter is the more common mode; but some of the best correctors of the press I have ever known, preferred the former. Each Reader has a compartment to himself, even where there are not separate rooms, because, otherwise, there would be a little Babel of voices at the same time, which would seriously militate against the proper performance of the duties which each of the Readers has to discharge. The salaries of the several Readers vary in amount according to their qualifications for their office and the length of time they have been in it. I have not known any instance in which a Reader of ordinary capacity has had a less salary than three guineas per week, while the average salary is four or five guineas, according to the position and profitableness of the paper.

I know no class of men more deserving the sympathies of the community than that of Readers in general, but especially of the Readers of the morning papers. Theirs is, indeed, a hard destiny. I speak all the more feelingly and all the more sympathetically on the subject of the hardships of the Reader's condition, because I have had more opportunities, both as author and editor, than most men of possessing that knowledge of it which is the result of personal observation. But, while the condition of both

classes of Readers—the Reader of books or of weekly journals, and the Reader of morning newspapers—is one which is well calculated to inspire sympathy for him, that of the latter class is much harder than that of the former. Almost all the year round he has to “read” by gaslight. The only exception to this is a very few hours in a very few weeks in the course of a year, when, beginning his labours at seven in the evening, he may, if in a room tolerably well lighted by nature, be able to dispense with the aid of gaslight. Every hour in which, with this exception, the Reader of a morning journal has to go through his nightly toil, is in a room lighted with gas, and in a heated and oppressive atmosphere caused by that kind of light, of which a great quantity is required for the purpose of facilitating the correction of the “proofs” which are submitted to him. I never yet knew, in a morning paper establishment, a thoroughly well-ventilated Reader’s room. Some, of course, are much better ventilated than others; but all are, in this respect, defective. Then there is the room itself in which he sits. As a rule, it is only two or three yards square, and eight or ten feet in height, without a single thing in it or about it to give it a cheerful look. In fact, in most instances which have come under my personal observation, it has all the dull and dingy appearance of a prisoner’s cell. No doubt there are exceptions to this statement, but it so happens that none such have come under my notice. Only, then, imagine what must be the con-

dition of one who has to sit in a room of this kind from seven in the evening till three next morning, or from eight in the evening till four next morning,—with, all the time, a perpetual strain equally on his eyes and his mind. Before he has been many hours at his work he feels himself, more or less, both mentally and physically, exhausted; and before he has finished his labours he is wholly so. I have known instances in which the Reader, by the time he had completed his nocturnal task, found himself in such a state of weakness as to be scarcely able to walk out of his room. One of the most touching instances of utter exhaustion on the part of Readers of morning papers of which I have heard, was one recorded at a meeting, held in September, 1867, of the Readers' Association, over which meeting Mr. Charles Dickens presided. A Mr. Forrest, who addressed the meeting, stated that a particular Reader, whose name he mentioned—one of the Readers on a morning journal—and whose health had long been seriously impaired by the exhausting nature of his duties, wrote one morning on his blotting-pad, after a night of toil, the word "Finis," and then laid his head down on the blotting-pad to get a brief rest. "But," said the speaker, "instead of awaking to go home, he slept the sleep of death, his wearied reading-boy calmly dozing by his side, quite unconscious of the death of the Reader." When this unfortunate victim of his exhausting duties as Reader of a morning paper, wrote the word "Finis" on his blotting-paper, just as he had concluded his

labours for that night, the word expressed something more than the end of his toils as Reader,—even the end of his life. A coroner's inquest on the body gave a verdict of "Died from the Visitation of God." That was, according to the law, the only verdict which the jury could return; but it was not a true one. The Reader died from the want of air, over-work, and prolonged hours in the discharge of duties which were alike onerous, responsible, and without one moment's intermission.

At the same meeting of Readers, another case illustrative of the hard destiny of such of that class as occupy places on the morning papers, was mentioned, which produced a deep impression on all who were present, including the chairman, Mr. Charles Dickens. The case was that of a Reader who, during an entire fortnight, spent ten hours each night in "correcting" copy, consisting of small complicated figures, and on several occasions from fifty to sixty hours without intermission, and all the while suffering from an intense headache. And as if these hours and that work had not been bad enough of themselves, they were greatly aggravated by the atmosphere of the room in which the work was done,—so ill-ventilated and otherwise so disagreeable from offensive smells, that a stranger entering it would have felt as if he could not survive many minutes in it.

This combination of unfavourable circumstances is not alluded to as constituting a uniform case in the experience of correctors of the press for the morn-

ing journals, but—I speak advisedly when I say it—viewing the general condition of Readers, in the establishments to which I refer, it is one of the most distressing which could be conceived. Correctors of the press are, as a class, men of sensitive minds. They must be, as before remarked, intelligent, and men of ability; they would not, otherwise, be fit for the places which they fill. They labour unceasingly under a painful sense of responsibility, because they know that not only a single word, but a single letter put in the wrong place, may not only destroy the sense of what the writer or speaker says, but make him responsible for sentiments subversive of morality and of social order. Two or three years ago a striking illustration of this occurred in a speech by Mr. John Bright, in which he said:—"But I deny altogether that the rich alone are qualified to legislate for the poor, *any* more than that the poor are qualified to legislate for the rich." The sentence was given in the report which appeared in the *Times*, as follows:—"But I deny altogether that the rich alone are qualified to legislate for the poor, *and* more—that the poor *alone* are qualified to legislate for the rich." The *Fortnightly Review*, accepting the report of the *Times* as correct, made a furious onslaught on Mr. Bright for saying that the poor alone were qualified to legislate for the rich. Mr. Bright, with his wonted impetuosity, severely assailed the *Fortnightly Review* for a gross perversion of what he had said,—that journal not having stated

that its animadversions were grounded on the report of that particular speech as given in the *Times*. An investigation into the matter took place, when it was found that the substitution, not of a word only, but of a single letter, had caused all the misconception. Mr. Bright had said "*any* more than the poor," whereas the Reader had substituted the letter "d" for the letter "y," making the word "and" instead of "any." I may just mention one more instance, out of hundreds that might be given, of how the least conceivable typographical error may be of the greatest importance, and thoroughly alter the sense of the sentiment in a single sentence. Some time ago a sorrowing widower wished to pay a merited compliment to his departed wife, and said, in concluding his high eulogium on her character in the obituary he sent to a particular paper:—"She was remarkable for her *charity*." Owing, probably, to bad "copy," the Reader rendered the phrase:—"She was remarkable for her *chastity*,"—so that what was intended as a tribute to her memory, was converted into a very equivocal one; or if one at all, it was so at the expense of her sex. It was probably the first time that *chastity* had ever been represented as a thing of degrees.

These instances will give some idea of the fearful responsibility which rests on the Reader. And a sense of his responsibility perpetually presses on him with a force which renders the whole of his professional life one of consuming anxiety. His mind is so entirely engrossed with what may be called the

literality of his duties, that the highest order of eloquence—the most magnificent and most beautiful composition,—a pathos which will touch the hearts and draw tears, it may be, from the eyes of the public,—make no impression whatever on him. Accounts of vessels lost under the most frightful circumstances; railway collisions, in which scores of passengers may be killed, and twice the number wounded; “terrible catastrophes” of the most astounding character, are all read by him without the slightest emotion. Not that the Reader is devoid of the better feelings of our common nature. Next day, when he peruses the accounts of such catastrophes at home, he shares in the general feeling of sorrow, and of sympathy for the friends of the killed and injured which pervade all classes of the community; but as a Reader he has no right to the exercise of any of the feelings of humanity. He has only, in that capacity, to deal with “literals.”

It would be inferred from what I have said, even did I not mention the fact, that in the great majority of cases Readers in general, but especially of morning papers, are the victims of ill-health in its various phases. Indeed I may say, that though in the course of my prolonged connexion with the Press, both as author and editor, I have personally known a great many Readers, I have known but very few who could be said to be in good health. Consumption is the disease to which they are chiefly subject; and that, from the nature of their occupation and the place in which they perform their duties, is just the form of

disease to which it would be expected they would chiefly be liable. Three years ago, Dr. Edward Smith, a physician of eminence, was appointed to make a thorough examination into the sanitary condition of those employed in the printing establishments of the metropolis; and after specifying the various classes of illnesses from which the Readers principally suffer, he mentions the melancholy fact that the average length of their lives is only forty-five years. Is it not, then, sad to think that so meritorious a class of the community, as the Readers in our printing establishments, and especially on our morning journals, are so inadequately paid for their arduous and responsible labours that they are not able, in the great majority of cases, to make any provision for the period when they will be unfit for work, or for their wives and families when they have gone through the last scene of all?

But in addition to the other circumstances which combine to make up the hard fate of the Reader, there is one which especially contributes to the miseries of his position. I allude to the undecypherable manuscript from which he has to correct the press. Little do we authors and editors know how much we aggravate the condition of the Reader, by our bad penmanship. And in saying this, let me add, parenthetically, that few authors or editors are more blameable than myself. In my case, the habit of writing illegibly was originally contracted because, when writing in early life, I had generally to do so against

time, and I fear the habit has been so confirmed that there is but little hope of its being corrected. But so far from that being a reason why I should not sympathize with Readers, it is a powerful one why I should, and suggest, at the same time to other writers as well as seek to act upon it myself,—that we should at least, when writing for the press, remember that our manuscript has to be carefully compared with the “proofs” which the Reader receives from the hands of the compositors, and that we should endeavour to make our copy as good as we can. Bad manuscript is irksome enough for compositors, but the responsibility for errors rests alone on the Reader. One single mistake, though it may be only that of a letter, may cost him his situation.

Considering the hard destiny of Readers,—especially the Reader of a morning paper,—I do not wonder that poets have written on it, just as Thomas Hood did on the cruel condition of the shirt-maker. In an ephemeral publication called the *Proof Sheet* there appeared, a few years ago, a poetical production in imitation of Hood’s “Song of the Shirt,” in which there are some truths relative to the lot of a Reader, which are forcibly as well as feelingly expressed. The title of this poetic effusion is “The Wail of the ‘Reader.’” I subjoin two stanzas:—

Read! read! read!
With the tears rolling down from my eyes,
Read! read! read!
Till I can’t tell *l’s* from *t’s*.

Read! read! read!
In pain, confusion, and noise,
And bored by a voice of dolorous pitch,
Belonging to "one of the boys."

Read! read! read!
Till my weary spirits sink,
And mark! mark! mark!
While life ebbs with the ink.
French, and Latin, and Greek,
Spanish, Italian, and Dutch;
Poring o'er all till my eyes grow weak,
And I seem to be, by Fancy's freak,
But a part of the pen I clutch.

I come next to the Compositors on the establishment of the morning papers. It is by far the most interesting sight of all in newspaper establishments, to see thirty or forty, and in some cases, fifty men, in one room—there are several rooms in the composing department—all actively employed in what they call "lifting" types. All are silent as if they were listening to a solemn sermon, or as if each one of the number were the only one in the room. While thus busy "at case,"—another compositor's phrase,—not a word is heard, any more than if they were at a Quakers' meeting. I am speaking, of course, of the usual state of matters. It does occur sometimes that one compositor will have to ask another a question in connexion with the business in which they are engaged, but these are exceptional cases. The normal state of matters is as I have described it. The usual number of compositors in the establishment of a double full-priced paper, such as the *Morning Post*, or

the *Morning Advertiser*, is, in round numbers, fifty. The salary of the head printer on either of these two papers varies from five guineas to seven guineas. The regular wages which a compositor receives on a morning paper when paid by the week, is 2*l.* 8*s.*, but then many of them earn on an average 3*l.* per week by working over hours. Their hour for beginning work is seven, and most of them remain till four next morning. A few remain till half-past four, after which the paper must be "made up," for press, and their services are consequently no longer required. On the *Times*, all the compositors receive much higher pay than on any other paper. The reason of this is to be found in the fact, that the late Mr. Walter had again and again to contend with combinations against him on the part both of compositors and pressmen, who contended that they were called on by Mr. Walter to do things which were at variance with the rules of the Compositors' Union, to which they belonged. The result was that Mr. Walter determined on getting rid of all the refractory compositors on his establishment, and engaging only such as would cease to be members of the Union,—giving them as an inducement much higher wages than were paid anywhere else. This was fully fifty years ago, and the same state of things has existed ever since. I ought to add, that the compositors on the *Times* are repudiated by the compositors on all the other papers, and indeed by those in all printing establishments of every kind. Of course this renders it a serious, in-

deed a ruinous matter for a compositor to be dismissed from the *Times*, owing to his misconducting himself in any way ; but then, on the other hand, it has this great advantage, — that the possible contingency of a dismissal which would be ruinous in its results, makes all the compositors on the *Times* doubly careful that they do nothing to deserve dismissal ; and if so, they have the assurance, grounded alike on the character of the establishment, and of all past experience on the part of others, that their services will not be dispensed with.

The compositors having done their duty, and got the first form of the paper ready for the press, which it usually is by four o'clock, it is sent down stairs to the pressmen, — now more generally called the engine-men ; and they commence working off the first form, consisting of four pages or one half of the paper. The second form is always ready for the press by the time the first is worked off, which is at the rate of from 5000 to 6000 copies an hour by the machine commonly in use where the circulation is under 10,000 copies. The *Times*, and the penny papers, whose circulation amounts to myriads of copies, not thousands only, all use Applegarth's, or Hoe's, or Bullock's machines, which print at the rate of from 18,000 to 20,000 on one side, an hour ; and print both sides of the forms on the paper complete at once at the rate of 9000 or 10,000 an hour. This is done by means of machinery which works in some cases by cylindrical, and in others by perpendicular

machines. Each of the morning papers has two machines, worked by steam,—a precaution which is necessary in case the one in general use should either break down altogether, or “get out of gear,” as the printers term it. These are contingencies which occasionally occur. In the press-room, where papers are not printed in myriads, as the *Times* and penny papers are, eight or ten men are all that are required. The head pressman, whose wages are from four to five guineas per week, requires to be in the machine-room by half-past two o’clock, to light the fire, which gets up the steam,—a duty, however, which he often delegates to some trustworthy deputy. When the impression is worked off, the forms are allowed to lie in the machine-room until the middle of the day, in case, owing to some unexpected demand for that day’s paper, it might be necessary to go to press again. After twelve o’clock the forms are all washed and sent upstairs to the composing-room, where they are unlocked, and the type all distributed. This process of distributing the type, which means putting each letter into the part of the case from which it was taken, usually occupies about a sixth part of the time which it required to compose it. The type being all distributed, the compositors apply themselves at once to the “getting up” of next day’s impression of the paper; and thus matters go on in the composing-rooms of all the morning papers from the beginning to the end of the year, Sundays, of course, excepted.

Though the sanitary position of the compositors on morning papers is not so bad as that of the Readers, it is very far from good. Their rooms are always heated, owing to the gaslight in which all their work is done, which is not only unpleasant, but very injurious to health. In the summer season the heat in composing rooms is almost intolerable, while the number of persons in each room adds very much to the unhealthiness. In the months of June, July, and August it is sad to see the compositors at work. They are often seen to be literally gasping for breath. The effect of breathing for some years the hot and vitiated atmosphere of the composing room tells, as might be expected, on the health, and often ultimately on the life. As a class compositors on morning papers are not robust or healthy ; and comparatively few of them attain to advanced age. Dr. Edward Smith, in an official report, published three years ago, on the sanitary condition of the workmen in several of the trades, gives the mortality of compositors at forty-eight per cent. compared with seventy per cent. of the whole country. This is an alarming disproportion. It is a gloomy prospect for the hard working class of men to whom it refers. And yet, considering the nature of their work, the late hours to which their labours extend, and the atmosphere in which those labours are performed, it is wonderful to see how cheerful and happy they seem as a body, when not "at case," to use the expression of their own already quoted.

The compositors on the daily newspaper press have a

language of their own, which, when understood, is exceedingly racy. To understand it, however, fully, it will be necessary to have been in the "composing room." Three or four years ago a sample of this peculiar language among compositors was given in a periodical publication called the *Printer's Journal*. I give it as it appeared in the dialogue form; and though all the points may not be perceived by the general reader, enough, I am sure, will be so, to make it enjoyable. It is headed—

INSIDE A NEWSPAPER OFFICE.

FOREMAN OF THE OFFICE.—"Jones, what are you at now?"

COMPOSITOR.—"I am setting 'A House on Fire,'—almost done."

FOREMAN.—"What is Smith about?"

COMPOSITOR.—"He is engaged on a 'Horrid Murder.'"

FOREMAN.—"Finish it as quickly as possible. Bob, what are you trying to get up?"

BOB.—"A 'Panic in the Money Market.'"

FOREMAN.—"Thomas, what are you distributing?"

THOMAS.—"Prizes in the Gift Lottery."

FOREMAN.—"Stop that, and take hold of 'A Runaway Horse.' Slocum, what in creation have you been about this last half hour?"

SLOCUM.—"Justifying the 'composed measure' my Sub. set up."

FOREMAN.—"You chap on the stool, there, what are you on, now?"

CHAP ON THE STOOL.—"On the 'table' that you gave me."

FOREMAN.—"Lay it on the table for the present; no room for it."

COMPOSITOR.—“How about those ‘municipal candidates?’”

FOREMAN.—“Run ‘em in. What do you say, Slocum?”

SLOCUM.—“Shall I lead these ‘Men of Britain.’”

FOREMAN.—“No, they are solid of course.”

COMPOSITOR.—“Do you want a full-faced head to ‘Jenny Lind’s Family?’”

FOREMAN.—“No, put ‘em in small caps. Joseph, haven’t you got up that ‘Capital Joke?’”

JOSEPH.—“No, sir. I’m out of ‘sorts.’”

FOREMAN.—“Well, throw in this ‘Million of Californian Gold,’ and when you get through it, I’ll give you some more.”

EDITOR.—“What do you want now?”

JOE.—“More copy, sir.”

EDITOR.—“Have you completed that ‘Eloquent Thanksgiving Discourse?’”

JOE.—“Yes, and I have set up ‘A Warm Winter.’”

While several parts of this printers’ dialogue will, as I have remarked, be possibly unintelligible to the general reader, it will be regarded by newspaper compositors as exceedingly pleasant reading; but, if parts of it should have chanced to have been overheard by a stranger, without the compositors being seen, the inference would have been of a very serious nature. If, for example, a person unacquainted with the phraseology of a newspaper composing room, had heard the answer to the Foreman’s question, “What is Smith about?” “He is engaged on a ‘Horrid Murder,’ sir,”—the natural inference would have been, that Smith was actually engaged at the moment in the perpetration of some dreadful murderous deed. And when the Foreman tells him to “finish it as

quickly as possible," the stranger would no less naturally have come to the conclusion that the "Foreman" was a party to the "horrid murder," which Smith was in the act of committing in cold blood.

But there is another person,—or in the case of papers of greater magnitude than the ordinary double sheet, several persons,—who has a claim to be noticed when speaking of the interior of a morning newspaper establishment. I allude to the party whose duty it is to wet down the paper. In order that our morning journals, or indeed any journal, may be properly printed, it is indispensable that the paper should be first drawn through water, in eight or ten sheets at a time, and then allowed to lie for two days under the power of a pressing machine, applied to it for the purpose of making what is termed the "damping," equal. No paper would be readable were it printed on dry paper. The man whose duty it is to prepare the paper by "damping," lives in a sort of subterranean region. He lives in a humid and dark atmosphere, except so far as the darkness is illuminated by gas-light. There he spends his time, never seeing the light of day, never hearing the sound of a human voice, nor cheered by the smile of a human countenance. Except that he is in the vaults, where the process of "damping the paper" is carried on, he might be regarded as a prisoner in some dark and dismal dungeon. Never was man more completely shut out from the world. And yet you will

usually find him not only courteous when you descend to inspect his nether locality, and witness his occupation, but presenting all the appearance of happiness in his position. You are surprised that in vaults so gloomy, and in an atmosphere so humid as that in which he lives, moves, and has his being, any one could present even the appearance of cheerfulness, much less of real happiness, yet you come away, and ascend into the regions of light, and mix in the society of your fellow men, as firmly convinced as you are of your own existence, that the paper wetter from whom you have just parted is a happy man. How true it is that it is not on a man's circumstances in life, but on his mental and moral constitution, that his happiness depends.

I would have some compunctious visitings were I to omit all allusion to a character who is a necessary appendage to all morning newspaper offices. His designation is not very pleasant to ears polite, yet I must name him. I have in my eye no other personage than the "Printer's Devil." I wish that some other name could have been found for this functionary, but we must take him by the name whereby he is called. There have been several theories as to the origin of the phrase. The favourite impression has been that it had its origin in the fact that the boys—for all Printer's Devils are boys—having, in most cases looked black with printer's ink, had the Satanic name applied to them, because the personage whose name they bear is reported to be

black. But that is not the right theory. The origin of the disagreeable phrase is to be found in the fact that originally the boys employed to carry copy and messages from the Editor or Sub-Editor to the head printer, were wild boys running in the streets, and that their habits were so bad that they were called young "devils." And that, though true in some cases still, was at one time incomparably more so than now. Yet a number of boys of the very worst habits, and who as such went into offices as "Printer's Devils," have afterwards risen to eminence in literature, or position in society. Franklin, more than a hundred years ago, commenced life as a "Printer's Devil." So did Thurlow Weed, a living distinguished statesman of America; and so did Mr. Horace Greeley, editor and principal proprietor of the *New York Tribune*, and various other men of high position in the United States.

But the last, though certainly not the least interesting party in the office of a morning paper remains to be noticed. I allude to the Publisher. I would express a wish it should be remembered, that though in those establishments in which the circulation of a morning journal is extensive, more than one publisher is employed, yet that in high-priced journals, of more limited sale, such as the *Morning Post*, one publisher, with an assistant, is all that is required. I doubt if there be a human being in the world who has to perform such hard work as the Publisher of a daily paper during the time the publication

of the journal lasts. He is, during that time, in a perfect agony of excitement and labour. In the coldest days of winter you may see him all over with perspiration, his face flushed, and everything about him showing how great his mental and physical efforts are to get through his work with all the expedition which the clamours of his customers call for. Scores of newsboys are in the publishing apartment, each struggling and calling with deafening noise for the number of the day's impression which he requires. This would be confusing enough for any publisher to hear; but the confusion is "worse confounded" by the uproar which is caused by the larking which goes on among the newsboys who are waiting for their turn to have their wants supplied. No description could give an adequate idea of what the scenes are which are seen, morning after morning, on the publication of a daily paper. And any person who is anxious to see the publication of one, without getting up at half-past five in the morning to witness it, will be furnished with a very good idea of the thing, if he places himself any evening, about seven o'clock, at the door of the *Evening Standard* office, in Shoe Lane, when the Special Edition of that journal is in the course of publication.

CHAPTER VII.

PARLIAMENTARY REPORTERS.—PART FIRST.

Past and Present Reporters in Parliament—Salaries and Number of Reporters—"Turns" of the Reporters—The Old House of Commons—The Present House—Additional Facilities for Reporting by Recent Arrangements—Collision between Mr. Daniel O'Connell and the Reporters—Scenes in the House in Connexion with the Reporters.

I COME now to one very important department in the morning Newspaper Press of the Metropolis, namely, that of Parliamentary Reporting. No feature of the morning papers has undergone so great and rapid a growth as that of reporting the proceedings in Parliament. I have already traced the rise and progress of this department of our newspapers down till near the close of last century; but about that time a new era occurred in reporting the speeches of both branches of the Legislature. To the late Mr. Perry, of the *Morning Chronicle*, belongs the credit of having introduced this era. I have no means of ascertaining the exact time at which the new state of things took place, but it was some few years before the end of the century. Until then, as I have previously stated, the journals had each only one reporter in the Gallery, and the privilege of reporting speeches

of members being only on sufferance, or with the connivance of the House, the reporter never ventured to take notes, because in that case it would have been ascertained for what purpose he was there. Whatever report, therefore, appeared of the proceedings on particular nights was always given from memory. As might have been expected, and, indeed, could not have been otherwise, the reports were in many cases incorrect, and always brief; they were, in fact, usually not much longer than one of the summaries of debates now given in the *Times*. The consequence of this state of the reporting department of the morning papers was, that when the proceedings were unusually important, and the reports, as a natural result, were twice or three times the average length, the publication of the paper containing them, instead of taking place at six in the morning, in some cases did not occur till the middle of the day. On more than one occasion, indeed, the publication of the *Morning Chronicle* did not take place, owing to the unusual interest attaching to the debate, and the consequent necessity of giving it at greater length, until three and four in the afternoon. It was from the circumstance of these delays taking place so frequently in the publication of the *Morning Chronicle*, that the idea occurred to Mr. Perry to apply the principle of a division of labour to parliamentary reporting. He accordingly, as I have stated under the head "*Morning Chronicle*," at once resolved on appointing four reporters instead of having only one, to furnish

accounts of the debates. The result was that not only were the reports much more ample than before, and more correct, because Mr. Perry was prepared to risk any danger which might be incurred by instructing his reporting staff to take notes, but the paper seldom failed to be delivered at the usual time. It was never so late, as was often the case before, as the middle of the day instead of six in the morning.

The usual salary of a reporter at the present time is five guineas a week; and the item of expense under that head is upwards of 60*l.* per week, even for such morning papers as have only twelve gentlemen in the gallery. In my notice of the *Times* I mentioned the number of gentlemen in the gallery two Sessions ago, but added that I was not at the moment of writing—which was at the beginning of last Session—quite certain of the precise number then. I am now able to state that until the close of the Session it was sixteen reporters in the strict sense of the word, with two summary writers, and a superintendent of the corps. This would make nineteen in all. As therefore the *Times* has sixteen gentlemen attending to the debates in Parliament, exclusive of two summary writers, and a chief of the staff, and as at least three of this number have ten guineas each, its weekly expenditure for reporting the proceedings in the Legislature must be above rather than under a hundred guineas. Now, in contrast to this let me mention that as up till the time when Mr. Perry introduced the novelty of having four reporters in Par-

liament, there had not been more than one, and his salary was only two guineas a week—and it will be understood, keeping in view the absence of having to pay anything for leading articles beyond what was included in the Editor's salary, which was only, in most cases, four guineas,—how those morning journals which had only a circulation of say, in round numbers, 1000 copies daily, should still have been a paying property.

I have mentioned the number of reporters in the Gallery of the House of Commons—a phrase which includes those in the House of Lords—connected with the *Times*' establishment. It will be expected that I should mention the number on the other morning papers. Next to the *Times* the *Standard* has the most numerous staff. That journal has thirteen reporters, and a summary writer. The *Morning Advertiser* has nine reporters, and a summary writer. The reporting staff of the *Daily News* consists of eight gentlemen, and a summary writer; and the *Morning Post* has a reporting staff of seven, with a summary writer. But it is due to the latter two journals to mention that on occasions of double debates—that is, debates in both Houses on the same night—or of prolonged debates on important questions in either House, they employ other competent reporters, so that their reports may as a rule bear comparison, so far as essentials are concerned, with those other morning papers which can boast of larger staffs. On all important occasions leading-article writers from several of the

papers attend in the Gallery to make comments on the debates as they proceed. The reporters feel this to be a very great inconvenience, as the Gallery barely affords the requisite room for themselves.

I should here observe, that in stating the fact that the usual weekly salary of a parliamentary reporter is 5*l.* 5*s.*, nearly all of them are engaged in other journalistic work,—such as writing letters or leading articles for country papers, or contributing to periodicals. Some of the reporters at present in the Gallery earn from 5*l.* 5*s.* to 10*l.* 10*s.* additional in this way. I could mention at least two whose income from their journalistic labours, in addition to their salary as reporters for particular morning papers, exceeds 10*l.* 10*s.* As a body, the reporters are not only gentlemen by education, but in dress and manners; and it is therefore clear that they could not live on their salary of five guineas per week.

The number of reporters in the Gallery has considerably increased within the last thirty years. When I commenced my career in the Gallery, considerably more than thirty years ago, the number did not exceed 60; but now, including three representatives of the Press Association, the number is 105. On Friday evenings the number at work in the Gallery is greater than on any other evening, because several of the weekly journals on those evenings employ parties to give summary reports of the proceedings for their publications of the following day.

In connexion with the reporters for the morning

papers in the Gallery of the House of Commons, I must mention that a large number of these gentlemen are also correspondents for a number of provincial papers, and that as such they send off to the various journals to which they contribute metropolitan information and summaries, when the subjects are interesting, of the proceedings in either branch of the Legislature. Some of the leading provincial, and Scotch and Irish papers have wires of their own, whereby all interesting matter is telegraphed to the journals they respectively represent. But, curiously enough, particular Scotch and Irish journals were the earliest to resort to this expedient, although involving a very large expense. It is due to the *Scotsman*, the *Glasgow Herald*, and the *Dundee Advertiser* to mention the fact, that they were the first to have recourse to this spirited step.

There are six papers in Scotland which have special wires—namely, three in Edinburgh, two in Glasgow, and one in Dundee. The papers are the *Scotsman*, the *Edinburgh Daily Review*, and the *Evening Courant*; the *Glasgow Herald*, the *North British Daily Mail*, and the *Dundee Advertiser*. With the exception of the *Edinburgh Daily Review*, these special wires are connected with the branch offices of the papers in London, and go direct to the offices in Scotland. Of late the *Scotsman*—which has been described as the *Times* of Scotland—has found one special wire insufficient for the purpose of transmitting the whole of the metropolitan news which they desired; and on important

occasions it is no uncommon thing for them to call in the aid of the great telegraphic authorities in Telegraph Street to send several columns. In this way various great achievements have been made; but probably nothing has occurred in the history of telegraphy to be compared with what the *Scotsman* accomplished in the course of last Session. On one night, when the debates were unusually heavy and important, the *Scotsman* received and published, next morning, with hardly a mistake, the enormous quantity of eighteen columns of matter. And all this immense amount of matter, with hardly an error in it, was, be it remembered, transmitted over a distance of 400 miles. Let me here remark, though I defer a detailed notice of the *Scotsman* till the appearance of my volume on the Provincial press, that its London arrangements are in every respect planned and carried out with distinguished ability. Its correspondents in the metropolis have evidently access to the best information, and their communications are characterized by their general accuracy. At the very time at which I am writing, the *Scotsman* is furnishing an additional ground for its claim to be considered "The *Times* of Scotland," by building in its premises two of the Walter Press Machines, whereby the rapidity of printing off its large impressions will be greatly increased.

Just as the *Scotsman* is called the *Times* of Scotland, so the *Irish Times* is called the *Times* of Ireland; and it well deserves the name. Since the *Irish Times*

came into the hands of Colonel Knox, the present proprietor, it has been conducted, in its various departments, with a spirit of liberality, as regards expenditure, and an ability, which more than entitle it to that distinction. It is remarkable for its enterprise and success in the telegraphic way, and no less so for its talent in the various departments of journalism. It has long been at the head of the Irish newspaper press. Its liberal expenditure in procuring the earliest and most reliable information, and the fact that its columns have by accurate intelligence frequently enabled its readers to anticipate the more public announcement of important events,—have been rewarded by brilliant success, and constituted it an authority on both sides of the Channel. It has as its London editor Mr. Doyle, who for many years has been associated with London journalism, and whose intimate knowledge of newspaper details enables him, with the aid of a large and efficient staff, to keep Irish readers fully and immediately informed of all important events, legal, social, or political, and to give complete effect to information derived from various exclusive sources, which long and honourable political associations have placed at his disposal. The *Irish Times* has been remarkable during the last few years for its forecasts of important events, and for the earliness and the accuracy of its information in relation to the great questions of the day; but just now I am speaking of the *Irish Times* in connexion with the gallery of the House of Commons. As regards its reports

of debates in Parliament, it is in Ireland what the *Scotsman* is in Scotland. But when I come, in a future volume, to speak of the Newspaper Press of Ireland, I shall be able to go at greater length into the character and position of the *Irish Times*.

The expenses are very great to those provincial and Scotch and Irish papers which have wires of their own. Some four or five years ago I was consulted by the Editor and proprietor of an Edinburgh daily journal as to the expenses of having a wire solely for his paper, and it was found that the expense, with one correspondent, would not be less than 1700*l.* a year. But a great reduction has, since then, taken place in the price of a wire. The rent of the wire is now 500*l.* This, however, is not much more in any case than half the expense, while in various cases it is less than half. I could name several in which the London representative receives nearly that amount himself per annum, while his assistant has a salary of 150*l.* If to these three heads of expenditure be added the rent of London offices, special reporters, messengers, cabs, and various other incidental expenses, the total cost of working the line from the House of Commons, is not less than 2500*l.* Nor is this all. The *Irish Times* and the *Scotsman* frequently, when there is a press of important matter which cannot be transmitted to Dublin and Edinburgh in time for publication by one wire, hire for the night a second line. This costs 1*l.* 10*s.* per column, besides 1*l.* 1*s.* for the extra re-

porter whose services are put in requisition for the occasion.

The length of the time which a reporter takes for what is technically called a "turn" in the gallery, is three-quarters of an hour. Even if the colleague who is to succeed the gentleman whose three-quarters of an hour have expired should not be present to take his place, he will at once vacate his seat. Of course, it will be for the absentee who ought to have been ready to succeed him, to obtain from some other newspaper than that with which he is connected, whatever part of the proceedings was wanting through his absence. But though three-quarters of an hour "turns" be the orthodox time during which a reporter has to take notes of the speeches in Parliament, that does not apply to the whole evening. In most newspaper establishments, the custom is to reduce the three-quarters of an hour to half an hour, after twelve o'clock. By this arrangement, the work of the compositors in setting up the speeches is greatly facilitated. The *Times*, however, having so many more reporters in the gallery than any other morning journal, limits the "turns" in the first instance to a quarter of an hour. If the debate be both important and prolonged till a late hour, the reporters for the *Times* reduce the duration of each turn to two minutes and a half. It will, I am sure, surprise the reader when I mention, that notwithstanding these frequent changes of reporters, the speeches are given with a continuity as close as if they had all been written by one

reporter. I ought, however, to mention that it is a sort of conventional understanding among the gentlemen in the gallery that, unless in very exceptional cases, any speeches delivered after two o'clock in the morning shall be very sparingly reported. This is a new resolution which the reporters have adopted. It is one which has already had a salutary effect; for members finding that after that hour, their speeches would not be reported at any length, they studiously avoid speaking after two o'clock in the morning. The natural consequence is that the House now rises at a much earlier hour than it would otherwise do.

The time which it takes a rapid reporter to extend the short-hand "notes" which he takes in the gallery so as to be fit for the compositors to read, is a point to which I have adverted at some length in what I have said when speaking of Mr. Charles Dickens as a reporter in the chapter which I have devoted to the late *Morning Chronicle*.

But to return more particularly to the Parliamentary reporters, towards the end of last century. The gallery of the House of Commons was then opened at twelve o'clock in the day, and when important debates were expected, and a consequent rush of "strangers" was sure to be made soon after, the reporters were obliged to be at the House when it opened; and as the door was locked when the proceedings commenced, and was not reopened till eleven in the evening, the reporters were compelled to re-

main in the gallery all that time. This was sufficiently fatiguing, and their case was made still more hard by the lateness of the hour at which the House then rose. It often sat till four or five in the morning. Even in my day, beginning with the year 1833, the House of Commons frequently sat till between three and four o'clock in the morning. I have again and again been in the gallery till these hours. The House on such occasions was usually in committee, and as the presence of forty members is not then necessary to constitute what is called "a House," as is the case when the House is not in committee, I have been for hours in the gallery when there were not a dozen members present. For the last quarter of a century the House has risen, except on very rare occasions, at a much earlier hour. And this has proved a great boon to the reporters.

The arrangements made for the reporters, both in Parliament, and the several papers they represent, in the gallery, are a great deal better than they were in the old House of Commons. That House it will be remembered was burnt down in 1834, along with part of the House of Lords. The building in which the Commons sat before that year was a very small place compared with the present building. On the occasion, indeed, of debates on important questions it was often difficult for members to get sufficient room for sitting with any degree of comfort. It had originally been built for, and for a time was appropriated to, ecclesiastical purposes. Hence it was

called St. Stephen's Chapel. Even till the present day it is frequently called St. Stephen's, though after the fire of 1834 it was entirely rebuilt, and is, I should imagine from my recollection of the old House, twice as large. The reporters then sat in the seat farthest back in the gallery, which not only did not facilitate their hearing what was said by the members when addressing the House, but exposed them to great annoyance from the talking of the strangers on the five or six rows of seats before them. Now they have a gallery set exclusively apart for themselves, which no stranger under any circumstances is ever permitted to enter. Nor is this the only accommodation provided for "the gentlemen of the gallery." They have rooms for themselves where they can extend their notes so as to make them fit for the compositors, or to use the professional phraseology, "write their turn." The different establishments to which they respectively belong send messengers at brief intervals, varying from half an hour to an hour, according to circumstances, to carry off their reports piecemeal, as they are written, to the office of their several papers. This is an immense advantage over the old system,—a system which continued until about fourteen or fifteen years ago. Under that system each reporter had, when he had completed his allotted time in the gallery, or to employ the technical term, "his turn," to walk to the office with which he was connected, and extend his notes there. When I mention that some of the offices—

those of the *Times*, the *Morning Herald*, the *Morning Advertiser*, and the *Daily News*,—were more than a mile and a half from the House of Commons, and that the *Morning Chronicle* and *Morning Post* were considerably more than a mile distant,—it can be easily imagined how fatiguing this was for the reporters, even where they had not to return to the House after they had finished their first “turn,” to take a second. But this last was often the case, and when there were debates in both branches of the Legislature, which there frequently were; or protracted sittings in the House of Commons, second “turns,” and consequently two journeys to the House, and two back,—the greatness of the fatigue which the reporters had to undergo can only be conceived by those who had experienced it. I may mention as an illustration of this, what on one occasion occurred in my own case, when I was, more than thirty years ago, in the gallery for the *Morning Chronicle*. A debate of great national importance began on a Monday afternoon at five o’clock, and did not close till Saturday morning between three and four. I had what is called the “first turn” for each night that week. I had consequently to be at the House by five o’clock. After remaining in the gallery, for, at that time the orthodox three-quarters of an hour, I walked down to the *Morning Chronicle* office, which was opposite to Somerset House, in the Strand. It took me more than three hours to write out in the office the notes I had taken in the House, and just as I had completed that duty I was what is

called "due" for my second turn. I had consequently to trudge down again to the House to resume for another three-quarters of an hour my speech-taking duties; and that part of my labour done, I had to return to the office of the paper to write out,—in a state fit for the compositors to read,—the notes which I had taken in the House, which nobody but myself could read,—and, to say the truth, which I could hardly read myself. Before I had finished my second turn, it was close on five o'clock, and before I could get home it was half past that hour. And this state of things lasted for five consecutive days, at the end of which time my exhaustion was so complete, that I felt as if I must have sunk under it, had there been a sixth day.

As the present century advanced the number of Parliamentary reporters gradually increased, and there was also a considerable increase in their salaries. When I entered the gallery for the *Morning Chronicle* in 1834, the usual salary was five guineas a week, but there were some on the establishment who having been "taken on," under special circumstances, had only three guineas. One of these now occupies a prominent and profitable position in a judicial capacity. The *Public Ledger* adhered, up till 1833, to the old rate of remuneration of two guineas a week for the services of its reporters, who were only three in number. The *Morning Advertiser*, in the same year had three gentlemen specially engaged as Parliamentary reporters, and a fourth who took what

is called "one turn in the evening," and did something else in the way of assisting the Sub-Editor. The salary of the reporters on the *Morning Advertiser* before this time was only three guineas a week, but in 1834 it was increased in the case of two of their number to four guineas.

Some time before this—though I have not been able, notwithstanding a diligent search, to learn the date—a circumstance occurred which caused great indignation among the reporters. The Benchers of Lincoln's Inn, seeing that a number of students in the various Inns of Court were openly connected with the newspapers of the day, passed a bye-law to exclude from membership of their Society, any one who wrote in any way whatever for newspapers. This was viewed as an insult to the reporters personally, and as a stigma on the profession, apart from the injurious effect which, if carried out, such exclusion would have had on their prospects in life. The reporters combined together and got the matter brought before Parliament, where it excited great interest. As several of the most frequent and most gifted speakers in the House were under great obligations to the reporters, inasmuch as to the judgment of the latter was left, by the proprietors of newspapers, to decide how much or how little they should give of particular speeches of the members,—the reporters had not only many friends in the House, but nearly all the most influential of the members. No man that ever sat in the House of Commons was

under greater obligations to the reporters than Mr. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, for whoever else might fail in getting his speeches fully and carefully reported, Mr. Sheridan never did. Accordingly, he gladly embraced the favourable opportunity which thus presented itself to him, of practically expressing his gratitude for the past services rendered to him by the reporters,—and doubtless, by implication, his expectation of future favours of the same kind,—by espousing with great zeal, and advocating with the highest order of eloquence of which he was master, the cause of the insulted and injured reporters. “Much,” he said, “much illiberal calumny had been cast upon those gentlemen who were reporters, which it is time should now be fully confuted. He had to state, then, that there were among those who reported the debates in that House no less than twenty-three graduates of the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin. Those gentlemen were all in their progress to honourable professions; and there was no possible course better than that which they had adopted for the improvement of their minds and the acquisition of political experience. They had adopted this course from an honest and honourable impulse, and had to boast the association of many great names, who had risen from poverty to reputation. This had been long the employment of Dr. Johnson and Mr. Burke. Such were the men at whose depression this legal bye-law aimed! Never was there a more illiberal and base attack on literary talent. He could find no

parallel to it in the history of England, except one, indeed, in the reign of Henry IV., which went to exclude lawyers from sitting in Parliament. At this, as might be expected, the body who now sought to proscribe others were mightily offended. They branded the Parliament with the epithet of *indoctum*; and Lord Coke had even the hardihood to declare from the Bench that there never was a good law made therein. It was impossible to imagine a single reason for the enactment of the bye-law complained of. It was a subversion of the liberty and respectability of the press; a most unjust individual proscription; a violation of the best principles of our Constitution. For it is the glory of English law that it sanctions no proscriptions, nor does it acknowledge any office in the State which the honourable ambitious industry, even of the most humble, may not obtain."

The result of the indignant feeling expressed in Parliament, and shown by the more intelligent and respectable part of the public, at the conduct of the Benchers of Lincoln's Inn in passing this bye-law, was that it not only never was acted on, but was expunged from the books of the Society.

But this conflict with the Benchers of Lincoln's Inn is not the only one in which the reporters in Parliament have had to engage. In July, 1833, in the old House of Commons, Mr. O'Connell made a vehement attack on the reporters as a body. The specific charge on which he grounded his assault was

that they, on various occasions, neglected, from personal motives, either to report his speeches at all, or not to report them with the fulness which their importance, as bearing on the interests of Ireland, had a right to claim for them. But, in addition to this specific imputation on the honour of the reporters, Mr. O'Connell preferred charges against them of general dishonesty. He ended his incriminatory speech by moving that the representatives of the *Times* and *Morning Chronicle* be brought to the bar of the House for not reporting a particular speech in full. Curiously enough the motion was seconded by Mr. O'Dwyer, member for an Irish borough, who had been a reporter on the *Times* before he obtained a seat in Parliament. As he was but a very indifferent reporter, they had ever afterwards, according to a statement of Mr. Knight Hunt, this joke at Mr. O'Dwyer's expense,—that because he was unfit to be a reporter for the *Times*, he was sent to the House to be a Member of Parliament. Mr. O'Connell's motion was lost by a majority of 159 to 48. The minority of 48 consisted, it is right to state, almost exclusively of Irish Liberal members, then called "O'Connell's Tail." But though, in this sense, the reporters were victorious over Mr. O'Connell, they were not satisfied with a Parliamentary triumph. Their moral character, so far as related to the faithful and upright discharge of their professional duties, had been impugned, and they resolved not to rest till they extorted from Mr. O'Connell reparation for

the wrong he had done them. With this view, the entire body of reporters,—those belonging to papers which he had not assailed and aspersed, equally with the reporters on the *Times* and *Morning Chronicle*, against whom his charges were preferred,—joined together in a written resolution that they would never again report a single word which Mr. O'Connell spoke in the House until he had publicly withdrawn the charges against a section of their body. It is right here to state, as showing the high esteem in which reporters are held, both by the Editors and proprietors of newspapers, that in no one instance did they object to the course thus adopted by their reporting corps. Mr. O'Connell, on receiving the copy of the resolution referred to, which was duly sent him, determined that he was not to be beaten by a combination of reporters, and he fancied that he saw a way whereby his triumph and their discomfiture were certain. He resolved that if his speeches were not to be reported, neither should those of any other member of the House. The course whereby he saw he could accomplish his purpose, was to take advantage of a standing rule of the House. I have before stated that not only at that time, but until a few years ago, strangers were only allowed to enter the Gallery on sufferance, and a member wishing, for any particular reason, to have strangers turned out, had only, addressing the Speaker, to say, "I think, Sir, I see strangers in the Gallery," to insure from the latter an immediate

response, in his loudest and most authoritative tones, "Strangers must withdraw;" and that command was always obeyed by the "strangers" with as great alacrity as if an announcement had been made that the House was on fire.

It was by a resort to this expedient that Mr. O'Connell felt assured he could easily vanquish the rebellious reporters; but before having recourse to it he thought it better to put the matter to a practical test, by making a speech of some length and importance on the following evening. He accordingly did so, and, to his great mortification, mingled with deep indignation, he found that not one word of what he said was given in any of the journals next morning; while, to make the matter worse, the speeches of other members on other subjects were reported at full length. This only had the effect of making Mr. O'Connell more resolute than before to vanquish the reporters; and accordingly the House having assembled on the following evening, and the Speaker having taken the chair, Mr. O'Connell rose, and turning to the Speaker, said, in the traditional terms made use of on such occasions, "I think, Sir, I see strangers in the Gallery." Scarcely had the last word emanated from the lips of Mr. O'Connell, than the stentorian voice of the Speaker—then the Right Hon. Charles Manners Sutton—was heard, saying, "Strangers must withdraw." The gallery was cleared of "strangers," in which designation reporters were of course included. Mr. O'Connell then

entered into an explanation of the reasons which had imposed on him the duty of adopting that course, and ended with an intimation that he would persist in it until his speeches should cease to be ignored by the reporters.

The public, as was to be expected, being aware beforehand of the intentions of Mr. O'Connell in his conflict with the reporters, were intensely anxious to see the papers of the following day. Only imagine, then, what must have been the universal surprise and disappointment when they did not find a single sentence in any of the journals relative to the proceedings in Parliament of the previous evening. The general impression was that the Editors and proprietors of the several papers would interpose; and require the reporters, out of regard to the interests of the journals they severally represented, to withdraw the resolution to which they had come. But the Editors and proprietors did not interfere. They left the matter in the hands of the reporters themselves. This state of things went on for more than a week,—if I remember rightly, for ten days. The reporters attended outside the gallery every evening, as usual, not knowing whether Mr. O'Connell might not at any moment say something in the way of expressing regret for the language he had used in relation to the reporters, and thereby cause the door of the gallery to be thrown open, and they consequently feel called on to resume the discharge of their professional duties as usual. Night after night, during this interval, as

we were informed by other members, Mr. O'Connell complained to the House of the injustice which he had received at the hands of the reporters; but for the first few nights there were mingled with his complaints a tone of defiance and an aggravation of the wrong he had originally done to them. After that, however, he confined himself to what he regarded as the grounds on which he felt himself aggrieved. I remember as well as if it had been but yesterday, hearing, while standing with other reporters at the door of the gallery, Mr. O'Connell setting forth his sense of the wrongs which had been done him, in terms touchingly plaintive, and in a voice the most musical and sonorous I ever heard in my life. About the seventh or eighth day the public feeling was seen by the reporters to be that they had done enough to vindicate their character; and several of the most influential members in the House appealed to them not to carry the matter farther, and they therefore allowed it to drop, and resumed the fulfilment of their professional functions as before.

Mr. O'Connell, I ought to add, made some sort of amends to the reporters after this collision, with which they were satisfied, and from that time they as fully and faithfully reported his speeches as they had previously done.

I ought to add, that it would be impossible for that portion of the public who were not alive in the year 1833, to form any conception of the extraordinary effect produced by the utter absence in all the public

journals of Parliamentary intelligence, when every one knew that the House was not only in Session at the time, but that matters of the deepest importance relative to Ireland, were nightly before it. In the House the sombre effect of there being no reporters nor strangers in the gallery, conjoined with the knowledge of the fact that not one syllable of what they were saying or hearing would ever be known outside the walls of the House, was of the most depressing kind. Even the reporters themselves, though it gave them practically an eight or ten days' immunity from their laborious and responsible work,—even they—I say this speaking from my own experience—shared in the general lamentation over the existing state of things.

This is the only instance I remember in which the reporters practically expressed, in their collective capacity, their displeasure at the conduct of any member of either House of Parliament. Lord Lyttelton, it is true, in a letter to the public journals in May last, mentions two other instances,—the one relating to Mr. Spring Rice, afterwards Lord Montague, and the other to the late Mr. Cobbett. But I have no recollection of either of the two cases, and if they had occurred I do not see how they could have been unknown to me, inasmuch as I was a Parliamentary Reporter at the time to which Lord Lyttelton refers. With regard to Mr. Spring Rice, Lord Lyttelton says :—"The late Lord Montague, when Mr. Spring Rice, in the House of Commons once said something the reporters did not like. They sent

him a formal warning that, unless he publicly apologized, reported he should not be. He did not apologize, and reported he was not for two years." I never heard a word of this, and can only repeat the expression of my belief that nothing of the kind ever took place. In reference to Mr. Cobbett, what Lord Lyttelton says is this :—" Mr. Cobbett, during the short time he was in Parliament, incessantly abused the reporters (whom he always called *Reporters*), for not fully reporting him. The consequence was that they ended by not reporting him at all." I will not say that Mr. Cobbett did not, on various occasions, in his *Register*, call the reporters *Reporters*; the great majority of them being Irishmen, for whom, any more than for Scotchmen, he had no special affection; but it is not in accordance with the fact, as I can from personal knowledge testify, when Lord Lyttelton says that because Mr. Cobbett made use of the Irish mode of pronouncing the word "reporter," they ceased to report him at all. They *did* report him, but only in a condensed form, solely because he was not a good speaker, and never made an impression on the House. So far, indeed, as related to his speeches in Parliament, he was a failure.

It must often be a matter of surprise to readers, in the morning papers, of the reports of the proceedings in Parliament on the previous evening, that, when so great a number of gentlemen are engaged in preparing those reports, there should be no transposition of speeches, or parts of speeches, nor confusion of

any kind ; but that on the contrary, from four to five pages, or from twenty-four to thirty columns, should be given as connectedly and as smoothly as if all the amount of matter had proceeded from the same pen. The fact is to be accounted for from the unity of action which exists among reporters, and the rules they have laid down for their guidance. First of all, the moment that one gentleman vacates his seat in the gallery, which he does punctually as the clock points to the time fixed on, he is succeeded by another who catches the next word which the member speaking enunciates. This often occurs in the middle of a sentence, and yet the reader of the paper on the following day cannot discover either a break in the sense of the sentence, or even the omission of a word. The reporter who "relieves"—for that is the term used in the gallery—the gentleman whom he finds in the seat which belongs to the paper with which he is connected, always takes the precaution beforehand to write in his note-book the name of the gentleman he "relieves," and the time at which he does so. When second or third "turns" happen, which they often do during what is called "heavy" debates, the reporter writes second or third turn, according to which it is. These precautions are transferred from the reporter's note-book in the gallery, to the extension of his notes for the compositor, in the following form, say:—

- "Second Turn, nine o'clock—Jones follows Smith." This is written at the top of the first slip of the manuscript sent to the printer ; and at the end of the

copy there is a mention of the name of the gentleman who succeeds "Jones," and the time at which he does so. Thus, "A quarter to Ten—Robinson follows Jones." In this way the work is carried on with perfect regularity from the beginning to the end of each Session, mistakes being matters of very rare occurrence.

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CHAPTER VIII.

PARLIAMENTARY REPORTERS.—PART SECOND.

Taking Notes—Memories of Members—Manuscript Speeches—
Difficulties with which Reporters have to contend—Favourite
Members with Reporters—Lord Palmerston a Special Favourite
—Sessional Reporters—Anecdotes—Professions to which the
Majority of the Parliamentary Reporters belong.

THE general impression is that the reporters in the House of Lords and the House of Commons in every case write short-hand. This is a mistake: the majority of their number, it is true, write some kind of short-hand or other, chiefly Gurney's, or Harding's based on Taylor's, but some of the best reporters that ever sat in the Gallery of either House have written—and some of them still write—a contracted long-hand. Where a reporter has a fine and accurate speaker, such as the late Lord Lyndhurst, the late Lord Derby, the late Sir Robert Peel, or the present Mr. Gladstone, with others who could be named,—where the speeches of such men are to be reported, a system of short-hand, which enables a reporter to take every word as it is spoken is undoubtedly preferable to any system of contracted long-hand, because writing by the latter a number of the words spoken

must necessarily be omitted, and be left to the reporter to supply. I need scarcely say that the judgment and the taste with which this is done will depend entirely on the mental capacity of the reporter. But where the speaker is not so gifted as either of those men I have mentioned, but has been fortunate enough to fall into the hands of a reporter of cultivated taste, and a man of accurate and varied knowledge, the report given by such a reporter will be furnished in a much more polished manner than if his speech had been taken by a short-hand writer,—which is in reality synonymous with verbatim reporting. Many years ago there was Mr. Tyas in the reporting department of the *Times*, who never wrote short-hand, but a contracted long-hand of his own, yet he was admitted on all hands to be the best reporter in the Gallery; and as a proof of that there was a sort of rivalry among speakers as to who should have him when addressing the House. This Mr. Tyas was not only an unrivalled reporter as regarded the polish which he gave to the style of the speaker, but he was a man of the highest order of classical attainments, and a very able writer besides. During the whole course of the late Lord Brougham's prolonged public life, he never received such scathing criticism as he did, in relation to one of his works on the Authors of Greece and Rome, at the hands of Mr. Tyas. These crushing criticisms first appeared in a series of articles in the *Times*, and were afterwards republished in a separate volume. They

created great interest, and it was well known at the time that Lord Brougham literally writhed under them ; yet while writing them, the author, Mr. Tyas, was taking his nightly turn as a reporter in the gallery of the House of Commons.

We often hear of instances of wonderful memories. Only a few years have passed away since a party sought to turn his marvellous powers of memory to a profitable purpose, by undertaking to recite in Long Acre Hall, the whole of Milton's "Paradise Lost," without a moment's hesitation, or the omission of a single word. A goodly number of persons paid their money to listen to the proof to be furnished of so extraordinary an instance of a retentive memory. He proceeded for two hours and a half, entirely fulfilling what he had engaged to do, and getting through in that time a third part of the book ; but the monotony was so tiresome, that on the second night the audience were so few that he did not proceed with the recital of the remainder of Milton's great work. Yet I am not sure that this effort was equal to some successful efforts which have come under my own individual observation when I was a reporter in the House of Commons. The reciter of Milton's "Paradise Lost" in Long Acre Hall may for years have been engaged in committing that great poem to memory ; whereas the speeches to which I allude, spoken from memory, by the members of the House of Commons, could, from the nature of the subjects to which they related, only have been written a few days before it was

intended they should be spoken. Mr. Roebuck, late member for Sheffield, was remarkable for the retentiveness of his memory. It will be remembered that about the year 1834 he was retained as counsel for Mackenzie and others, who were arrested and tried on the charge of being the chief instigators of the Canadian rebellion of a few years before that time. A particular night was fixed for a great debate on that subject, and Mr. Roebuck wrote out at full length the speech which he intended to deliver on the occasion. Naturally anxious, considering the official connexion which he had with the leaders of the rebellion, that his speech should be accurately and fully reported, he sent a copy of it written in an elegant lady's hand, to each of the reporters in the gallery. I had the curiosity to follow him with his manuscript in my hand from beginning to end of a speech which required nearly two hours in the delivery; and during all that time there was not the variation of a word between the written and the spoken speech.

But I was on one occasion cognizant, when reporting in the House of Commons, of a still greater and more successful effort of the memory, than this. In, if I remember right, the year 1835, when the agitation for the repeal of the union between Great Britain and Ireland was at the height of its interest, and Mr. O'Connell in all his glory, the latter had fixed a particular night for a discussion of the whole question in all its more important bearings. Mr. Emerson, afterwards Sir

Emerson Tennant, then member for Belfast, undertook the task of replying to Mr. O'Connell. Anticipating the figures and facts and arguments, judging by former speeches, which Mr. O'Connell would employ, he wrote out his speech at full length. A copy of it came into my hands the day before that on which the debate was appointed to take place; and finding it to be full to overflowing of statistics, I concluded that it would be impossible for Mr. Tennant, or anyone else, to deliver the whole of that speech—which was one of extreme length—without reading at least those portions which dealt exclusively with a crowd of arithmetical figures. Yet incredible, as beforehand, the thing seemed to me, he repeated not only every word, but every figure, from beginning to end, without one instance of hesitation or a single mistake, although the delivery of the speech occupied three hours and three quarters. I repeat, that if I had not been an eye and ear witness to this proof of how remarkably retentive some men's memories are, I could not have believed that such a thing was possible as that of which I was cognizant on that evening.

I need hardly add that such achievements in this way are rarely witnessed, either in the House of Commons or anywhere else. When they are, in the House of Commons, it is a red-letter day in the life of the reporters, and they inwardly bless the benevolence of the speakers. In the two instances I have given, the possession of the manuscript of the speeches before the latter were delivered, was a

special relief to "the gentlemen of the gallery," because, in the first place, the questions under consideration were of great public interest, and consequently it was important that full reports should be given ; and in the second place, the figures and facts with which both speeches abounded rendered it unusually difficult to follow the speakers so closely, and to understand them so clearly, as to enable them to avoid omissions or misconceptions of what had been said.

And here it is right I should remark, that no one who has no practical knowledge of the reporting profession, can have any idea of the difficulties with which reporters have to contend in the discharge of their duties, when they have to report the addresses of bad speakers. The badness of a speaker, in the vocabulary of "the gentlemen of the gallery," arises from two causes. One is when the speaker is imperfectly heard. This is a very common difficulty. Often, indeed, members of both Houses speak in so low a tone of voice, as that only an occasional sentence can be heard in the gallery. Under this head may also be classed imperfect hearing of the speaker on the part of the reporter so far as regards distinct articulation, although the voice may be audible enough. And yet this class of speakers are just those who are the readiest to feel indignant with reporters for not reporting their speeches correctly. Lord Lyttelton lately furnished us with an illustration of this. In May last he complained of the inaccuracies contained in a report which appeared in the *Times* of

a speech of his in the House of Commons. The *Times* appended a note to Lord Lyttelton's letter, to the effect, that if readers could hear Lord Lyttelton speak, they would wonder that he could be reported at all. And according to Lord Lyttelton's own admission, other persons than reporters complain that no one can report what he says, nor any one read what he writes. "This," he says, "is a truly deplorable predicament." No doubt it is; but is it not then unjust on his part to blame the reporters for the blunders which occur in their reports, especially as he admits, in effect, that the charge of his speeches being incapable of being correctly reported is true, for he adds:—"I have often acknowledged, and am willing to acknowledge over and over again, that these errors in my reported speeches, which are such, that if posterity reads them, I shall be believed to have been half-witted,—are from my own fault." Is it not, then, illogical as well as unjust to complain, as he so often does, of the reporters, as if it were their fault? A gentleman in the gallery, whose disagreeable duty it has been again and again to report his lordship, assures me that his speeches are perfect mumbles from beginning to end.

The other chief difficulty with which reporters have to contend in the performance of their professional duties, is that of "taking down" those speeches which are inaccurate in the construction of the sentences. The short-hand, or verbatim reporter, is guided entirely by the sound of the speaker,

not by the construction of his sentences, or the sense of his matter ; but when he comes to extend his shorthand notes, so as to render the report fit to be put into the hands of the compositors, he finds the difficulty of his task to be greater than can be conceived by any one but himself. He must make at least tolerable English for even the worst speaker ; otherwise the inaccuracies and slovenliness of the style would be ascribed to the reporter, not to the speaker. In connexion with this difficulty under which reporters have to labour, there is this other one,—that if speakers commit any errors as to historical or other facts which are generally known, the reporter is expected to give the facts correctly. When I commenced my duties as a reporter, an instance of this kind occurred on the occasion of the first speech which I had to report in the House of Lords. That speech was one by Lord Brougham, then Lord Chancellor, and the most prominent man in the hereditary House. He made a reference to the fact of Pope being in the habit of constantly saying in conversation, “God mend me!” and to the ill-natured and irreverent observation made on one occasion by a literary man of the day, whose name I do not at the moment remember, who replied, “God mend you ! Why, it would be easier for God to *make* a dozen others than to *mend* you !” I need not say that I had no sympathy then, as I have none now, with an observation so irreverent ; but it was my duty to report it as quoted by Lord Brougham. He, however, gave an entirely inaccurate

version of the anecdote ; and I, knowing the right one, consulted Mr. Black, then Editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, as to whether I should give it as spoken by Lord Brougham, or in the way which I knew to be the right one. "Oh! in the right way, certainly," said Mr. Black ; "because," he added, "if you give the wrong version, though so given by him, the public will charge you with the error, not Lord Brougham." And yet, unreasonable though the thing is, the very men who are the most defective in their diction, and most in the habit of falling into inaccuracies as to facts, are just the men to write to the Editors of the morning journals, complaining of the alleged injustice done to them by the reporters.

There always have been, and I doubt not there are now and ever will be, certain members of both Houses of Parliament favourites, or the reverse, with the reporters. This, in almost every instance, depends on the social character of the parties. Any one who is ungenial or ungenerous, or disagreeable in any way in his manners, never can find access to the good graces of the gentlemen of the gallery. The late Sir Robert Peel was never popular with the reporters of his day, nor indeed was he personally with any of the members of the House. There were a haughtiness and coldness in his bearing which repelled instead of attracting. But this, I need not say, never influenced the manner in which the reporters reported his speeches. His position in the Senate and the country was too high, and his speeches were too able

and too eloquent for that. But there was one man, soon after the passing of the Reform Bill of 1832, who was especially unpopular with the reporters. I allude to Mr. Spring Rice, then, for some years, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and afterwards Lord Monteagle. He was deemed, by the reporters, to be devoid of every generous feeling, and wrapped up entirely in himself. They expressed this opinion by not reporting at any length, and sometimes not reporting at all, such speeches of his as were not of any great importance to the country. This statement I ground on my own observation at the time ; and curiously enough I was furnished with a confirmation of its truth by a letter of Lord Lyttelton's, which lately appeared in the public journals, in relation to the reporters in the House of Commons. And I must add, that the unpopularity which attached to Mr. Spring Rice in the House of Commons, followed him on his elevation to the House of Lords. I am not sure, indeed, whether as Lord Monteagle, he was not even less popular than in the Lower House, both with the reporters and the Peers. It would, indeed, be a question whether Lord Monteagle was most unpopular with the former or with the latter.

It is pleasing to be able to add, that the favourites with the reporters have always been more numerous than those who were the opposite. But in the House of Commons there was, until lately, one, who for the full period of half a century, was a special favourite. Need I name him? There never was a

man who was so great a favourite personally with, not the reporters only, but with all the gentlemen filling the higher positions on the press, as the late Lord Palmerston. The reporters of all the papers, without reference to the point as to whether the paper they represented were favourable or opposed to his Government, vied with each other in their anxiety to pay every attention to whatever he said. And it is due to his memory to say, that never was there a man of greater kindness of heart, nor of more geniality of manner; nor, in a word, of nobler nature than he.

Nor, let me add, was there ever a statesman, so far as I know, in the history of this country, who amidst all the cares and anxieties of the high and responsible offices which he filled, could make himself more playful than Lord Palmerston. It was my privilege to enjoy some measure of personal intimacy with him; and I remember, just as well as if it had been an incident of the previous day, though it was one of ten years ago, being with him on the morning of the meeting of a new Session of Parliament,—one which to him was all the more important because Mr. Disraeli, as leader of the Opposition, intended—though at the last moment he abandoned the idea—to bring forward that evening an amendment to the Address to be moved to her Majesty in response to her Majesty's speech to Parliament. Yet with all the anxiety which he must have felt under these circumstances, Lord Palmerston delighted me for full half an hour with some of the most amusing anecdotes which could be imagined,

in relation to eccentric members of Parliament he had met with, and incidents in which he had played a prominent part, especially during the three years he resided in Dugald Stewart's house, when a student in Edinburgh. Never, let me add, did I meet with any one that could tell a story with greater effect than the late Lord Palmerston.

It was not to be wondered at that Lord Palmerston should have been a very special favourite with the reporters,—for no man was ever more courteous or kind to them than he was. Often have they received special proofs of this kindness and courtesy when they were placed in professional difficulties. I am indebted for this statement to a gentleman who was a recipient of professional favours of this nature from his Lordship. It often happened during the prolonged Premiership and Foreign Secretaryship of Lord Palmerston, that on representing to him, both in Hampshire and at Tiverton, that if the time fixed for his speech could not be altered, the reporters from London would not be able to reach their respective offices with their report of what he said, but be too late for their impression of the following day,—he would immediately apply to those who had the management of matters connected with the meeting to alter the programme for the order of the speeches, so as that the reporters should not be disappointed. He put all such applications on the footing of favours personal to himself; and whenever and wherever circumstances would permit, their solicitations never failed to be suc-

cessful. But there were occasions when the arrangements for the speakers previously made could not be altered, and when, consequently, he must speak when his turn came. On such occasions, when the reporters have represented to him that the hour appointed for him to speak would render it impossible for them to reach London in time for the papers of the following morning, he has given them an outline before the meeting took place, of the principal topics on which he meant to touch in his speech, and the views on such topics to which he would give expression. Clever reporters are rarely at a loss, if they know beforehand what will be the topics touched on, and the tenor of the views taken by the speaker, to make for him a speech so very similar to what he did say, when he spoke, as that he would not hesitate to accept the paternity given to it by the reporters. In the case of Lord Palmerston, there would be less difficulty, inasmuch as both his matter and manner were familiar to the reporters, they having reported him for years when addressing the House of Commons.

The Parliamentary reporters are divided into two classes. The one class are called "Annual Reporters," and the other "Sessional Reporters." The salaries of the former are paid all the year round, whereas the latter cease to receive any salary the day on which the Session closes. There are thus conflicting interests between the two classes. The "Annals," as they are called in gallery phraseology, rejoice in short Sessions, while the "Sessionals" would wish them

never to rise, but to go on throughout the whole year. The latter would be delighted were we to have a renewal in 1871 of the Long Parliament of the seventeenth century.

As a rule, every Parliamentary reporter, twenty or thirty years ago, had to commence his career as a reporter in the capacity of a Sessional reporter. His engagement was only for the Session, however short it might be. But now, with rare exceptions, talented reporters succeed in the course of a year or two in getting an annual engagement. Owing to peculiar circumstances, it will indeed sometimes happen, that the best reporters in the gallery will have to remain a "Sessional" for many years. There is one gentleman now in the gallery—than whom there is not a better—who had to wait through nineteen long years before his name was placed on the list of "Annals." But such cases are rare, and only take place under the exceptional circumstances in which the particular establishment is placed to which he belongs. Of late years, however, I have pleasure in stating, there has been a tendency on the part of the more prosperous journals to give all their reporters annual engagements. For at least ten, if not twelve years, the *Times'* reporters have all had annual engagements; and I think I may say for the other journals, that the majority of their Parliamentary reporters have annual engagements.

The "Sessional Men," as they are called, being thrown on their own resources as soon as the Session

rises, are obliged to do the best they can to earn a livelihood by looking out for public meetings or other matters of general interest in town or country. And when they ascertain that some important meeting is to take place in the provinces, or other matter to come off, which excites attention, at a distance from the metropolis, they call at the office of the morning papers to know whether they mean to send any of their Annual men to these meetings, or to report any other important matter. If the answer be, that they do not intend to send any gentleman or gentlemen from their establishments, then the "Sessional" reporters undertake to do the work for them,—usually at the rate of a guinea per column. If the matter to be reported would not be of sufficient importance to require more than a column, and was from a hundred to two hundred miles distant, it would not answer their purpose to undertake the work, because the expenses of going to and returning from a place so distant as I have stated, would absorb too much of the price to be paid. Of course, where a "Sessional reporter" has succeeded in getting the six morning journals, or even five out of the six, to engage to take his copy, it would pay him very fairly for his enterprise and his labour; but it is a rare thing for all the morning papers, or even a majority of their number, to agree to accept the report of a meeting not worthy of more than a column of the newspaper's space. But when the scene of the proceedings to be reported is only a short distance from London, say as far as Hertford, or

Colchester, or Aylesbury, then the expenses of going thither and returning being comparatively light, it is worth the while of a "Sessional" to undertake the duty of reporting what takes place, provided he has got a majority of the six morning papers to agree to give each a guinea for the report.

But the most profitable work which the "Sessionals" do, during the Parliamentary recess, is to report meetings at which there are to be several influential speakers. To such gatherings they will go great distances,—often more than a hundred and fifty miles. Of course, where there is a great deal to report, one reporter would be unable to do it all in time for next morning's papers; and consequently two, or even three, according to circumstances, make arrangements for doing the thing conjointly, and making an equal distribution of the aggregate sum received for their labours. Such meetings are the most profitable for this other reason,—that as a rule all the six morning papers are likely to accept their copy. I have known instances in which two "Sessionals" would receive ten, or twelve, or even fourteen pounds for a day's labour in this way; while their day's expenses did not exceed a guinea each.

But it does sometimes happen that Sessional reporters, in speculating on some particular meeting turning out well, find that they have made a mistake. Something occurs to prevent the parties who were to be the principal speakers from being present, and in consequence the meeting has been postponed, or pos-

sessed no interest whatever. In that case the reporters' labour is lost. Some years ago, three of the "Sessionals" had a narrow escape of making a bad speculation of this kind. The late Lord Palmerston, as most of the then readers of the public journals will remember, was in the habit of being always opposed, at his election for Tiverton, by an eccentric butcher, whose name I do not remember. This butcher, though a man of much oddity, possessed the quality of remarkable raciness in speaking. He was a constituent of the borough, and therefore had a right to propose a man of straw as an opponent to Lord Palmerston whenever the latter stood for re-election. Of course there was no resort to the poll on any of these occasions; but the persons assembled enjoyed more or less the butcher's fierce yet humorous assaults on Lord Palmerston. And there never was a doubt that no one enjoyed them more abundantly than his Lordship himself. He literally luxuriated in them. Anything richer than the sparring matches which took place on these occasions between the Prime Minister and the Tiverton butcher, was never witnessed, and, as reported, they convulsed the whole country with laughter. But on the last occasion on which Lord Palmerston had to be re-elected before the introduction of the Whig Ministry's Reform Bill into Parliament, the butcher was prevented by illness from making his appearance on the hustings. Expecting some very exciting sparring match on the occasion, between the wordy pugilists, and also some important

revelations respecting the contemplated new Reform Bill, three Sessional reporters had gone down to Tiverton on speculation. The usual formalities having been gone through, one of the constituency moved the re-election of Lord Palmerston. On the motion being duly seconded, the presiding officer inquired whether any elector had to propose any other candidate? To the great horror of the three London reporters, no butcher was forthcoming with a rival candidate. The motion was then put, and carried without a dissentient voice, and his Lordship declared duly elected. Lord Palmerston then stepped forward, and, after thanking the constituency for a repetition of the honour they had so often done him before, in choosing him as their representative to Parliament, said he could not refrain from expressing his great regret that his old opponent was not present on the occasion, and he regretted that illness was the cause of his "friend's" absence. A vote of thanks was then passed to the Returning Officer, and the meeting was declared at an end. It would be no easy task to conceive what the depth of the "Sessional reporters'" disappointment must have been, at the thought of having to return to London without having anything at all to report. Lord Palmerston, in the meantime, had proceeded, accompanied by two friends, to his hotel. The reporters took counsel together as to what, in the circumstances, ought to be done. It was ultimately agreed that they should follow his Lordship to his hotel, and let him know

the position in which they were placed. The only question was, which of the three should play the principal part, by acting as speaker. Each shrank at first from the task. At length one consented, the other two expressing their willingness to be present. Accordingly they sent up a message to Lord Palmerston, to the effect that three gentlemen connected with the London press would feel obliged by a brief interview. Lord Palmerston at once sent a message to them, saying he would be glad to see them. They immediately proceeded to the apartment in which his Lordship was conversing with his two friends. They represented to him the situation in which they were placed. They told him that out of Session they received no salary from the journals with which they were respectively connected during the sitting of Parliament; and that, expecting that something important would take place on his re-election, they had come all the way from London at their own expense. They further said, that not only would the circumstance of having nothing to report when they returned to London, be a serious inconvenience to them in a pecuniary point of view, but that it might have a prejudicial effect for the future on the minds of the conductors of the morning journals.

"I am exceedingly sorry, gentlemen," said Lord Palmerston, on hearing the statement of the reporters. "But," he added, "I was not aware of this, otherwise I would have made a speech, for your sakes, about something. Unfortunately I know of nothing

that can be done, now. Can you suggest anything?"

"Would your Lordship," suggested the mouth-piece of the "Sessionals," "be kind enough to make a speech now?"

"But how can I? There are only my two friends here."

"And we three, your Lordship, also," said the reporters.

"Well, but what am I to speak about? I really have no idea."

"Your Lordship," responded the representative of the reporters, "is no doubt aware of the deep interest which is felt throughout the whole country in relation to the forthcoming new Reform Bill. Would your Lordship be kind enough to say something on the subject of reform?"

"Well, I hardly know what it would be expedient to say on that subject just now. It is true, that Her Majesty's Ministers have a Reform Bill in a forward state of preparation for being laid before Parliament on its re-assembling."

And then he went on to advert at considerable length, to the desire which was generally felt and expressed in all parts of the country for Reform in Parliament. Her Majesty's Government, he said, ever anxious to respond to the universally expressed wishes of the nation, would bring forward a measure for amending the representation of the people in the House of Commons,—which he trusted would meet the

approval of all classes of the community. And in this way Lord Palmerston proceeded for a considerable time to speak on the question of Reform, never committing himself to anything specific as to what the principal features of the forthcoming Bill would be, but at the same time saying, in terms so adroitly chosen as to inspire the belief in any one who read his observations, that the measure would be one which would satisfy the country.

The reporters on leaving expressed, as they well might, their grateful appreciation of Lord Palmerston's courtesy and kindness in so readily acceding to their wishes. And having done that they proceeded to the station to await the next train. At the station they deliberated as to the way in which the speech of the Premier should be introduced. The result of their conversation on the subject was, that after stating what took place at the election at the Town Hall, they should represent his Lordship as having proceeded to his hotel, accompanied by friends, where he made another speech which they reported.

While this was as emphatic an illustration as could be given of what I have before said respecting the courtesy and kindness of Lord Palmerston to reporters, I ought to add that the report of this speech, spoken under such peculiar circumstances, was made the subject, on the day following its publication, of leading articles in each of the journals of that day.

It will have been inferred from occasional observa-

tions which I have made, that the reporters, as a body, are not only men of superior education, but that the majority of their number belong to one or other of the learned professions. I believe I am correct in stating that of those who do, the greater number are either studying for the bar, or have been called to it. No inconsiderable number are in practice, and some have a fair share of business; but when their practice becomes sufficiently extensive to justify the hope that they will be able to live by their profession in the position of gentlemen, they are but too desirous of withdrawing from the gallery. Some of them, at various times, have been raised from their position as reporters to the position of magistrates in our colonies, with large salaries; while others, more fortunate still, have received, at the time they were toiling away in the gallery, highly honourable and lucrative judicial appointments. Not very many years have elapsed since one gentleman, who had laboured for a considerable time as a reporter, at five guineas a week, was elevated, quite unexpectedly, through private influence, to a judgeship in India, at an annual salary of 5000*l*. And within the last three years one gentleman was raised from the ranks of the reporters to a lucrative judgeship in the West Indies. But on this point more anon.

With regard to the medical profession, the number of reporters belonging to it is very few; but in my time there have been several reporters who had been brought up for that profession, who had entered, and

for some years remained, in the gallery. Several of these, on a concurrence of favourable circumstances taking place for commencing practice in their profession, have quitted the gallery with that view; and some of them have afterwards become eminent in the medical world. There is at this moment one whom I have in my eye, who is not only at the head of the particular branch of his profession which he has made his speciality, but has made a large fortune, and is now living in one of the finest mansions in a West End square.

Then, as respects the clerical profession,—I have known but very few reporters during a period of more than thirty years' acquaintance with the gallery, who have either been in holy orders, or had the clerical profession in view. I am not sure that I have known more than six or seven such; but I have known, in my time, a goodly number of Parliamentary reporters who had been brought up for the Church of Scotland, and been duly licensed by her Presbyteries as ministers of the gospel, but not having succeeded in that capacity, have renounced the clerical profession, and applied themselves to the profession of reporters. In Scotland, this class of persons are called "stickit ministers."

In relation to Roman Catholicism, there have been, from first to last, within my personal knowledge, a considerable number of reporters in the gallery who had prepared for the priesthood of the Church of Rome, but who, either when at Maynooth, or after they had

· completed their education for the priestly office, had seen cause to change their mind, and to resolve on commencing a literary career,—under which general head is to be classed the position of a Parliamentary Reporter.

CHAPTER IX.

PARLIAMENTARY REPORTERS.—PART THIRD.

Fondness of former Reporters for Practical Jokes—Anecdotal Instances given—The Quaker and Mark Supple—Peter Finnerty and Mr. Wilberforce—Mr. O'Dwyer and Mr. Dick Martin—Lord Morpeth—The Member and his Hat—Reporters that have risen to Eminence.

THE reporters in the gallery at the beginning of the last century, and for at least fourteen or fifteen years afterwards, were, in several respects, a very different class from those of the present day. Three-fourths of them, at least, were then from Ireland,—a circumstance which I have heard accounted for from the fact that Mr. R. Brinsley Sheridan was the means of bringing the majority of them over from the other side of St. George's Channel, partly because he had learnt that most of them were very superior reporters, and consequently would do all the greater justice to his own speeches when reporting them, and partly because influence had been used with him to get them situations on the morning papers by other members of the House. Be that as it may, there can be no doubt that the majority of the reporters in the gallery for the first ten or twelve years of the present century did Mr. Sheridan all credit professionally in

getting them their positions as reporters for the morning papers.

There was at that time a large proportion of these Irish gentlemen in the gallery who were remarkable for their unceasing flow of spirits, and for the abundance of their resources in getting up practical jokes. One of the best of these, though very unpleasant to the party who was the subject of it, has been told in various ways, though the principal points have been preserved in each case. My narrative of it ought to be the most correct, because it was told me by one who was the friend of the author of it. The victim of the joke—for victim he might most properly be called—was a Quaker. As was a very frequent occurrence at the time of which I speak, the House was sitting at nearly three in the morning. The business before it was of no general interest, but it was desirable it should be finished before the House adjourned. There was no speaking in the sense of making a speech. There was only a little quiet conversation in committee, over some of the clauses of some turnpike bill, or other measure quite devoid of general interest. Everything was as dull and as dismal as could be conceived. Just at the time when at its dullest, and when the aspect of the few members that remained was as demure as if they were about to attend the funeral of some friend, a stentorian voice broke on their ears, "A song from Mr. Speaker!" The effect was indescribable. At first the emotion was one of surprise; but in a mo-

ment that gave way to roars of laughter. Pitt himself, who happened to be among the small number of members present, though habitually one of the most prim and reserved of men, and who was hardly ever known to relax the rigidity of his features by a smile, literally shook his sides with laughter. The only one in the House who preserved his gravity was the Speaker,—at the time Mr. Addington, brother of Mr. Addington, then Prime Minister. He felt his dignity to be so greatly and unpardonably outraged, that he did not catch the contagion of the roars of laughter on either side of his chair. The peals of laughter had hardly subsided, when he called aloud in tones never before, in the discharge of his official duties, surpassed for the indignant emphasis with which they were uttered,—“Sergeant-at-Arms, take the offender into custody!” It was known that the call for “A song from Mr. Speaker” had come from the gallery, and forthwith one of the officers under the Sergeant-at-Arms, rushed upstairs into the gallery. Having been many years acquainted with Mark Supple, who was sitting, as the reporters at that time always did, in the back seat of the gallery, the subordinate of the Sergeant-at-Arms asked him who was the party that had insulted the Speaker. Mark Supple, who was rich in resources when suddenly required, cast his eye with a speaking significance, though not opening his mouth, towards a little thick-set, sleek-looking Quaker, who was sitting in the corner of one of the seats. The officer hurried to the Quaker, and

seizing him by the breast of his collarless coat, said, "You are my prisoner. Come with me." "What have I done, friend?" the Quaker inquired. "You have insulted the House by calling for a song from the Speaker." "It was not I, friend. I have not opened my mouth since I came in here," was the response of the Quaker, in tones as soft and gentle as if they had been uttered by one who was the very impersonation of mildness and innocence, blended in beautiful union. "You come along with me," was the gruff answer of the other; and from thence the poor unoffending Quaker was dragged to the Sergeant-at-Arms, who, with the imposing mace on his shoulder, and all the gorgeous paraphernalia and personal pomp incident to his office, conveyed the Quaker to the prison,—for such the apartment, though sufficiently comfortable, to which transgressors of the rules of the House are consigned, when committed to the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms,—is termed. Next day it was ascertained that the Quaker was innocent; but notwithstanding that, the fees of the Sergeant-at-Arms cost him, for his night's lodging in the House of Commons, no less than 30%.

But since the Quaker was not the party who had called out for the favour of "a song from Mr. Speaker," and no one else seemed to have been even suspected, the question will naturally be asked, "Who was the offender?" Why, none other than Mark Supple himself, whose movement of the eye, accompanied with a nod of the head towards the Quaker,

had brought all this trouble upon the latter. In addition to Mark's constitutional love of a joke, he had on this occasion been made, a little before, unusually fond of fun by a liberal draught of the liquid produce of his native land. Mark Supple was eventually ascertained to have been the transgressor; but through the interposition of some members of influence, the matter was allowed to blow over.

About the same time as that to which I have been referring, the debate, which was on the question of the employment of English labourers, being one evening unusually dull, Morgan O'Sullivan, a reporter of that period, who had a short time before been imported from Tipperary, said to the only other reporter in the gallery at the time, that he felt very drowsy, and that he would be after taking a little bit of a nap, if he would tell him, when he awoke, anything which might take place. The other, whose name was Peter Finnerty, agreed, and Morgan, in a moment, was fast locked in the arms of Morpheus. After an hour had elapsed, Morgan opened his eyes, and interrogated his friend thus :—

“Has anything happened?”

“To be sure there has,” said the other.

“Has there, by the powers!” exclaimed Morgan, pricking up his ears in the plenitude of his anxiety to learn what it was.

“Yes, Morgan, and something very important, too.”

“By jabbers, then, and why don't you be afther telling it me at once? What was it about?”

"About the virtues of the Irish potato, Morgan."

"Was it the Irish potato you said, Peter?"

"The Irish potato; and a most eloquent speech it was."

"Thunder and lightning, then, and why don't you tell it me at once?"

"I'll read it from my note-book, Morgan, and you can take it down as I go on," said Peter.

"Och, it's myself, shure, that's ready at any time to write what any mumber says about our praties. Are you ready to begin?"

"Quite ready," answered Peter.

"Now then," said Morgan, with an energy which strangely contrasted with the previous languor of his manner—"now then, Peter, my boy."

Peter affecting to read from his note-book, commenced thus:—

"The honourable member said that if——"

"Och, be aisy a little bit," interrupted Morgan; "who was the honourable mumber?"

Peter, hesitating for a moment. "Was it his name you asked? Sure it was Mr. Wilberforce."

"Mr. Wilberforce! Och, very well then."

Peter resumed. "Mr. Wilberforce said, that it always appeared to him beyond all question, that the great cause why the Irish labourers were, as a body, so much stronger and capable of enduring so much greater physical fatigue, than the English, was the surpassing virtues of their potato. And he——"

"Peter, my dear fellow," shouted Morgan at the mention of the Irish potato, his countenance lighting up with ecstasy as he spoke,—“Peter, my dear fellow, this is so important that we must give it in the first person.”

“Do you think so?” said Peter.

“Throth, and I do,” answered Morgan.

“Very well,” said the other.

Peter then resumed. “And I have no doubt,” continued Mr. Wilberforce, “that had it been my lot to be born and reared in——”

“Did the mimber say reared?” interrupted Morgan, exultingly, evidently associating the word with the growth of potatoes in his “own blessed country.”

“Faith, and he did say reared,” observed the other, who then resumed.

“Had it been my lot to be born and reared in Ireland, where my food would have principally consisted of the potato,—that most nutritious and salubrious root,—instead of being the poor infirm, shrivelled, stunted creature you, Sir, and honourable gentlemen, now behold me, I would have been a tall, stout, athletic man, and able to carry an enormous weight.”

Here Morgan O’Sullivan observed, looking his friend eagerly in the face,—“Faith, Peter, and that’s what I call thrue eloquence! Go on.”

“I hold, continued Mr. Wilberforce, that root to be invaluable; and the man who first cultivated

it in Ireland, I regard as a benefactor of the first magnitude to his country. And more than that, my decided opinion is, that never until we grow potatoes in England in sufficient quantities to feed all our labourers, will those labourers be so able-bodied a class as the Irish ('Hear, hear!' from both sides of the House)."

"Well, by St. Patrick, but that bates everything," observed Morgan, on finishing his notes. "That's rare philosophy. And the other members cried 'Hear, hear!' did they?"

"The other members cried 'Hear, hear!'" answered Peter.

In a quarter of an hour afterwards the House rose.

Peter went away direct to the office of the paper,—the *Morning Chronicle*, for which he was employed; while Morgan, in perfect ecstasies at the eulogium which had been pronounced on the virtues of the potatoes of "ould Ireland," ran in breathless haste to a public house, where the reporters, who should have been on duty for the other morning papers were assembled, and having communicated to them the important speech which they had by their absence missed, they asked him to read over his notes to them, which, of course, Morgan readily did. They copied them verbatim, and not being at the time in the best possible condition for judging of the probability of Mr. Wilberforce delivering such a speech, they repaired to their respective offices, and actually gave a copy of it into the hands of the printer. Next

morning it appeared in all the papers, except the one with which Peter Finnerty was connected. The sensation and surprise it created in town exceeded everything. Had it only appeared in one or two of the papers, persons of ordinary intelligence must at once have concluded that there was some mistake about the matter. But its appearing in all of the journals except one, and that one at the time not so well known as at other periods of its history, the fact forced, as it were, people to the conclusion that it must have been actually spoken. The inference was plain. Everybody, while regretting that the necessity should exist, saw that no other course was left but to put Mr. Wilberforce at once into a strait-jacket, and provide him with a keeper.

In the evening the House met as usual, and Mr. Wilberforce, on the Speaker taking the chair, rose and begged the indulgence of the House for a few moments to a matter which concerned it, as well as himself personally.

"Every honourable member," he observed, "has doubtless read the speech which I am represented as having made on the previous night. With the permission of the House I will read it." (Here the honourable member read the speech amidst deafening roars of laughter.) "I can assure honourable members that no one could have read this speech with more surprise than I myself did this morning when I found the papers on my breakfast-table. For myself, per-

sonally, I care but little about it, though if I were capable of uttering such nonsense as is here put into my mouth, it is high time that, instead of being a member of this House, I were an inmate of some lunatic asylum. It is for the dignity of this House that I feel concerned; for if honourable members were capable of listening to such nonsense, supposing me capable of giving expression to it, it were much more appropriate to call this a theatre for the performance of farces, than a place for the legislative deliberations of the representatives of the nation."

It was proposed by some members to call the printers of the different papers in which the speech appeared to the bar of the House, for a breach of privilege, but the matter was eventually allowed to drop. Mr. Wilberforce himself was in favour of this course. He treated the matter in a playful manner, to the great gratification of the House.

It would be impossible to describe the effect produced by the report of such a speech from such a man as Mr. Wilberforce. He had the reputation of being one of the most sedate and judicious men sitting in the House of Commons, and consequently the public were wholly at a loss to account for so strange an effusion. Appearing, as it did, in all the papers but one, and with scarcely the variation of a word, they were, as I have just remarked, driven to believe that there could be no mistake as to the speech having been spoken by Mr. Wilberforce. And such being the conclusion to

which the public came, there was another which was undoubtedly quite logical,—that he had ceased to be himself when he delivered so extraordinary a speech, and that the first thing which his friends ought to do would be to provide him with a keeper until some arrangement could be made for due care being taken of him.

Peter Finnerty was afterwards, in the year 1811—if I remember rightly—convicted of a libel, which he published in the *Morning Chronicle*, on Lord Castlereagh, then the Secretary for Foreign Affairs. The sentence consequent on the conviction was a severe one,—at least it would be thought so now. It was, that he be imprisoned in Lincoln jail for eighteen months, and find security himself in 500*l.*, and two sureties in 250*l.* each, for his good behaviour for five years. I allude to this fact because of the opportunity it affords me of mentioning a very remarkable incident in connexion with it. Peter Finnerty had on several occasions before this met, in his capacity as a reporter, with Lord Castlereagh. Soon after Peter's release from jail he chanced to meet Lord Castlereagh in the streets; and the latter went up to him, and, in the blindest manner imaginable, inquired how he was. "Well enough," was Peter's bluff answer, "to hope to live to see the day when you will cut your throat." Nearly ten years after this, strange to say, Lord Castlereagh did cut his throat; and Peter Finnerty lived to see that day. He died not only in the same year, but within a fortnight of

Lord Castlereagh's committing suicide, which he did in 1821.

I have already mentioned that the most indifferent speakers are a good deal in the habit of complaining that their speeches are not correctly reported. In recording the following amusing circumstances which occurred, arising out of one of these complaints, it may be well to state that in a work which proceeded from my pen more than thirty years ago, I gave the leading incidents in the story which follows, and which were furnished to me by the reporter himself who figured in it; but as he was living at the time, and as the paper in which the report alluded to was then in a flourishing condition, I did not give the name of either. Both have since ceased to exist. The name of the reporter was Mr. O'Dwyer, a man of great classical attainments, knowledge of the living languages, and gentlemanly manners, for which combination of qualities he was appointed as representative of the *Morning Herald* to proceed, in 1815, on the conclusion of the War, from one capital of Continental Europe to another, wherever diplomacy might be most active and interesting, until diplomacy closed its proceedings at the Congress of Vienna. Mr. O'Dwyer used to mention to me with pardonable pride, that he had not only seen, but had had conversation with, at that time, every crowned head in Europe. With these few introductory remarks, I proceed with the narrative which has led me to make them.

The late Mr. Richard Martin, member for Galway,

was one of those who sometimes complained of the reporters. Mr. Martin—or Dick Martin, as he was called in the House—though a very humane man, especially to the brute creation, and who was the author of a bill well known at the time for the Suppression of Cruelty to Animals, had a great deal of eccentricity about him. Having on one occasion said something so very ludicrous as to convulse the House with laughter, Mr. O'Dwyer underlined the passage in his report of Mr. Martin's speech in the *Morning Herald*; and the compositors, of course, printed it in italics. The circumstance afforded infinite amusement to the whole town on the day on which it appeared; and the honourable gentleman was chafed beyond measure, not only for the ludicrousness of the speech itself, but for its being reported in italics. "Allow me to congratulate you," said one of his M.P. friends, next morning, before Mr. Martin had seen any of the papers, "allow me to congratulate you on your new discovery in the art of oratory."

"On the what?" said Dick, hastily, and looking quite amazed.

"Why, did you not speak in a manner different from any one else, last night?" added the other.

"Me!" said the member for Galway. "And faith but it's myself would like to know what you mane," continued he, getting a little out of temper.

"Mean," said the other; "can you possibly be ignorant that you spoke a part of your speech last night in italics?"

"Spoke in italics!" observed Dick, knitting his brow, and throwing himself back in consequence of the tempest of indignation which was now gathering in his breast. "Spoke in italics! Do you mane, sir, to be after insulting me?" demanded the friend of four-footed animals.

"Look at the *Morning Herald*, and then say whether I have not spoken the truth," said Dick's friend, handing him a copy of the paper in question.

"Thunder and lightning!" exclaimed the hon. gentleman, turning black with horror at the report of his speech; "thunder and lightning! and sure enough the villain of a reporther has made myself spake in italics! I will be after punishing the rascal this very evening."

Mr. Martin, by some means or other, contrived to find out that Mr. O'Dwyer was the gentleman who reported his speech. When the House met in the evening, the hon. member made it his first work to visit the gallery, to take the "reporther," as he always called him, to task. The latter chanced to be in the reporters' room at the time. "Are you the gintleman who reported my speech in the *Morning Herald* this morning?"

"I had that honour," said Mr. O'Dwyer, with infinite *nonchalance*.

"Honour, sir! Was it honour you called it, to report me in such a way? 'Pon my word, sir, I have never seen such consummate effrontery ever since I was a mumber of Parliament. What, sir, have you

to say for yourself for treating me in this way?" Mr. Martin seemed almost bursting with rage as he spoke.

"In what way?" inquired the reporter, with the same *sang froid* as before.

"Why, sir, by making me spake in italics, to be sure!" The hon. gentleman laid an emphasis on the word italics which afforded no bad imitation of the report of a musket.

"Mr. Martin," said the reporter; "Mr. Martin——"

"Don't be after spaking to me, sir," interrupted Mr. Martin. "You have insulted me, sir, and I will bring——"

"Sir," interposed Mr. O'Dwyer, "sir, if you have any ground of complaint, you know your remedy. Here is my card."

Mr. O'Dwyer pulled out his card-case from his pocket, and presented his card to the hon. gentleman. The latter looked first at the card, and then at the reporter, as if utterly confounded; and, without taking the card out of Mr. O'Dwyer's hand, or uttering a word, he hurried down stairs to the House, and almost out of breath from the conjoined effects of the anger which he felt, and the haste with which he had run down stairs, said, without waiting till the business before the House was disposed of, that he had to call the attention of Mr. Speaker and the House to one of the grossest insults ever offered to a member of Parliament. "Sir," said the hon. gentleman, addressing the Speaker, "Sir, you and hon. members must be aware that I had the honour of addressing this

House last night. (Ironical cries of 'Hear, hear.') Well, Sir, my speech is most villanously reported in the *Morning Herald* of this morning. (Suppressed titters of laughter were heard in all parts of the House.) But, Mr. Spaker, it is not of the inaccurate reporting that I so much complain, as of the circumstance of the reporthr having made me spake in italics. (Roars of laughter, which continued for some time.) I appeal to you, Sir, and to those hon. mimbers who heard me, whether I spoke in italics? (Renewed bursts of laughter from all parts of the House.) You know, Mr. Spaker, and so does every gintleman in this House, that I never spake in italics at all at all. (Shouts of laughter.) But, Sir, allow me to say that this, bad as it is, is not the worst of the matter. Will you belave it, Sir?—will any hon. mimber in this House belave it—that when I went to the reporthr to ask for an explanation, he told me, with the most intire effrontery, that if I felt myself aggrieved, I knew my remedy, at the same time handing me his card, Sir! The short and long of it is, Sir, that this reporthr wants to fight a duel with me!" (Peals of laughter such as were rarely before or have been since heard within the walls of Parliament, followed the conclusion of Mr. Martin's speech.) When these had in some measure subsided, he moved, "that Mr. O'Dwyer be called to the bar of the House for having committed a breach of the privileges of the House." But there being no one to second the motion, it of course fell to the ground.

It is due to Mr. Martin to state, that it was not for want of duelling propensities that he did not at once call out Mr. O'Dwyer; for redolent as the Irish soil always has been of the duellist spirit, it never produced a son who possessed that spirit in greater perfection than he. On one occasion, indeed, he said in the House, in reference to some observation which he did not like, made by a member,—“Mr. Spaker, if the gentleman repeats that remark, by the powers, I'll riddle him to-morrow morning!” meaning that he would fight a duel with him to-morrow morning. Of course he was not only called to order, but compelled to apologize to the House and to the member who had offended him. It was not, therefore, from any indisposition to fight a duel with Mr. O'Dwyer that he did not call him out, but he thought it would be *infra dig.* for a Member to fight a duel with a reporter.

Though the reporters of a past generation were fond of what in more modern times are called “practical jokes,” I rather think that some jokes have been fathered on them which were not their offspring. The hoax which I am about to relate has been affiliated on a reporter, but I have seen no evidence to substantiate the charge,—if charge it ought to be called. It is true, that the story of the hoax was first told me by a reporter, but I feel a thorough persuasion that he was not its author. But be that as it may, it was ingeniously conceived and cleverly carried out. I am sure that every one who reads the account of it will agree with me in this

opinion. I proceed, therefore, at once to give the reader some idea of what the nature of the hoax was, but it is right I should premise, that immediately on being told the story I wrote, for a work published in 1838, some of the incidents which it contains; but as all the parties connected with it were then alive, I described the matter in such a way as that they should not clearly see the point of some of the allusions. The incidents occurred in the Session of 1835. I shall narrate them as briefly as I can.

A letter dated from the Irish Office, and having the name of Lord Morpeth appended to it, was received by Mr. Roche, member for Cork, who had long been noted for having his head encircled by a "shocking bad hat." The letter set out by acknowledging, with great gratitude, both on the part of Lord Morpeth himself and his colleagues in office, the distinguished honour and very great advantage which Lord Melbourne's Administration had derived from the cordial and uniform support which they had received from the Irish members. At the same time it was impossible to shut their eyes, or rather their ears, to the fact, that in regard to dress, the Irish members as a body were not always all that could be wished; a circumstance which the Conservatives, who were very particular and very tasteful in the article of apparel, took special care to turn to the worst possible account against the Liberal party. The letter proceeded to observe, that while it was to his Majesty's Ministers, and to the writer individually as an humble member of

the Government, a most gratifying fact that the Liberal party were fully equal to the Conservatives in point of moral character, intellectual acquirements, and Parliamentary ability, it was not to be denied that it was desirable that some of them should present a somewhat more respectable personal appearance. Under these circumstances, it was hoped that the gentleman to whom the letter was addressed would not take it amiss if it was hinted by the Irish Secretary (Lord Morpeth) that he should pay a little more attention to his personal appearance, and above all, to discard the hat which he had worn for some time, and grace his head with one of a more becoming character.

The member for Cork, having read the letter with attention, took up his chapeau, which chanced to be at the time lying on a table beside him. He turned it over and over, and carefully inspected it in all its parts. There was no denying that it was the worse for wear. There were sundry bruises in the crown, the brim was broken in various parts, the pile was worn bare in several places, and its aspect altogether was that of an article which had, through the tear and wear it had undergone, assumed a whity-brown complexion. The honourable gentleman's first impulse was to dash it on the floor and trample it into a shape which it never assumed in the hands of the manufacturer. In plain terms, his determination in the heat of the moment was, to make it serve the purpose of a temporary mat for his feet, and thus preclude the pos-

sibility of its ever again disgracing either his head, or the head of any one else. But the thought flashed on his mind, just in time to save the devoted hat from instant destruction, that it was the only article of the kind he had in his possession, and that it would be necessary to wear it until he should reach the hatter's shop where he intended to procure a substitute. To a fashionable hatter, accordingly, Mr. Roche forthwith went,—fancying all the way, now that his attention had been specially called to it by a letter from the Irish Office, that every person he met was staring with surprise at the appearance of his chapeau. He eventually reached the hatter's, and soon fitted himself with one of the most elegant and fashionable articles of the kind which his emporium could produce.

Scarcely had the new hat been adjusted on his head, and the honourable gentleman had looked in the glass and been satisfied that he looked sufficiently smart, than he started for the Irish Office.

"Is Lord Morpeth within?" was his inquiry of one of the servants, as he presented himself at the door.

"He is, sir."

"And disengaged?"

"I believe he is, sir; but I'll see presently."

The servant rushed into Lord Morpeth's presence, and returned, informing Mr. Roche that his Lordship was quite at leisure.

"Ah! how do you do?" the honourable gentleman exclaimed as he entered, at the same time presenting his hand to the Irish Secretary.

"How are you?" responded his Lordship, receiving with much cordiality the extended hand of his Parliamentary supporter. "Pray take a seat, Mr. Roche."

A few commonplace observations were exchanged between the parties, during which the honourable member kept alternately twirling his hat, and smoothing down the pile with the cuff of his coat. His Lordship still taking no notice of the new chapeau, Mr. Roche lost all patience, and broke out into a regular Irish question—

"Pray, Lord Morpeth, what do you think of my new hat?"

His Lordship was a good deal confounded by the nature of the question; but, wishing to be polite, replied, casting a momentary glance at the article, that he thought it was a very good hat.

"Why, I have just paid eight-and-twenty shillings for it," observed the Irish member.

"Oh, indeed!—that was the price, was it?" remarked his Lordship, carelessly.

"And I have bought it from one of the most fashionable hat-makers at the West-end," added Mr. Roche.

The Noble Lord looked still more surprised at his Liberal supporter, but managed to murmur out an "Oh, you did, did you?" without anything marked in his tone.

"What do you think of its shape?" inquired Mr. Roche, almost thrusting the hat into his Lordship's face, that he might the more closely inspect it.

"Oh, I think it very good," was the answer, delivered in a way which showed that the Irish Secretary's astonishment was still on the increase.

"How do you like the brim?" inquired the honourable member for Cork, again holding up the hat to the gaze of his Lordship.

"O, I think the hat is unexceptionable in every respect," answered the latter, looking the honourable gentleman in the face with an expression of infinite amazement, instead of again inspecting the hat.

"I'm so glad you like it," observed Mr. Roche, with much emphasis, and in a tone of marked gratification.

Lord Morpeth's silence was understood by the honourable gentleman to signify his concurrence in the supposition.

"And you don't think the brim too broad?" said the Irish member, after a momentary pause.

Lord Morpeth had by this time become so utterly confounded that he uttered not a word in reply to the latter observation.

"I was duly honoured with your note, and you see how prompt I have been in complying with your request."

"Really," answered the Noble Lord, raising his eyes from a document which was lying before him, and gazing on the Irish M.P. with an expression of countenance equally indicative of surprise and indignation—"really, Mr. Roche, I don't understand all this. Pray may I beg an explanation. I have sent you no note, nor made any request."

"Well, come now, but I do hold that to be decidedly good," remarked the honourable gentleman, affecting a little jocularly.

"Really, Mr. Roche," said the Noble Lord, in yet more decided tones, "this does require an explanation. Do you mean to——"

His Lordship was prevented finishing his observation by the honourable gentleman taking out of his pocket a letter, which he thrust into the Noble Lord's hands, observing, "See: look at that."

Lord Morpeth looked at the epistle, and slightly coloured. After a momentary pause he observed: "Mr. Roche, this, I assure you, is not my writing."

"Oh, come, come, Lord Morpeth," said the other, smiling, thinking his Lordship was in joke.

"I assure you, upon my honour, it is not," repeated his Lordship, with great emphasis.

"Not your handwriting!" said the honourable gentleman, in faltering accents, and looking singularly foolish, as the idea flashed across his mind that some wag had hoaxed him.

"It is not," reiterated Lord Morpeth. "Some of your friends have been enjoying their joke at your expense."

"Why, I don't altogether like such jokes," stammered the other, quite crest-fallen. He left the Irish Office immediately, vowing retribution on the party should he ever discover him, whose waggyery had placed him in such ridiculous circumstances.

Who the wag was has not been yet discovered;

and there is every probability that he will, if still alive, be as careful to preserve his secret as if he were a second Junius.

Nothing in the way of hoax is practised in the gallery at the present time, nor has there been for at least the past generation. The last one, which I have recorded—if, indeed, it was the work of a reporter—is the last which has been brought under my notice. The gentlemen of the gallery at the present day, taking them as a whole, have, in the first instance, a higher tone and style than their predecessors in the first quarter of the century, and therefore, on that account alone, would not resort to the practice of such jokes as those I have recorded. But in addition to this deterring consideration, they are worked too hard to have any leisure, even if they had the disposition, to have recourse to this sort of amusement. Parliamentary reporting was mere pastime, even so lately as fifty years ago; now it is one of the most laborious and responsible professions in which any one could engage.

In various portions of the previous parts of my work I have made incidental allusions to the Parliamentary reporters who have risen to various kinds of distinction. In adding to the number of names of persons of whom this is true, it will be as well to give those of them whom I remember in a collected form.

Among those whose names occur to me at the moment there is first of all that of Dr. Samuel Johnson. I have mentioned the fact in my first volume, that

Dr. Johnson, according to his own admission, never attended the gallery of the House of Commons as a reporter but once in his life. Still he is entitled to a place in the category of Parliamentary Reporters, because he wrote the reports for nearly three years for the *Gentleman's Magazine* from the verbal accounts of speeches which were delivered, which were furnished by members themselves, or by others who had heard the speeches. Dr. Hawkesworth, author of the *Adventurer*, succeeded Dr. Johnson as Parliamentary reporter for the publication just named. Some time after this, Mr. William Radcliffe, husband of Mrs. Radcliffe, the most popular of all our novelists nearly a century ago,—became connected, as Parliamentary reporter, with one of the newspapers of the day. Mr. Radcliffe, like "Memory Woodfall," not only had a remarkable memory, but could do things in his capacity as a reporter which neither Mr. Woodfall nor any one else, so far as I know, ever did. He was in the habit of proceeding direct from the House of Commons to the composing-room of the paper with which he was connected, and there dictating at once to compositors two distinct reports. Mr. Radcliffe's love for reporting and for newspaper journalism generally, was an intense passion. He sacrificed brilliant prospects at the bar, and even gave up for that passion an important diplomatic position, with still brighter prospects in the diplomatic service than those which he had at the bar.

Among the names of other Parliamentary re-

porters who rose to distinction, or are now filling important offices, I may mention those of Mr. Perry, editor and proprietor of the *Morning Chronicle*, Sir James Mackintosh, Mr. Sergeant Spankie, Mr. Thomas Barnes, editor for many years of the *Times*, Mr. Black, editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, Mr. Allan Cunningham, Mr. Justice Talfourd, Mr. Horace Twiss, a "summary" reporter, author of the "Life of Lord Eldon," and several able works on legal subjects; Mr. S. C. Hall, editor of the *Art Union*; Mr. William Jerdan, the originator, and for many years principal proprietor and editor of the *Literary Gazette*; Mr. John Payne Collier, the eminent annotator on the writings of Shakspeare; Mr. Sidney Taylor, for many years, in addition to his practice at the bar, principal leading article writer for the *Morning Herald* in the days of its greatest prestige and prosperity; Mr. Biddlestone, now holding one of the highest judicial appointments in India; Dr. Forbes Winslow, Mr. Charles Dickens, Dr. William Russell, Mr. Roche, Registrar in the Court of Bankruptcy; and Mr. Hazlitt, Registrar in the same Court. I have given this list of gentlemen that have risen to distinction of various kinds; who commenced their career as reporters in the gallery of the House of Commons. The list might be much enlarged, but these are the chief names which occur to me at the moment. I have great pleasure in being able to add, that I never yet knew an instance in which any one blushed in his after-life, however high, socially, may have been the

position to which he had attained, at a reference being made to the period at which he was a Parliamentary reporter. On the contrary, without one single exception, they have all been proud of the fact, and openly boasted of it—that they had commenced their career in the capacity of Parliamentary reporters for the Press.

CHAPTER X.

THE SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

Difference between "Our Own Correspondent" and the "Special Correspondent"—Duties of the Latter—His Courage and Zeal—The Dangers to which he is exposed—His Privations and Hardships—The "Special Correspondent's" Pay—The Allowance for his Expenses—Talents and Reputation of some "Special Correspondents."

EVERY daily paper, whether morning or evening, has now its "Special Correspondent" in times of revolution or of war. Most of the morning papers, indeed, have their Special Correspondents all the year round in the leading towns abroad. Formerly the Correspondent in any particular part of the world, whether at home or abroad, was called "Our Own Correspondent;" and there used to be a good deal of jocularly at the expense of "Our Own." "Our Own Correspondent" is an expression sometimes still employed, but in most cases the Editors of our daily journals prefer the phrase, "Our Special Correspondent." The latter designation is thought, for some reason or other, which I cannot comprehend, to be more dignified than the former. But as "the rose by any other name would smell as sweet," the phrase "From Our Special Correspondent," is at least as

good, for all practical purposes, as the expression, "From Our Own Correspondent," which was not only formerly the favourite phrase, but almost the only one ever used.

"The Special Correspondent" is an entirely different personage from the Correspondents regularly established in all the leading towns in Europe, or in America, or India, or Australia. The latter are fixtures in the various capitals or important towns from which their communications are dated. These places are the spheres of their duty all the year round. The Special Correspondent, on the contrary, so far from occupying a stationary position, is a gentleman whose vocation it is to go from place to place according to circumstances, and to record whatever matters of importance transpire in the different localities to which a sense of duty calls him. If a revolution breaks out in any country, he will have to transfer his presence to the particular part of the country which is, at the time, the great theatre of the revolutionary movement. The same observation applies to a country in which a war is carried on, or expected to take place. It is the duty of the "Special Correspondent" to follow the army whithersoever it goes, and furnish to the journal which sent him out as its "Special Correspondent," the best information he is able to obtain as to the daily progress of the war, without relation to the belligerents engaged in hostilities. In the late Franco-German war, we had instructive illustrations of this. Most of the "Specials"

from the daily London journals proceeded first to Metz, as Louis Napoleon had made that place, in the first instance, the basis of his aggressive operations against Prussia. Where, as in the case of the *Times*, several Correspondents were sent out to record the progress of the war, at least one "Special" was sent to the head-quarters of the Prussian Army, with authority to follow the German troops, whatever might be the direction which they should take, if they moved at all from the place which they had chosen as the basis of their operations. And these instructions were strictly observed by all the "Special Correspondents" from the first till the last hour of the late war.

The life of a "Special Correspondent," whether during a revolution, or in a campaign such as took place in the Crimea in 1854, or in America a few years ago, or within the last fifteen months in France, is, there cannot be a doubt, the most exciting life which a man could lead. It is at once full of the most striking incidents; and, when the "Specials" are courageous, and burning with zeal for the interests of those at home whom they represent, it is also exposed to the greatest perils. Of this we have had numerous instances in the late war between France and Prussia,—just as we had in the Crimean war, and in the war between the Southern and Northern divisions of America, a few years back. Referring more especially to our own countrymen in the Franco-Prussian war, it would be impossible to speak in ex-

aggerated terms of the courage which the "Special Correspondents" of the English journals displayed in confronting the imminent dangers to which they were exposed, from the excess of their zeal to promote the interests of the papers they respectively represented. The courage which they showed—speaking of them as a body—in exposing their lives to the greatest peril, was the admiration of all the officers in either army, who had the best opportunities of being cognizant of it. Again and again—still speaking of the majority of their number—they were arrested and imprisoned; and moment by moment they regarded as probable the contingency of being shot. But more than that,—they did literally seek, if not "the bubble reputation," the interests of their employers, "at the cannon's mouth!" Aye, and some of them found it too. Several Correspondents were killed, while many others were wounded. And nearly all of them had to submit to privations and injuries in the course of the campaign, of the greatness of which none but themselves can form any conception. Some of the injuries, indeed, so received, will in their effects be lasting as their lives.

But much as "*Our* Special Correspondents" suffered in this way in consequence of the zeal with which they laboured to discharge their duties to their employers at home, they bear no comparison to the loss of health and life which happened to the "Special Correspondents" of the American papers during the late war between the Northern and Southern

States of that country. Of course, great allowance must be made, in an estimate of the number and nature of the disasters to the "Special Correspondents" of the United States journals, compared with our English "Special Correspondents"—from the fact that the American war lasted fully five times as long as that between France and Prussia; but even then, it will be found that at least the fatal casualties to the "Special Correspondents" were considerably greater in the case of America than of Great Britain. The *New York Herald*, at the end of the war, publicly stated that from first to last it had upwards of sixty "Special Correspondents" at the various theatres of battle, and that of that number one was killed in action, three perished from illness and hardship; another "Special" was struck by a grape-shot, and was literally burned alive by the explosion of a shell. Another was twenty-seven times under fire, and received seven wounds; while a third was confined for fourteen months in gaol, ten days of the time being spent in a perfectly dark dungeon, "with," the *New York Herald* adds, "five desperate murderers, two of them negroes." Various others were invalided for life. From the further facts furnished by the *New York Herald*, the loss of horses was astoundingly great. Out of 123 horses which were purchased for the service of the "Specials," and sent to them at the several arenas of war, no fewer than seventy-eight were either killed or died from some kind or other of privation and hardship before

the close of the war. This loss, be it observed, of human life, and seriously impaired health,—to say nothing of the deaths of horses and the injuries sustained by those that survived—occurred in the case of one journal alone. As each of the other leading journals of New York also sent out to the seat of war a greater or less number of “Specials,” who were equally zealous and courageous in the service of the proprietors of their several journals, there must have been a correspondingly large loss of life and health in their case, during the war of the Northern with the Southern States of America.

And in here speaking of the late American war, and of the perils to which Special Correspondents expose their lives in their zeal for the journals they represent, I may mention a well-authenticated remarkable proof of this, which has been brought to my notice while engaged in writing this chapter. The anecdote furnishes as striking an illustration as could be given, that not only will “Special Correspondents” expose their lives to imminent danger in their zeal for the reputation and the interests of the papers in whose employ they are, but that they will, for the moment, should the necessity arise, put in abeyance the most cherished friendships. I give the anecdote in the writer’s own words. After describing a perilous adventure shared by two Correspondents of two New York papers in their anxiety to forward information of a most important kind, at the earliest possible moment, the writer adds :—“The same gen-

tleman who participated with me in this adventure once had a not dissimilar one in Georgia. A rival correspondent with a very full and valuable list of the killed and wounded in one of the Atlanta battles was on a train with Mr. Furay, both *en route* to Cincinnati with full details of the battle. The train was thrown from the track at night, and the car in which the correspondents were seated broken into fragments, and several passengers killed and many wounded. Fortunately both correspondents were unhurt, and managed to extricate themselves from the ruins. The ruling passion was strong amidst death, and ten minutes after the two correspondents met each other groping about in the dark, each looking for the other's dead body and *notes of the battle!* It was a grim joke, but each enjoyed it."

The italics are the writer's. Who could believe it possible that under such circumstances as those here described, the one idea that could have taken possession of the minds of these two "Specials" was, that each believing the other to have been killed, was a determination to obtain possession, by searching the other's pockets, of his account of the great battle, in order that it might appear as part of his own, in the journal which he represented?

Recurring to our own "Specials" in the Crimean and Franco-Prussian wars, such risks of the loss of health and life—to say nothing of great and manifold hardships, in the very nature of things inevitable, from the kind of duties which were to be performed -

would require at least whatever compensation liberal pay could render. And it is due to the proprietors of the London Daily Press to say that in every instance, so far as consists with my personal knowledge, they treat their "Special Correspondents" with great liberality and generosity. As a rule, the class of gentlemen sent abroad as "War Correspondents" are Parliamentary reporters, whose weekly salaries are five guineas. But when sent out as "Special Correspondents" to the seat of war, the majority of them are allowed a weekly salary of ten guineas, with the payment of whatever expenses they may incur. And here I ought to mention, that they are never stinted in the matter of expenses, but told to provide themselves with everything they may deem necessary for the efficient and comfortable discharge of their professional duties. Ten guineas per week as salary were what I allowed to the gentleman whom I sent out for the *Morning Advertiser* at the beginning of the war between France and Prussia; and the weekly expenses, until his return, were something more than his salary. But I know of one paper whose weekly payments for salary and expenses were somewhat higher than those I have mentioned. With regard, again, to the *Times*, I am assured that the expenses per week which each of its War Correspondents cost, were between 30*l.* and 40*l.*; and this, be it observed, was exclusive of the heavy item for telegraphic communications forwarded by the "Specials" to Printing House Square. Altogether the expenses of the *Times* for its War Correspondence

must have been enormously great,—so, too, they must have been in the case of some of the other morning papers. But we have no means of making, with any confidence, even an approximate guess as to what they were. Unless, indeed, the amount should be mentioned by the *Times* itself, we shall never know the large sum which the late war cost that journal.

But though it is not probable that the *Times* will ever let the public into any of its financial secrets, the journals on the other side of the Atlantic do not practice the same Puseyite doctrine of reserve. On the contrary, the New York papers come out now and then with revelations of a private nature which at once astonish and please the American public. The *New York Herald* states, and no one ever doubted the truth of the statement, that 30% were spent by one correspondent in inducing the conductor of a train to increase his speed to such an extent as to make sure of being in time to reach another train which was to start at a particular time for a particular place. The expenses of an account, consisting of three columns only, of the capture of New Orleans, were no less than 260%. A horse starved to death cost the proprietors of the *New York Herald* 40%. The sum altogether which the "Special Correspondence" cost that journal was nearly 120,000%, or 30,000% for each of the four years which the war between the Northern and Southern States lasted. War has been described by the Poet as "a game which, were their subjects wise, kings would not play at." It is, too, an expensive,

sometimes a ruinous game for newspapers. I speak with much confidence when I say, that the late Franco-German war, including what has been expended in describing the state of Paris after the war had ended, could not have been much less, if any, than 10,000*l.* to several of our London papers.

When the "Specials" return home, after the close of a war, those of them who are Parliamentary reporters—and, as before-mentioned, the majority of them are so—resume the position in the gallery of the House of Commons which they previously occupied. Some few adventurous spirits are quite willing, should they be called on, to go out again and brave the dangers, and do battle with the hardships and privations of a campaign, but in most cases the preference would be given to the salary of 5*l.* 5*s.* in London, with the comparative ease and quietude of an ordinary reportership, to the 10*l.* 10*s.*, or 12*l.* 12*s.*, "and all expenses paid," annexed to the discharge of the duties of a "War Correspondent."

Some of the "Special Correspondents" have established for themselves a high reputation by their writings in that capacity. As a body, indeed, they are men of great abilities,—which may, indeed, be inferred from the fact that they are singled out from the other members of the reporting staff of the newspaper establishments with which they had been before connected; but while every "Special" is a man of more than average talent, there are some who acquire a celebrity above all others. The name of Dr.

Russell, of the *Times*, will at once occur, in proof of this, to the mind of the reader. He towered above every "Special" that went before him, and is likely to do so for an indefinite period as regards all who are destined to come after him. He was taken from the gallery, in which he had been for fourteen years previously, without attracting any special attention from the outside literary world; but the conductors of the *Times* knew and appreciated his surpassing descriptive powers, and when the Crimean War was on the eve of breaking out, they singled him out from his fifteen colleagues in the Reporters' Gallery of the House of Commons, and sent him at a most liberal salary—a fact which, just before his departure he mentioned to me, on meeting him accidentally in the street,—with *carte blanche* to incur any amount of expenditure which he might deem necessary to insure the success of his mission as the representative of the *Times*. The whole civilized world knows how brilliant that success was. He who was before unknown beyond the circle of his literary and private friends, found himself in less than twelve months, the best known and most admired literary man, with perhaps the solitary exception of Mr. Charles Dickens, in the world.

My observations in connexion with the Special War Correspondents have hitherto related exclusively, as regarded the United States' Correspondents, to the American War of a few years ago; and as regards our own Special Correspondents, to those sent out by our own morning journals to record the progress of

the Franco-Prussian War. But there was a great war many years before either of the latter two wars, which may, in some sense, be said to have been the first war which ever called forth the energy and liberality of the proprietors of the London morning papers. I allude to the Crimean War, which I have already simply named. The bravery which our "Specials" displayed in that war, by placing themselves in positions of imminent peril, in the fulfilment of their reporting functions, and the patience with which they bore privations, chiefly arising from the rigours of a Crimean winter climate, which were almost unbearable,—were above all praise, and will doubtless have a prominent place assigned them when the future historian comes to record the leading incidents of that eventful war with Russia.

To the morning journals, I ought to add, which sent out Special Correspondents, the Crimean War was one of very great expense. The amount which the *Morning Advertiser* paid, between salaries and expenses, to the Special Correspondent whom I sent out for that journal, was 1500*l.*, though the war lasted little more than eight months. The amount which the Crimean War cost the *Times* could not have been less than from 5000*l.* to 6000*l.* My impression is that it must have been considerably more than even the latter sum.

But of all the curious instances of newspaper enterprise in connexion with "Special Correspondents," in distant places, which have ever come to my know-

ledge, there is none which can be compared to one which is seriously stated in the American papers to be a fact,—namely, that the *New York Herald* has a “Special Correspondent” who dates his communications to that journal “From the Vicinity of the North Pole.” For what particular purpose this “Special” has been sent thither does not transpire in the journal which records the fact; but in his cold quarters, “The Vicinity of the North Pole,” he must be a “Special Correspondent” in a double sense,—in an isolated sense, notwithstanding the numbers of which the “Special” fraternity consists.

CHAPTER XI.

PENNY-A-LINERS.

The Penny-a-Liner's Labours and Earnings—His Mode of Manufacturing his Copy—Necessary Qualifications for Penny-a-Lining—Specimen of Penny-a-Lining—Particular Penny-a-Liners have their Special Departments—Rival Penny-a-Liners—An Illustrative Anecdote—Cleverness of the "Liners"—Their Expedients—The Duke and the Penny-a-Liner—The Liners and the Bishop of London—Stealing the Bishop's Charge—General Observations on the Liners.

EVERY one knows, who is acquainted with the Metropolitan Newspaper Press, that there is a class of reporters called "Penny-a-Liners." They are so called because originally the price they received for their reports was a penny a line. Now, as will be seen hereafter, their remuneration is at a higher rate. The marked characteristic of this class of persons, who get their living by their chance contributions to the London journals, is the enormous amount of labour they go through, often without any certainty that they will receive a single sixpence of remuneration for it. It is quite a common thing for each of the fraternity to walk six or seven miles a day with the view of attending coroners' inquests, or other matters,—a report of which for the morning

papers may bring them a few shillings, yet they may toil until midnight, and, after all, not get even a shilling for their trouble. I have even known instances in which the penny-a-liner has attended five or six coroner's inquests in one day, writing what would make a quarter of a column report of each, without one single line appearing on the following day in any of the six morning papers. I can conceive of nothing more disheartening than such utter want of success, after such prolonged and tiring labours. Nothing grieved me more during the many years of my editorship of a morning journal, than the often occurring fact, that as much matter had been sent in the course of a week to the office, as would have filled from two to three columns of the paper, and yet that when Saturday, the pay-day, came, some liner had not even so much as a shilling to receive. The causes of the exclusion of the copy thus sent were various. Sometimes the matter did not possess any public interest; but more frequently the cause was the want of space—in other words, the press of matter of much greater importance, even when the penny-a-liner's report was not devoid of interest. But when his copy is used even sparingly, in two or three of the papers, he receives a sum at the end of the week which is at least equal to the mechanic's wages,—each of the six papers, with the exception of one, paying the "liner" three halfpence per line, so that forty lines would entitle him to five shillings. If two others of the papers use an equal quantity of

his copy, he would that day earn his fifteen shillings. If on an average he were to receive the same sum four days out of the six, he would receive on the aggregate his 3*l*. Could he only average this amount all the year round he would get on pretty well, because he is not expected to dress or live like Parliamentary reporters, the latter have to "make an appearance." The "liner" knows nothing of society, nor does he care for it. He is destitute of all ambition beyond what he considers the highest of all kinds of ambition,—that of getting his copy "used." That to get his reports accepted, as the indispensable preliminary to their being paid for, is the great and all-engrossing object of his life,—he is willing to admit when pressed on the subject. Some years ago there was a "liner" of great good nature, and somewhat odd in his manner; and though few of the fraternity are distinguished for their acquaintance with Lindley Murray, this one positively, in practice at least, scorned all grammarians. He used to be chaffed for his systematic violation of the rules of grammar, and in self-defence always maintained that there was no man on the press who wrote better grammar than he did. It was proved that some brief report of his, which appeared in one of the papers that morning, was full of grammatical blunders,—on which, but still maintaining that he was the greatest journalistic grammarian of the age, he exclaimed, "Well, but what's the odds, so as the lines is in?" In these few words the whole system of penny-a-line philosophy is comprised. The "liner"

cares nothing for grammar, nor under what circumstances, or for what reason the "lines" find their way into the paper. The great thing is, to get the "lines" in. The penny-a-liner sometimes attempts fine writing, but that is not with a view to be considered intellectual, but in the hope that it may attract the Sub-Editor's attention, and make him feel favourably towards his copy. It is with the same view that though he himself may have no sympathies whatever with suffering humanity, he writes at times in a strain that would make one believe that the depth of his feeling for the unfortunate, is such as can hardly fail to break his heart. On occasions he denounces oppression, injustice, or anything that could cause misery to any of his fellow-men, with an energy and a seeming indignation far surpassing anything which comes from the pens of other men. So, too, he can assume the religious character, and though never, perhaps, entering a place of worship, condemn the vices of the day with a vehemence and boldness much greater than are to be found in one out of fifty of our Christian pulpits. So that the "liner" is both philanthropic and religious, when the matter respecting which he is engaged in reporting is of a nature to require that he should, for the occasion, play the philanthropist or the Christian. But in saying this I wish it to be distinctly understood that I am speaking of penny-a-liners as a class. I have known many of that body to whom my observations would not with justice apply; on the contrary, they have

been men of moral conduct, and of great warmth of heart.

But while the earnings of the "liners" are, as a rule, very inadequate considering the physical fatigue and the mental anxiety, which are unceasing concomitants of their labours, nearly all of them have their seasons of what they themselves term good luck. They drop now and then into something which proves comparatively a mine of wealth. Rather more than thirty years ago I remember a coroner's inquest of extraordinary interest being held in Shadwell. It was a case of death under most romantic circumstances. The incidents connected with the murder, which it was found by the coroner's jury to be, had so much of the tragical quality about them, that for ten days, during which the inquest lasted, all classes of the community were absorbed in the case, to the exclusion of all things else. It is the rule, and a very reasonable and right one I have always considered it to be, for the daily journals to continue to "use" the reports of the first "liner" who commences an account of any particular case. That rule was acted on in the instance to which I allude. Each of the ten days' proceedings were, in the case in question, reported by one "liner;" and as each of the six morning journals devoted from two to three columns of its space each day, the amount the "liner" received at the end was close upon 100%. Such wind-falls as these are of course rare; yet they do sometimes occur. There was a very recent instance.

A terrible catastrophe occurred three years ago on the London and Brighton Railway, whereby a number of passengers were killed. An inquest was held on the bodies of those who had lost their lives by the accident. Three penny-a-liners, acting in combination, commenced a report of the proceedings. Not supposing that the inquest would be prolonged I, as editor of a morning journal, accepted their copy. The inquest continued a second day, and was adjourned day after day for ten days. As the reports each day averaged nearly three columns, the whole sum which the report of that railway accident came to for the paper which I conducted, was 45*l.*, which were duly paid. Each of the other five papers paid a similar sum; and consequently the three "liners" were well rewarded for their ten days' labours. It is, no doubt, revealing the secrets of the prison-house, but that cannot be helped, if I mention a source whence the majority of the penny-a-liners derive occasional sums. I allude to the gratuities which they receive to suppress reports of cases which would be painful to the sorrowing relatives of persons who have committed suicide. I have known instances in which each of four penny-a-liners who have attended inquests on the bodies of parties who had destroyed themselves, received 5*l.* to suppress all reference to the proceedings at the inquest. As a rule the feeling of rivalry among the "liners" is so great that there is little of friendly feeling among them; but when a handsome sum is offered to each of those present to suppress a report,

the unanimity with which they receive the bribe is wonderful.

Still, taking "penny-a-lining" all in all, it is one of the most precarious and discouraging lives which any man could lead. Yet, strange to say, there are many who ply "penny-a-lining" as a means of livelihood, who not only persist till the end of the chapter in it themselves, but bring up their sons to it. There was lately, and there probably is still, a family consisting of three brothers who lived by "lining," and one of these brothers has at this moment three sons in the same "profession,"—the name with which they dignify their reports of fires, inquests, and other exciting occurrences. Neither of the four earn enough to enable them to get a good meal, or keep a decent coat on their backs, yet they still cling to the "profession," after a long series of years of all but absolute starvation while following it.

In speaking, as I have done, of the penny-a-liner sending copy to all the morning papers, my statement to that effect would be incomplete did I not add a word or two in explanation of the way in which this is done. Their labours are hard and heavy enough in attending several coroners' inquests in one day, each requiring their close attention for two, three, and often four hours in a hot and ill-ventilated room, without being able to obtain more, in the ordinary way, than one copy, even if they had the time, which they have not. The plan, therefore, which they adopt is to manifold the copy,—that is, to write on what is

called flimsy paper, with a piece of ivory tapered at the point. A blackened piece of paper is placed between each of the pieces of flimsy, and the ivory pen, as it is called—though pen, properly speaking, it is not—then runs over the uppermost of the flimsy leaves, just as if the “liner” were writing with a common pen, and on ordinary paper. The result of the process is that five or six copies of the thing written are produced at once, and as there are only six morning papers to which “copy” is to be sent, it is not necessary to produce more than six impressions. Indeed, if more are required, the result will be that the seventh will be fainter than the rest; and the eighth, if so many should be wanted, is sure to be so faint as to be hardly readable. This faintness, after the fifth in some cases—in all cases after the sixth—is caused by the “liner” finding it difficult to supply the necessary pressure when he is writing. This then is the mode which the “liners” adopt to produce simultaneously five or six copies of their reports, and by means of which they can send copy to all the papers at once.

Though the majority of the penny-a-liners are not educated, there are always some few among them who are so talented as to educate themselves sufficiently for the purposes necessary to the efficient discharge of their duties. Such persons now and then emerge from the humble and often derided position in which they were as “liners;” but such instances are few compared with the number who remain “liners” till the end of the chapter.

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A successful penny-a-liner must be somewhat of an artist. He must contrive, by some means or other, to throw a certain amount of interest around the beginning of his copy, otherwise it has little chance of attracting the Sub-Editor's attention; and failing in that, he is sure to throw the copy at once aside. The waste-basket is its inevitable and immediate destiny. The artistic "liner," therefore, in reporting the most commonplace suicide, will begin by something sensational. He will give an exordium in some such language as this:—"Last evening the whole of the neighbourhood of Blank Street, Islington, was thrown into a state of the utmost consternation in consequence of its having transpired that one of the most desperate cases of suicide ever known had occurred in No. 25 of that street. The particulars of this deplorable tragedy have been furnished to us, and are as follows." Then come the particulars, and usually a good deal more than the particulars. This mode of introducing the report would be likely to attract the Sub-Editor's attention, and he would probably use all, or at least a part, of the "liner's" copy; whereas, had it come before him in some such simple way as the following:—"Last evening a case of suicide occurred at No. 25, Blank Street, Islington," &c., it would have been thrown at once into the waste-basket.

But to insure even moderate success in his calling, the "liner" must also deal largely in the sensational. If not sensational, indeed, he is nothing. He must

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write with as much seeming earnestness as if his whole mental and moral nature was absorbed in his subject. In this respect he must play the actor; and some of the penny-a-liners of the present day are, in that respect, great masters in their art.

There is another qualification which is indispensable to the character of a true penny-a-liner. I refer to an aptitude for verbose writing. He must, practically at least, reject as a heresy in his calling the truth of the saying that "brevity is the soul of wit." Instead of condensing, it is his duty to lengthen. Words are the things he worships. As he is paid by quantity, he is unfit for his "profession" unless he possesses the talent of stating a fact, or expressing a sentiment, in the greatest possible number of words of which the statement of the fact, or the expression of the sentiment, will admit. And to do the body justice, they all more or less excel in the use of words. Dean Swift ridiculed the quantity of verbiage which was employed in his day in stating simple facts, or expressing obvious ideas, in public lectures on scientific, professional, or philosophic subjects, and he gave an illustration. He said that a lecturer in a medical hall would take half an hour to tell you that some unfortunate man had fractured his leg, whereas the poor man himself would tell you the same thing in five words—"I have broken my leg." Penny-a-liners would, in this matter, have no sympathy with Dean Swift. The hero, in their estimation, would be the man who took half an hour to tell what might be

told in five words. Had Hamlet lived in our day, when he could have read the writings of our penny-a-liners, he would have had reason to exclaim, "Words, words, words," in another sense than that in which Shakspeare puts them into his mouth.

But it is not in the use of mere words that the artistical penny-a-liner excels. Though his affluence in that way is wonderful, something more is required in order to insure success in his "profession,"—for so, I repeat, the liner always speaks of his occupation, and so he would like to have it spoken of by others. He classes himself among reporters, in the highest acceptation of the term, and as reporting is called a "profession," he does not see why his department of it should not be dignified by the name. But with regard to my remark that something more than mere wealth of "words" is necessary to the success of the liner, another essential thing is first to arrest and then to keep up the attention of the Sub-Editor, who has to read his flimsy, till the last. Unless he does this, the "copy" will certainly be consigned to the waste-basket. The way in which this can be done, and it is the only one, is to lug in all the variety of matter which his ingenuity can suggest, in addition to his writing throughout with an earnestness as apparently intense as if his whole soul was absorbed in his subject. It was my intention to have given some specimens of this sort of "penny-a-lining" which have come under my own observation in the "flimsy" state; but while about to do so, my eye chanced to

light on a sample given in a recent number of a monthly magazine. As it is a very fair specimen of masterly "penny-a-lining,"—combining, as it does, profusion of words with variety of information and intense earnestness on the part of the writer,—I cannot do better than transfer it to my pages. It will be seen that the subject is simply a sudden death,—an event which occurs in the metropolis every hour of the day. But see how adroit the "liner" is in making bricks without straw. See how successfully, and with how much seeming ease, he can make something out of nothing. The following is the "liner's" report of this simple case of sudden death:—

AWFULLY SUDDEN DEATH OF A LATE CUSTOM-
HOUSE OFFICER'S ELDEST SON IN A PORK-
BUTCHER'S SHOP.

Yesterday, an inquest was held before Mr. Dedalive, the coroner for the North-Western District of the metropolis, and a highly-respectable jury, at the Bear and Blunderbuss tavern, at the corner of Phillips Street and Upper Frederick Place, Tottenham Court Road, on the body of Mr. Gregory Reginald Potts, aged twenty-eight years, the eldest son of the late Mr. Thomas Carnaby Potts, of Pimlico, who formerly held an appointment in her Majesty's Customs at the Port of London. On Monday afternoon Mr. Gregory Reginald Potts, having business to transact at the West End, when near the well-known establishment of Messrs. Swan and Edgar, of Regent Street and Piccadilly, hailed William Hornblower, a cabman, No. 79,814, about half-past four o'clock in the afternoon, and asked him how much he would take him to Islington Green for. Horn-

blower said his legal fare was three-and-sixpence, but he would take him for two-and-sixpence, not having had a fare all day, and wishing to earn something. He said that would do, and got into his vehicle, and as he was driving him along Tottenham Court Road, and when just opposite the corner of Little Upper Great Brown Street, he asked him to turn up there and stop at the shop of Mr. Dawkinson, a highly-respectable pork-butcher living there, as he felt a pain in his stomach and a dizziness in his head. The cabman Hornblower did as he was requested to do, and it was thought by some that he (Mr. Gregory Reginald Potts) was still alive when they got to Mr. Dawkinson's shop; but whether such was the case or not, it is quite certain that before anything could be prescribed for him he was a corpse. Mr. Mortimer Miles, a Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, living at 84, Tottenham Court Road Crescent, was at once called in, and he pronounced life extinct.

Must not that man be a master of his "profession" who, in announcing the sudden death of "Mr. Gregory Reginald Potts, the eldest son of a late Custom House officer," could not only clothe his report with so much varied information, but could write with as much seeming intensity of feeling as if he had been describing a world in flames? Nothing but genius of the highest order—I mean genius as a "penny-a-liner"—could have produced so much interesting reading without, literally, any materials on which to work. No one can read what the artist has thus written without coming to the conclusion, that his whole mental and moral nature must have been as much absorbed in his subject, as if he had never bestowed a single thought on any other of the world's objects or interests.

Amidst all the drudgery which penny-a-liners have to go through, there is a wonderful buoyancy, mingled with humour, in some of their number. The life they lead is one of great excitement, and that seems to keep their spirits up. I have often been amused at an incident which was once narrated to me in relation to the penny-a-line brotherhood, because it showed what ingenuity some of them can display in cases of emergency. He was grievously troubled with his wife, as many persons not penny-a-liners have been with theirs. She seemed to take a special pleasure in quarrelling with her husband. To do so, indeed, looked very much like, to her, what Junius says of the air we breathe, "If we have it not, we die." "Scenes" with her husband seemed to be essential to her existence, and the stereotyped conclusion to her side of the argument was, that she would go and destroy herself by throwing herself over Waterloo Bridge. There was a dramatic fitness in naming Waterloo Bridge as the locality selected for the closing scene, because she and her husband lived at a convenient distance from that bridge. She made use of this threat all the more frequently, because she found from experience that it always had the effect of vanquishing her husband in their domestic conflicts. But we all know the story of the shepherd boy and the coming of the wolf. He had raised the alarm so often when there was no ground for it, that when the wolf actually did come, and he had raised the usual cry of "Wolf!" no one believed him. The result

was that the sheep were all destroyed. The unfortunate "liner" had been so often threatened by his wife with suicide from off Waterloo Bridge, that he ceased to be troubled by her threats. But he went, after a time, somewhat farther than this. He mustered the requisite courage to say to her, on her renewing the threat of a leap from Waterloo Bridge, "Very well, do as you please—only, if you carry out your threat, I will at least have this satisfaction, that I will have the earliest and most accurate intelligence of the event, and will put a paragraph in all the papers, announcing it." This altered the state of things. The idea of her suicide being made known to the world, and still more, perhaps, the thought that her husband would, as a penny-a-liner, receive money for reporting the self-destruction of his wife, had the desired effect. She never afterwards renewed the threat of committing suicide, to the great joy of her husband; but within the last two years, he himself has passed away from all his troubles in this world, including those caused by his wife.

Particular penny-a-liners have their specialities with regard to the subjects in which they deal. For many years one of the brotherhood applied himself in so especial a manner to reporting fires, that at last he not only imagined that he had a prescriptive right to a monopoly of that department of "lining," but the other "liners," in effect, recognised his right. So, too, did several of the Editors of the morning papers. I was one of those Editors who did so; and

my reason was, that so great was his desire to be early and accurate in his reports, that he took a room above a fire engine station, and one most adapted of all the stations in the metropolis for the purpose. The moment the intimation reached the station that a fire had broken out at some particular place, one of the firemen awakened him from his sleep, and he, in an instant, leaped out of bed. Disregarding the usual exigencies of the toilet, he hurried downstairs, and before the horses could be yoked to the engine, planted himself by the side of the driver, and in this way was at the place of the conflagration always long before—sometimes hours before—any other “liner” made his appearance. Admiring such zeal and enterprise, a majority of the Editors of the morning papers,—myself among the number,—thought that the copy of this “liner” ought to be accepted in preference to that of any other. The result was that the other liners practically recognised his right to that part of the “lining” business, by not sending in their copy. They made, in other words, a virtue of necessity. They saw the hopelessness of competing with him, and thus allowed him to monopolize the reports of the “terrible conflagrations” which took place in the metropolis. To save trouble, and get his report ready for the papea as speedily as possible, he had always in readiness manifold copies of his report of the fire before it took place,—only leaving certain blanks for the name of the place where the fire occurred, the extent of the damage done, and the time the “conflagration” lasted.

These blanks he filled up after he quitted the scene ; and they were, as a rule, few in number, and easily filled up ; for the same description will answer in the main for the great majority of fires. When circumstances unlike those of the general run of "conflagrations" took place, the "liner" had, of course, to make the greater part of his report original, but this was comparatively seldom the case.

I have not been slow to recognise the "sensational" capabilities of our penny-a-liners in their mode of reporting ; and this especially applies to the descriptions they give of fires, where their stereotyped expressions dance, as Junius said on one occasion of Sir William Draper's figures of speech,—in all the mazes of metaphorical confusion ; but I must give, in this respect, to the American penny-a-liners, the palm of superiority. One very brief specimen of the "lining" of the latter, is now before me. I am sure the readers of this work will agree with me that none of our "liners" have ever equalled it. Here is the paragraph :—"A Down East newspaper, describing a recent fire, says :—'About this instant of time the rear-wall of the back edifice came down dash, with a stunning crash, which shook 'all Nater,' in the neighbourhood, and the fire-fiend, grinning with malignant glee, kicked his heels about the rear portion of the stores and clerks' offices adjoining the deflagrating structures !'"

The penny-a-liners, as a rule, are not guided by the laws of honour and honesty in their relations to each

other. If some particular one chanced to discover that some three, four, or five others of the fraternity received each a certain sum to suppress an account of an inquest which, if published, would cause great pain to surviving relatives or friends, he would, anonymously, write to the Editors of the papers, stating the fact, and who were the recipients of the money. The object in such cases would be to get the "black mark" put upon them in the various newspaper offices,—the "black mark" meaning that their copy should not in future be used. Yet he himself, had he been present at the inquest, would have been as ready as any of them to take his share of the bribe. In fact, in cases where matters of honour are concerned, the "liners," taught by experience, do not in the majority of cases, repose any implicit confidence in each other.

Penny-a-liners occasionally, too, play each other tricks when they think the probabilities are that they will escape detection. One of the most amusing as well as dishonest tricks which have ever come under my notice as having been played off by one "liner" at the expense of another, was practised many years ago. The rule with all the morning newspapers is, that the penny-a-liners shall put their copy into a letter-box made accessible during the night, and until the paper is all but ready for the press, but when any of the "liners" have procured unusually important intelligence, he is allowed access to the Sub-Editor's room for the purpose of drawing his attention to the

subject,—lest, amidst his multifarious duties, it might escape his notice. Many years ago, one of the penny-a-liners called on the Sub-Editor of one of the journals, to draw his attention to an article headed “Extraordinary and Romantic Case.” The Sub-Editor, however, having chanced to be at the time in communication with the Editor, in the room of the latter, the “liner” laid down his copy on the Sub-Editor’s desk, and quitted the establishment. Another “liner” entered the Sub-Editor’s room in a few minutes afterwards, before the latter had ended his interview with the Editor, and seeing the first slip of the article of the other lying before him, with the heading in large letters, “Extraordinary and Romantic Case,” he left his own copy, and taking up the copy of his brother “liner,” walked away with it. He found the case was, indeed, “extraordinary and romantic,” consisting, as it did, of exceedingly sensational matter in connexion with a reported elopement with a stable boy by a young lady—a great beauty and rich heiress of course—belonging to one of the highest families in the land. In actual elopements of this kind, the real names of the parties and the places are, as every one knows, never given; and therefore in this case the omission of these would not, the writer knew,—his name, Morgan Manifold, being signed to the article,—be a bar to its insertion. The second penny-a-liner, whose name was Frank Flimsy, very naturally concluded that this would be a prize, especially as it was of considerable length. He accord-

ingly set to work to send the report in, as if written by himself, and as if he had exclusively come to the knowledge of the alleged facts. Here I ought, parenthetically, to observe, that though the "penny-a-liners" usually manifold their copies, and send in copy to all the papers, there are always certain papers which give a preference to certain kinds of copy, while the other journals rarely accept copy of the same character. In such cases the copy is sent in on the ordinary paper to the journal most likely to accept it. That was so in this case. The explanatory statement I have made will account for the fact that the same copy was only sent to the particular journal to which I allude; and with it I resume my narrative. In order that the real author, Morgan Manifold, might not be able to charge Frank Flimsy with having stolen his copy and appropriated the remuneration to which the writer would be entitled, Flimsy made several alterations in the article, and abridged some portions of it,—only taking care that the principal points of it should be preserved.

An account of the case duly appeared on the following day, and created a great sensation in the public mind. The real author never suspected anything because of the alterations made in his report, it being quite an everyday thing for Sub-Editors to make alterations in copy sent in by the "liners." The actual writer was greatly pleased at seeing his "Extraordinary and Romantic Case" in a prominent part of the paper, and, as all the "liners" invariably do, set to work to

count the number of lines which it made, as decisive of the great practical point,—the amount he would receive for it. The other “liner,” Flimsy, was no less satisfied with himself, that his dishonest and dishonourable act had been crowned with success,—so that both writers, the real author and the literary thief, were equally happy on the appearance of the “Case;” and both looked forward to pay-day, when they should receive the monetary price of their labour. Each accordingly sent in his bill, and each, according to an arrangement existing in every morning paper, called on the following day for payment. The “liner” who stole the other “liner’s” copy was the first at the office; and of course at once received payment, and went away chuckling at the clever thing he had done. In the course of an hour or so, Manifold, the original writer, called at the office to receive payment. The cashier, indignant at the application, denounced him in no measured terms—for the poor penny-a-liner is rarely treated with respect—as seeking to do a dishonest and disgraceful deed. Of course Manifold was taken quite aback. He could not understand what it all meant. He asked for an explanation, but instead he only got an additional supply of epithets, which grew in strength as one after another was applied to him. At length the paymaster calmed down a little, and condescended to say that the copy was sent in by Frank Flimsy, and that he had received the sum due for it. “Impossible,” remarked Morgan Manifold; “impossible! The copy was mine, and could not be

any one's else, because I had exclusive knowledge of the facts. Could I see the Sub-Editor for a moment?" "Oh, certainly," said the cashier; and Manifold was forthwith shown up to his room. He again preferred his claim for payment of the money due for the article, reiterating with even greater energy than he had done downstairs in the cashier's room, that it was his. He added that if the Sub-Editor would only be good enough to send for the copy, that would prove the fact. The Sub-Editor accordingly sent for the copy, and on its production, instead of its being in the handwriting or having the signature of "Morgan Manifold," it was, to his inexpressible surprise, in the handwriting of "Frank Flimsy." Manifold indeed was so utterly confounded that he looked the very picture of an impostor. The natural consequence of this was, that the Sub-Editor came to the conclusion that he was in reality what he appeared to be,—namely, a rogue. He still, however, persisted in the assertion that the report of the affair was his, and his alone. At last the Sub-Editor, in order to have the matter cleared up, proposed that the two claimants for the amount due for the report should be brought face to face, in his presence, and the following day was fixed for the purpose. The three met, and the real author commenced by repeating the assertion, with greater vehemence than ever, that the article was his. Flimsy renewed his appeal to the fact, as decisive of the point at issue, that the manuscript was his, and that his name was appended to it as a voucher

for the truth of the statements it contained. He protested that he had received the particulars of the elopement in high life from an aristocratic friend, and that they were known to no one except himself beyond the family circle in which the event took place. The Sub-Editor—naturally enough under the circumstances—took the part of Flimsy. He did so mainly on the ground that he had never seen the manuscript of *Manifold*, though he so vehemently declared that he had, with his own hand, left it on his desk. A collision took place in the Sub-Editor's presence between the two penny-a-liners; and by and by the recriminations reached so great a height that *Manifold*, the real author, determined to be revenged on his enemy at all hazards, broke out with great energy in these words: "Sir, the article *is* mine. Flimsy must have stolen the copy I left on your desk, for there is not a word of truth in the story. It was a pure invention of mine from beginning to end!"

The Sub-Editor stood aghast, and Flimsy, the literary felon, was utterly confounded. He had not a word to say for himself. They were a pair of Lockits and Peachums. It was a nice point for a few moments in the Sub-Editor's mind to adjudicate as to the relative measure of roguery practised by the two. But his ultimate decision was, that there was scarcely in that respect a perceptible difference between them. He accordingly determined on inflicting the same punishment on both,—which punishment—the severest to which a liner could be subjected—was,

that he would never insert a single line of any copy they might thereafter send him. This determination he then and there announced to them, accompanied by the severest condemnation of their dishonourable and dishonest conduct; and they withdrew from the Sub-Editor's presence, each heartily hating the other, and both utterly ashamed of themselves.

The "ingenious devices" of the penny-a-liners have on some occasions over-matched the regular and most experienced Parliamentary reporters of the morning papers. An instance of this occurred upwards of twenty-five years ago, which excited much attention in journalistic circles at the time, because the fact to which I refer could not be explained. It will be in the remembrance of many of my readers, that at the time to which I have alluded, Lord John Manners became a candidate, in the Conservative interest, for the representation of Colchester; and as the borough was eminently Liberal, and Lord John Manners was looked upon as the leader of a new Tory party, which had just sprung up under the name of "the Young England Party," all the morning papers, with one exception, had sent their choicest reporters to give Lord John's first address to the electors of Colchester. The meeting was appointed to take place at a somewhat late hour in the evening, but still it was expected that Lord John would speak in time to enable the reporters to catch a train from Colchester which would reach London in time for writing out their reports. It so happened, however, that Lord John

Manners was later in reaching Colchester than had been expected ; and to make matters worse for the reporters, the gentleman who introduced him made a terribly long speech. The result was, that the train by which they were to return to London had started before Lord John had got half through his speech. Of course there was no alternative but to defer the publication of his speech for another day. But it so happened that the only paper which had not sent a special gentleman to report Lord John Manners' speech gave nearly a column of it on the following morning ; while all the other papers expressed their regret that, owing to there being no train from Colchester after the speech was delivered, they must defer their report till the following day. The awkwardness of this, with a copious report appearing in one of the morning papers, may easily be imagined ; and each of the journals that had sent its special reporter to Colchester, requested an explanation of the circumstance, but none of the gentlemen could give any. All that they could say was that Lord John Manners had not concluded his speech until after the departure of the last train that evening. The matter remained for a time a great mystery ; but by and by it was explained. A penny-a-liner possessing no ordinary resources, foreseeing the probability of Lord John not commencing his speech in time for the train, or, if commencing it, not concluding it until too late,—arranged with another liner to go down to Colchester on what penny-a-liners call “speculation,”—which means taking their chance

of getting their "copy" inserted. The two, accordingly, started for Colchester, having previously obtained free railway passes. On reaching the latter place, one of them went direct to the Town Hall, where the constituency were assembled, and the other went in quest of Lord John's Address to the electors, which he had learnt on arriving at the station, had just been issued. They had agreed to meet at the station again in exactly forty minutes, that being the latest time at which they would get any chance of returning that evening to London. The liner who went to the place of meeting had just time to see the aspect of the assembly, to get the name of the Chairman, and of the gentleman who introduced Lord John Manners to the meeting; and also to hear the latter begin his speech. The two liners met, according to appointment, at the station, and in terms of a previous arrangement with the guard of a goods train, went into his compartment, and there on their way to London prepared their report for the morning paper alluded to. The one who went to the meeting was, of course, true to the traditions of penny-a-lining, and was sensational and wordy as to the greatness of the gathering; while the other, knowing that Lord John Manners would substantially repeat—only at greater length—what he had said in his printed Address, which was not issued in time to be seen by the meeting, succeeded in making a very nice speech for Lord John out of the materials supplied by the Address. When the explanation of how the thing was managed

became known, it was universally admitted to have been done with great cleverness. I may just add, that Lord John Manners was signally defeated in his contest for the representation of Colchester ; and that it was the disappointment which he felt at the result, which made him adopt the determination—so universally believed for some time afterwards—not only to retire from public life, but to retire into a monastery, he being at the time an ultra-Puseyite. Be that as it may, he only once appeared in public for many years afterwards, and that one occasion was when at a meeting in the Guildhall, he subjected himself to much merriment by his utterance of the lines :—

Let laws and learning, trade and commerce die,
But leave us still our old nobility.

Lord John Manners remained out of Parliament for years after this, but he again re-entered legislative life, and was during the first Government of the late Lord Derby, Commissioner of Woods and Forests.

I have often myself, in the discharge of my editorial duties, had to admire the cleverness of the “liners” in the fulfilment of their functions ; but I have seldom met with anything which could, in this respect, surpass what took place on one occasion during the brief period of the Duke of Wellington’s Premiership. Most people are aware that the Duke was, during the latter years of his life, very deaf, and that, imagining when in conversation with others, they could not hear him when he spoke, unless he

could hear himself, he was in the habit of speaking in loud tones. One night in the House of Lords there had been something like a scene as to the supposed course which the Wellington Administration meant to take on a great impending political question, and on which the Opposition had in vain sought to extort some information from the Duke, as the head of the Ministry. A penny-a-liner, who happened to have been that evening in the precincts of the House, and had caught some information as to what had passed within its walls; chanced to remain until he saw the Duke leave the House on his way home. Seeing that he took the arm of another Tory Peer—for he often walked home on foot to Apsley House—the “liner,” who knew that the Duke, owing to his deafness, always talked, as I have stated, in loud tones, resolved to follow him and his fellow Peer. He did so, and before the Duke and his companion had walked fifty yards, the former began to speak to his Tory friend in the most unreserved manner with regard to the course which the Ministry meant to take in relation to the important question to which I have alluded as being impending, and on the issue of which the fate of the Duke’s Government depended. Of course, the “liner” was all attention, and the night being dark, he could walk near the two Tory Peers without either dreaming that any one else was their auditor. He consequently was close on their heels, and was so intent on catching every word of importance that fell from

the Duke, that if he had had twenty ears instead of two, he would have "lent" them, on the occasion, to the Duke, without being asked for the loan. The liner, I need hardly add, followed the two Peers as closely as if he had been a police spy on the Duke's movements, until they reached Apsley House,—so as that not a single word which the Duke might utter should be lost. The information as to the course which the Duke, as Prime Minister, meant to take on the important question before the Peers, and which was engrossing the attention of the country generally, was unreservedly stated to his friend, although he had, in his own decisive and half-haughty way, refused to give even the slightest idea of that course to the House of Lords, but a few hours before.

The "penny-a-liner," having thus got fully into the Government secret as to the course it meant to take on a momentous political question, at once turned his attention to the point, as to how he should be able to make the best of it in the only practical sense,—one which is ever uppermost in the "liner's" mind. Of course he knew that not only would none of the Government papers use "copy" which disclosed Government secrets of the utmost importance, but that if it were sent in the usual "flimsy" form to the other papers, they would reject the "copy," as professing to convey information of so secret and important a kind as that no poor "penny-a-liner" could have any possible means of obtaining it. An idea struck the "liner." Mr. Black, then Editor of the *Morning*

Chronicle, had that very day, and for some days before, been assailing Ministers with his heaviest artillery because they refused to give any information, either to Parliament or the public, as to the course they meant to pursue in relation to the question to which the conversation of the Duke of Wellington and his brother Tory Peer related; and it occurred to him, under the circumstances, that he would call on Mr. Black with the account which he had written of the conversation between the two Peers, and then, in the probable event of Mr. Black expressing doubts as to what means he possessed of obtaining such information, make a candid confession as to the way in which he acquired it. The "liner" sent upstairs, on calling at the office of the *Morning Chronicle*, a note to Mr. Black begging a few minutes' interview on urgent and important business. Mr. Black told the messenger that he would see the party. The "liner" accordingly entered the editorial sanctum, and on doing so, said he had come to submit to Mr. Black an important piece of intelligence. And saying this, he handed the MS. to Mr. Black. The latter read it with mingled interest and surprise, and then turning to the "liner," asked him whether he could vouch for the correctness of his statements. The "liner" answered in the affirmative. "But how," added Mr. Black, in somewhat stern and suspicious tones, "could you have come by the knowledge of the information contained in your copy?" The "liner," who, as before mentioned, had made up his

mind to be candid, though at the expense of his character, related to Mr. Black the story as I have told it, and he, not doubting the truth of the "liner's" report, at once accepted the "copy," and paid the writer a handsome sum for it.

Next morning the "liner" acquired an importance in the columns of the *Chronicle* which he had never reached before in any of the morning journals. He found that his "copy" had had the honour conferred upon it of not only being made the first article in the leading columns of the paper, but of having received the dignity of appearing in large type, with double leads. The information created a great sensation, both among the Liberals and the Tories. The Liberals were overjoyed, because it was for them half the battle to know what the course was which the Government meant to pursue in relation to the great question occupying at the time the thoughts alike of Parliament and the public. The Tories were indignant and mortified beyond measure to think that intelligence which had, up till that moment, been withheld from the most influential persons belonging to their party, should be made public in a journal which was not only Liberal in its politics, but absolutely fierce in its opposition to the Duke of Wellington's Government. In the Clubs, and, indeed, in all political circles, the matter continued for some days to be almost the sole subject of conversation; and the theories advanced as to how the *Chronicle* had come by the information were endless. Mr. Black reli-

giously kept the secret, and so, it is hardly necessary to say, did the "liner." The late Mr. William Clement was principal proprietor of the *Morning Chronicle* at the time, and he was literally besieged at the Reform Club, and by Members of Parliament, and other men of note, wherever he went, to tell them—of course in confidence—how the *Chronicle* had obtained the information; but in order that the intelligence might do its work in the way of injuring the Tory cause and benefiting the Liberal interest, Mr. Black refused to tell even Mr. Clement through what means he procured information which, it was soon ascertained, had not even been made known to the Duke's own Cabinet.

The lapse of a few days sufficed to confirm the perfect accuracy of the *Chronicle's* statements. But in the interim there was terrible work in the form of bewilderment and suspicion in the realms of Toryism, as to who the party was who had betrayed the Duke's Government. The party, as a whole, were not aware that the Cabinet were ignorant of the course which the Duke meant to adopt, as Premier, in relation to the important question about to be brought before the House of Lords; and therefore each member of the Cabinet was, in his turn, suspected. It was on all hands a settled point that there must be a traitor to the Tory cause somewhere in the regions of Downing Street. The suspicions of the Duke himself centred most naturally on the Peer who walked home with him, on the night alluded to, from the House of Lords to Apsley House. And having those

suspicious, the Duke was not the man to hesitate to express them. Neither was he the man to practise the art of circumlocution as to the language which he addressed to the Tory Peer whom he believed to have betrayed his confidence. This, I need not say, was no enviable position for the latter to be in, so long as the matter remained a mystery. By-and-by, however, the facts of the case oozed out, and the discovery of the circumstances under which the *Morning Chronicle* procured the information which had created so much excitement in the political world, invested the "profession" of penny-a-linerism with a greater interest than had ever attached to it before.

No man can be a successful penny-a-liner who is not an adept at ingenious devices, and who cannot have recourse to them the moment an opportunity presents itself of turning them to account. So far from blaming the "liners" for this, if their expedients did not in any way violate the laws of honour and honesty, everybody would give them credit for their cleverness; but unhappily the liners, as a class—I speak only of them as a class, for there are many honourable exceptions—are not always scrupulous as to the means to which they resort, provided they think them likely to be successful, with the view of accomplishing their object. That object unfortunately is to get their "copy" into the papers, because, like Mrs. Glasse, who deemed it an indispensable preliminary to cooking the hare, that it should first be caught, they all know that, no matter

what quantity of copy they may send in to the papers, not a sixpence will be allowed them unless some part of it be used, and then only for the part that is used. In confirmation of what I have stated as to the unscrupulousness of the penny-a-liners—still speaking of them as a class—as regards the means they employ to get “copy,” or the materials for copy, I may mention what took place a quarter of a century ago. A short time before the late Dr. Blomfield, Bishop of London, resigned his See, he was known to have prepared his Triennial Charge to the clergy of his diocese; and as Puseyism was then making rapid progress, the most intense anxiety was generally felt to know how he would deal with the innovations in a large number of our metropolitan churches. The day on which the Bishop’s Charge was to be delivered was, of course, duly announced. On the day before the one appointed for that purpose, two of the “liners” called on Dr. Blomfield, at London House, to solicit the favour of his furnishing them with the manuscript of his Charge as soon as it was delivered; they of course engaging, when they had copied the more important parts of the document, to return it to him. On being shown into the Bishop’s library, the Bishop himself being at the time in some other part of his palace, they saw the Charge lying on the table. Finding it was complete, the idea occurred to them that, in accordance with the well known proverb, “A bird in hand is worth two in the bush,” and the two “liners” agreed

in opinion that the surest way for them to obtain the "Charge" would be to take a temporary loan of it without the Bishop's permission being asked. Accordingly one of them put the important document into his pocket; and that done, and no Bishop making his appearance, the couple of felons forthwith quietly walked out. Dr. Blomfield, after the lapse of a little time, entered his library to see the visitors, who had expressed to the servant "a wish to see his Lordship on business;" but they had vanished. Imagining that they would by-and-by return, he left the library room without missing the stolen Charge. In the course of the evening, however, he wished to make some addition to a particular part of it, and went into the library with that view. Imagine what were the Bishop's feelings—I might almost say horror—when he found it was gone! The servant who let the two "penny-a-liner" thieves in, could give no account of them beyond describing their general appearance, and expressing an opinion as to their probable age. Let the reader further conceive, as well as he can, what must have been the state of the Bishop's mind during all the evening. What was to be done? The meeting of his clergy could not be put off, and as a mere mechanical effort, putting intellect out of the question, he could not prepare another Charge in time for the assembling of those for whom it was intended. Probably, more intense mental agony has been seldom felt, than that which Bishop Blomfield experienced during the interval between his missing the MS. and

its return to him,—which took place at midnight. In the meantime the felon “liners” had copied in flimsy the more interesting portions of the Bishop’s Charge to his clergy, and sent the “copy” to the various morning papers, by each of which it was inserted. To put the newspaper Sub-Editors off their guard, the “copy” was prefaced by words to the following effect, if not literally the same :—“ We are enabled to furnish the following extracts from the more important parts of the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of London’s Charge, to be delivered to the clergy of his diocese this day.” Some of the “liners,” finding that they received no part of the spoil, and learning who the thieves were, furnished the names to the Bishop ; but though in the first instance he resolved on bringing them before the Bow Street magistrates, he thought it better, on further reflection, to let the matter pass.

Penny-a-liners when attending any public meeting to which regular reporters are not sent, are often asked what paper they represent, and the usual answer is “*The Times*.” Of course were the matter which is to be brought before the meeting one which especially concerned the interests of the Licensed Victuallers, the “liners” would say they represented the *Morning Advertiser*. When the answer given by the manufacturer of lines is that he is present for the *Times*, the parties making the inquiry are, in most cases, a good deal surprised at seeing such a broken-down representative of the leading journal ; and their astonishment is increased when the same question,

put to a second, and it may be a third, receives the same answer. But, notwithstanding their surprise, the parties call the "liners" by the dignified name of reporters—which also they call themselves—and provide accommodation for them as for gentlemen.

Some of the penny-a-liners are very ingenious in devising means for obtaining employment for themselves. I have personally known various instances in which they have successfully prompted some of their friends to get up what they called "public meetings," on political or other questions, but which "public meetings" consisted of only six or seven persons. The "liner," of course, was present, speeches were made, and resolutions "unanimously adopted." Reports of these "public meetings" duly appeared in one or other of the morning papers of the following day, and, for anything mentioned in the reports of the meeting, they might have been attended by many hundreds. At the "liner's" suggestion such meetings are usually adjourned for a week, to enable the "reporter" to earn another half guinea or two, by reporting the proceedings, but no word is ever in such cases said by the "liner" of the adjournment, because any notice of the time to which the "meeting" is adjourned would inevitably bring to it a bevy of his tribe. I have known numerous cases of this kind carried on for a long period; and even when discontinued,—not because the imposition on the papers and the public was detected, but simply because the morning journals grew tired of the same speakers and speeches

coming from the same publichouse parlour. But the author of this ingenious device was sure soon to resort to another of a kind more or less similar, according to circumstances, in some other part of the town, and it might prove more successful still. Such experiments as these, resorted to by "liners" with a view to creating employment for themselves, have usually been most productive, because lasting longest, when they have had for their object the redress of some real or fancied grievance under which a particular trade has been labouring. There is now among the fraternity of "liners" one of boundless resources in this way, and for many years past he has earned by his ingenuity a very considerable amount of money. Some of the penny-a-liner class get up deputations to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Home Secretary, and the Prime Minister himself—whoever these gentlemen may be at the time—for the purpose of representing particular wrongs with a view to their removal; and the "liner" who had got up the deputation, being the only reporter present, he has had a monopoly of the work of reporting the proceedings on the following day. I have instances in my eye in which reports of deputations, so got up, to some of the Ministers of the Crown, have appeared at such length in each of the morning papers of the following day, that the ingenious and lucky "liner" has pocketed his six or seven guineas by the transaction.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BATTLE OF THE UNSTAMPED.

Commencement of the Struggle—The Taxes fought against—The Weapons Employed—Some of the Leading Combatants in the Conflict—Collision between the Houses of Lords and Commons—The Final Triumph—Effects on the Circulation of Newspapers.

SEVERAL writers have traced the rise of the various taxes to which the Newspaper Press was formerly subjected, and also the increase made from time to time in these imposts. They have also adverted to an occasional diminution in the degree of their pressure; but a full history yet remains to be written of the arduous and prolonged struggle which the opponents of the fiscal burthens on the Newspaper Press had to sustain before their efforts were crowned with a complete and final victory. In a work of this kind I can only glance at the severe battle which had to be fought before the triumph was achieved; but I trust that the great conflict which had to be maintained with the Government before the taxes on newspapers were finally abolished, will, ere long, find a historian worthy of the subject. And who so fitted for the task—for the duty and pleasure, let me rather say,—as Mr. John Francis, publisher of the *Athenæum*; for he

may be said, as will appear more clearly hereafter, not only to have played a prominent and valorous part on the field of battle, but marshalled the opposing forces. Of course, in the House of Commons, Mr. Milner Gibson was an able, a zealous, and unceasing advocate of the repeal of the taxes on newspapers, but in the great agitation out of doors, Mr. Francis bore the burden and heat of the day. To him, more than to any other man, is the country indebted for the repeal of the Advertisement Duty. I can speak with all the greater emphasis in relation to the credit due to Mr. Francis for the part which he took in this agitation, because I occasionally attended deputations with him, generally including several members of Parliament, to Cabinet Ministers, in connexion with it. Never did a man display greater zeal and perseverance in seeking to accomplish any object than Mr. Francis did in the agitation in question.

The taxes were threefold,—the Advertisement Duty—the Stamp Duty—and the Paper Duty, when the agitation against them attained an organized form. This was in 1850; but before adverting to the systematic assaults which then began to be made on the taxes I have mentioned, I cannot refrain from expressing my surprise, that no organized movement had been made, many years before, with a view to the reduction, if not the repeal, of the still heavier imposts which then weighed on newspaper journalism. Until a few years after the passing of the Reform Bill of 1832, there had been, for more than thirty years, a

fourpenny stamp on all newspapers, and three shillings and sixpence duty on every advertisement. Yet during that prolonged period we hear of no organized effort on the part of the public or the Press to get either a remission or reduction of those taxes. That newspaper proprietors should have initiated no movement with this view, is especially to be wondered at, because the pressure of these imposts so manifestly injured their business. The price of a paper was then sevenpence, and that of the smallest advertisement, seven shillings. The effect of these high charges could not, it would be supposed, have failed to be seen and felt by newspaper proprietors. The circulation of all papers was necessarily very limited, and the number of advertisements was no less necessarily small. The demand for a reduction of the stamp duty came from the readers, not the proprietors, of the papers; and the pressure on Parliament for cheaper newspapers became, from the passing of the Reform Act of 1832, so powerful, that the House of Commons could no longer resist it. On the 15th of September, 1836, the stamp duty on political journals was reduced from fourpence to one penny.

But though there had been no organized agitation previous to 1850 for the remission of either of the three taxes on newspapers which I have mentioned, it must not be inferred that great and general discontent did not exist even before the passing of the first Reform Bill. So early as 1831 ingenious attempts were made to evade the stamp duty of fourpence, by

publishing small-sized penny papers, under the pretext that their political discussions, with general references to passing events, did not bring these publications within the category of *newspapers*. So great was the number of these Unstamped publications which were published in all parts of the country, between 1832 and 1834, that according to accredited statements, no fewer than 500 persons were imprisoned for selling them. The conflict between the publishers of Unstamped papers and the Government received the name of the "Battle of the Unstamped,"—a name by which it will have a place in history. The parties who in the first instance headed the Unstamped hosts, were Henry Hetherington, and others. The former was proprietor of the *Poor Man's Guardian*,—a paper consisting of eight small quarto pages, printed in large worn-out type, and on miserable paper. Yet this poor looking paper, published at a penny, immediately on its appearance, obtained a circulation of nearly 50,000 copies, and in a few weeks afterwards was not far below 100,000 copies. Considering not only the democratic, but the Red Republican character of its principles, it created great alarm among the friends of order throughout the country, while all those who were revolutionary in their principles and feelings, exulted immoderately in the success of the paper. I remember one of the parties connected with it saying to me in exulting tones, in 1833, "O, sir, the *Guardian* is rapidly tearing up society by the roots."

Government prosecutions were instituted against

Mr. Hetherington, the proprietor; and they only increased the sale of the paper. Hetherington was in many respects a remarkable man. He was intelligent and clever, but it was in the qualities of determination and courage that he chiefly excelled. Nothing daunted him. He knew not what fear was. In the army he would have been a hero. Of all men in London at the time, he was just the man to fight the great battle of an Unstamped Press. And he was not only courageous and always defiant of danger, but he had ample resources for defeating the officers of the Government when he knew they had been instructed to arrest and imprison him, previous to his being tried for printing and publishing the *Guardian*. His publishing office was in Holywell Street, but knowing that the police were on the watch to seize his unstamped papers, and to take himself into custody, he resorted to expedients to defeat their intentions, which were alike clever and amusing. With respect to sending off the *Guardian* to its various destinations, in a succession of packages, he got dummy parcels made up, duly labelled "Poor Man's Guardian," and these were sent out at the regular entrance to the office, on the shoulders of men who knew what they were about; and they heroically struggled with the policemen when the latter rushed to seize the seditious publications, and to take the parties assisting in their circulation into custody. The mortification of the police at finding, instead of *Poor Man's Guardians*, redolent of the rankest sedition and infidelity, nothing

but old newspapers duly stamped, or quantities of brown paper suited only to a grocer's shop, was intense; and their chagrin was greatly aggravated when they came to know that thousands of the real *Guardian* were at the same time sent off by a back entrance to the office while the police were seizing and opening their dummy parcels.

But even this was not the most amusing part of the matter. Hetherington, amidst all his troubles, and with Government prosecutions hanging over him, continued to enjoy his constitutional love of fun. As he knew that the police, as before stated, were lying in wait for him with the view of giving him free quarters in one of the London establishments where a certain class of persons may always find lodgings without any charge, he got, time after time, some of his friends to put on his clothes and walk up and down the street, as if they meant to enter his office. Again and again were these persons taken into custody and carried off to one of the police offices, in the firm belief that they were the veritable Henry Hetherington, who was much more wanted than ever York was.

The greatest number of "Richmonds in the field," was, according to Shakspeare, three; but the Hetherington soldiers brought from first to last to Bow Street office, must have been numbered by dozens. The cry, indeed, was, for several weeks, "And still they come."

Those who consented to put on Mr. Hethering-

ton's clothes, were, it will be readily believed, quite willing to carry on the joke sufficiently far to wait until the following day, when, before the magistrate, the mistake should be found out. On the other hand, while a succession of persons were thus taken into custody, attired in Hetherington's clothes, in the firm conviction that each was the great vender of sedition, he arrayed himself in the costume of a Quaker, and personated with consummate skill, all the proverbial meekness and childlike simplicity of a member of the Society of Friends. If spoken to, he used the "thou" and "thine" with an accuracy which would have deceived any of the body. He accordingly went into his office and came out without let or hindrance, or even suspicion, though passing through numbers of policemen.

As I knew Hetherington well, it would have been to me a treat of no ordinary kind, to have seen him in the Quaker costume, walking with a Quaker's mingled mildness and demureness of manner, through the ranks of policemen, watching for him to make him their prisoner. It must have been infinitely amusing to those in the secret to hear Mr. Hetherington call the policemen, when they spoke to him, "Friends," and looking at the same time the very embodiment of sleekness. How he, of all men in the world, could have so perfectly sustained the meekness of the Quaker character, was a thing which I could never understand; for naturally he was one of the most determined men I ever met with; and the determina-

tion, which was the chief element in his character, was most forcibly expressed in his countenance. The expression of his face, indeed, was that of the lion, but finding the necessity to exist, he assumed, with a success which deceived even the policemen, the lamb-like expression of the Quaker. Had Mr. Hetherington transferred the scene from the neighbourhood of his place of business, to the boards of the Adelphi, his personation of the Quaker would have made the fortune of the house.

But to return to the prosecution of the *Poor Man's Guardian*, charged with being guilty of the double crime of inculcating sedition, and defrauding the revenue by publishing without a newspaper stamp. The trial came on in due course in the Court of Exchequer. The late Lord Lyndhurst presided on the occasion. Mr. Hetherington pleaded his own cause, and defended himself with great ability. All those who are acquainted with Lord Lyndhurst's early life, know that he was then a thorough Republican. And, I speak from private information, of the correctness of which I am perfectly certain, when I say that he never—Tory though, in public life he was, in later years—lost his first love for Liberalism. Any one would guess, from the first, in his trial of the case, in what direction his leanings were; but no one who listened to his summing up could fail to see that he charged the jury for a verdict for the defendant. One who was present is my authority for saying, that in a particular part of his charge to the jury, when dwelling

with more than his wonted lucidness and emphasis, on the real issues of the case, and seeking to impress their minds with a sense of what their duty was, namely, to decide on the *facts* of the case, leaving the law to the judge,—he took up the copy of the *Poor Man's Guardian*, which was lying on his table, and holding it in his hand, and looking at it with an aspect of pity and contempt for its poor appearance, said, with a peculiar expression in his countenance, and no less peculiar in his tones, “Gentlemen of the Jury, *that* is what *they*,”—meaning the Government,—“call a newspaper.” There was not a person of intelligence in the crowded court, who did not then intuitively see in the look and language of Lord Lyndhurst, that the triumph of Hetherington and the defeat of the Government, were certain. The result showed that the belief so entertained was correct. The jury's verdict was, that the *Poor Man's Guardian* was *not* a newspaper.

This prevented a series of other prosecutions which were intended to be immediately commenced had the *Poor Man's Guardian* been declared by a jury to be a newspaper, and a consequent verdict of guilty been returned against Hetherington. But there was one of the “Unstamped” which was different from all the others. It was called *Cleave's Police Gazette*, and consisted chiefly of reports of police cases. It certainly was a newspaper to all intents and purposes, and was ultimately so declared to be, in a court of law, by a jury. But in the meantime, while

the action was pending, the police had instructions to arrest Mr. John Cleave, the proprietor, and seize all the copies of the paper as they came out of his office, in Shoe Lane. He contrived for a time to elude their vigilance ; and in order to prevent the seizure of his paper he resorted to an expedient which was equally ingenious and laughable. Close by his little shop in Shoe Lane, there was an undertaker whose business, as might be inferred from the neighbourhood, as well as from his personal appearance, and the homeliness of his shop, was exclusively among the lower and poorer classes of the community. With him Mr. Cleave made an arrangement to construct several coffins of the plainest and cheapest kind for purposes which were fully explained. The "Undertaker," whose ultra-Republican principles were in perfect unison with those of Mr. Cleave, not only heartily undertook the work, but did so on terms so moderate that he would not ask nor accept any profit. He, indeed, could imagine no higher or holier duty than that of assisting in the dissemination, all over the country, of a paper which boldly and energetically preached the extinction of the aristocracy, and the perfect equality in social position, and in property too, of all classes of the community. Accordingly the coffins, with a rudeness in material and make which were in perfect keeping with the purpose to which they were to be applied, were got ready, and Mr. Cleave, in the dead of the night, got them filled with thousands of his *Gazettes*. It had been arranged

beforehand that particular houses in various parts of the town should be in readiness to receive them with blinds down, as if some relative had been dead, and was about to be borne away to the house appointed for all living. The deal coffin was opened, and the contents were taken out, tied up in a parcel so as to conceal from the prying curiosity of any chance person, that they were *Cleave's Police Gazettes*; and then sent off to the railway stations most convenient for transmission to their destination in the provinces. The coffins were returned in the middle of next night to the "Undertaker's" in Shoe Lane, there to be in readiness to render a similar service to Mr. Cleave and the cause of Red Republicanism, when the next *Gazette* appeared.

In this way Mr. Cleave contrived for some time to elude the vigilance of the police, and to sell about 50,000 copies weekly of each impression of his paper. But the expedient, ingenious and eminently successful as it was for a time, failed at last. The people in Shoe Lane and the neighbourhood began to be surprised and alarmed at the number of funerals—as they believed them to be—which the departure of so many coffins from the "Undertaker's" necessarily implied. The very natural conclusion to which they came was, that this supposed sudden and extensive number of deaths could only be accounted for on the assumption that some fatal epidemic had visited the neighbourhood and there made to itself a local habitation. The parochial authorities, responding to the prevailing alarm, questioned the "Undertaker" friend

and fellow-labourer of Mr. Cleave, as to the causes of his sudden and extensive accession of business in the coffin-making way, and the result of the close questions put to him was the discovery of the whole affair. It need hardly be added that an immediate and complete collapse took place in Mr. Cleave's business, so far as his *Police Gazette* was concerned. Not another number of the publication ever made its appearance, while the coffin trade of the "Undertaker" all at once returned to its normal proportions.

There were various others of these unstamped penny papers, besides the *Poor Man's Guardian*, between the years 1832 and 1835. But, curiously enough, when the former was declared by a court of law to be no newspaper, and consequently not liable to the stamp duty, the circulation of the class gradually fell off until every one expired. This shows what persecution does. So long as the Government prosecutions, amounting in all to upwards of 700, of these ultra-Republican unstamped publications,—all of them Infidel, and several Atheistical as well as ultra-Republican,—were continued, they flourished; but when let alone they died, one after another, until not one was left. This was a great blessing to the working classes, to whom they were addressed; for their teaching was of the most pestilential kind. Some of them went so far as actually to inculcate the doctrine of Marat,—that the shortest and surest path to political amelioration is through seas of blood. Lord Brougham, when under examination

before a Committee of the House of Commons on the libel law, described and denounced those unstamped papers of the *Poor Man's Guardian* class, as competing one with the other in the ferocity of their writings. "Where one," he said, "maintained the lawfulness of rebellion, another maintained the propriety of assassination."

The way I have described was that in which the "Battle of the Unstamped" was fought soon after the passing of the Reform Bill of 1832. But I must now return to the other campaign, conducted in a different manner, which commenced in 1850 by the organizations then formed with the view of procuring the repeal, not of the stamp duty only, but of the other two taxes—namely, the advertisement duty and the paper duty.

Two separate associations were formed with the view of getting rid of the taxes on newspapers which I have just named. One was called "The Press Association." Its object was to procure the repeal of such taxes as operated injuriously, in a special manner, on newspapers. To free political journals from the pressure of these taxes was the exclusive aim of "The Press Association." It is due to Mr. D. Collett to state that he is deserving of every credit for the great intelligence, energy, and perseverance which he displayed from the beginning to the end of this agitation, as the secretary of the other organization,—the Association for the Repeal of all the Taxes on Knowledge. Its aim was therefore of

a more comprehensive nature than the first. It embraced the taxes which weighed heavily on all magazines, serials, and books, through means of the duty on paper; but though this may be said to have been its special object, it also laboured zealously for the abolition of the stamp duty and the duty on advertisements. Mr. Milner Gibson was the president of the Association for the Repeal of the Taxes on Knowledge from the first; and Mr. William Ewart, M.P., was president of the Press Association from the first. The two Associations worked zealously and harmoniously together in seeking the extinction of each of the three obnoxious taxes which have been named. The effect of the duty on advertisements was to lead to the invention of ingenious modes, by tradesmen and others, of getting the commodities which they desired to sell brought before the public without having to pay any duty to Government. The streets had formerly been much crowded with vans, each containing from twenty to thirty placards; but latterly the proprietor of some quack medicine, or other wares which he had for sale, would have thought it undignified if he did not have his van to himself. The result was that these advertising vans became so numerous as to constitute a positive nuisance.

But among the many ingenious expedients resorted to at this time with the view of evading the advertisement duty, I do not remember any equal to that which the proprietor of a metropolitan exhibition

adopted. The ingenious device was to let off a number of hand balloons, at a certain time, from the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, each containing a number of small bills intimating that the finder of these bills, would, on presenting them, be admitted at half price. The balloons proceeded in different directions over the metropolis, dropping the little bills in scores as they went along. Some travelled great distances. One fell at Windsor, while others went so far as Dover. At a deputation to Sir Charles Wood, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, now Lord Halifax, with the view of pointing out to him the great injury to tradesmen of all classes, of which the advertisement duty was productive, while the Government was defrauded of its revenue from that source,—a member of the deputation handed Sir Charles one of the small bills as a sample of the Egyptian Hall mode of advertising by these little balloons; and I am assured by a gentleman who was present that the novel mode of advertising made a marked impression on him by its originality.

But while the Press Association, like its fellow-labourer in the field, sought the abolition of the three taxes, as all operated injuriously on the Newspaper Press, it deemed it, after due deliberation, the wisest course to specially direct its artillery of arguments and of facts against the advertisement duty. And so vigorous and sustained was the assault they made on that tax, that within three years of the time the onslaught commenced—which was, let me add, gal-

lantly continued without a moment's intermission—they achieved a complete and final triumph. On the 4th of August, 1853, a resolution of the House of Commons was passed, recommending the repeal of the advertisement duty.

There was something exceedingly interesting in the conflict which took place in relation to the advertisement duty. Mr. Francis had forwarded to Mr. Gladstone, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, "Ten Reasons why the Advertisement Duty should be Repealed," preparatory to a deputation waiting on him to represent to him the justice and the policy of that repeal. I have not the authority of Mr. Francis for saying it, but I know that these "Ten Reasons" made a deep impression on Mr. Gladstone's mind. I can state, that immediately after reading them, he intimated to the President of the Association that a deputation on the subject was not necessary. The Association, however, thought a deputation to Mr. Gladstone might do good, and accordingly they went. On the next occasion on which the question came before the House of Commons, Mr. Gladstone proposed that the advertisement duty should be reduced from eighteenpence to sixpence, but a member, whose name I do not recollect, proposed as an amendment, that the blank left for the sixpence should be filled up by a 0, which of course was virtually abolishing the tax on advertisements altogether. This was carried by a majority of *One*, and it is due to Mr. Gladstone to say, that he at once assented to carry out the wishes

of the House, so expressed, and lost no time in doing so. I have pleasure in recording the fact, that from that time—influenced, no doubt, by the discussion which took place on the subject of the advertisement duty,—Mr. Gladstone became one of the most earnest and able of all the advocates, in the House or out of it, for freeing the press from the fiscal fetters by which it was at the time held in bondage. It is a reflection on the country that a deeper sense of obligation is not felt to Mr. Gladstone for the invaluable services which he rendered in the struggle which for many years took place for the fiscal freedom of the Press.

The great victory, by a majority of *One*, being so soon and so signally won, the two associations directed their attention to the penny stamp on newspapers. And here they had the sympathy of the general public with them to an extent they had not in their campaign against the advertisement duty. The thirst for knowledge in general, but especially for the information furnished by newspaper journalism, had gone on increasing in a remarkably rapid manner since the passing of the first Reform Bill in 1832; and by this time, 1853, it had acquired a momentum which made the abolition of the stamp duty on newspapers, not only a question simply of time, but of a very short time. While a number of the friends of popular progress in all parts of the country were labouring hard for the abolition of this tax on newspapers, there were Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, and numerous other friends

in the House of Commons, who were no less zealous in their endeavours to accomplish the same object within the walls of Parliament. But especial credit—as I have before remarked—is due in this matter to Mr. Milner Gibson. He was its great champion. To Mr. Gladstone, as the then Chancellor of the Exchequer, every praise, as I have said, must be accorded; for without his aid, as a Minister of the Crown, the triumph of the cause, though ultimately certain, might have been postponed for some considerable time. Mr. Gladstone soon followed the abolition of the duty on advertisements, by proposing the repeal of the compulsory stamp on newspapers, but a change of Ministry having taken place in the interim, he had not the gratification of carrying that repeal. It was afterwards carried by Sir Cornewall Lewis, as Chancellor of the Exchequer. The strength of public feeling in favour of the remission of the remaining tax of one penny on newspapers, shortly before the remission took place, may be inferred from the fact, that the House of Commons pronounced sentence of death upon the impost, in less than two years after the doom of the advertisement duty had been sealed. A resolution passed the representative branch of the Legislature on the 15th June, 1855, decreeing the abolition of the penny stamp on newspapers. The resolution was carried amidst the acclamations of a majority of the House, and was hailed with the greatest gratification by an overwhelming majority of the people of these realms.

But there yet remained a tax not only on newspapers, but on literature in all its diversified departments, namely the impost on paper. The amount of the tax was three-halfpence per pound weight; until 1836 it was as high as threepence on the pound. Taking one quality and one price of printing paper per pound with another, the remission of the duty on paper reduced the price fully twenty-five per cent. On large and expensive books, where the sale was limited, the tax did not press so heavily; but on newspapers, such as the *Times* and the penny papers, whose sale was extensive, the boon was incalculably great. In my notice of the *Daily Telegraph* I have stated that I was once assured by one who ought to know, that the remission of the paper duty made a difference of 12,000% per annum to the proprietors of that journal; and this be it observed, when the *Telegraph* had not, in all probability, a circulation half so extensive as that which it has at present. So great, indeed, was the difference which the repeal of the duty on paper made to journals of large circulation, that it was hoped by the proprietors of the *Morning Star* that while the lessening of their losses—which were several thousand pounds a year—would not be sufficiently great to place the paper on a paying footing, it would reduce those losses to such an extent as that some admirers of its policy might be thereby induced to advance a sufficient amount of additional capital to enable the proprietors to make one more energetic effort to keep the paper

alive. In these hopes they were disappointed. The *Morning Star* lived a sickly life for some years, and then quietly expired.

But I am anticipating my historical narrative. Although, however, the remission of the paper duty did not save the *Morning Star*, it averted the dissolution of many provincial and local metropolitan journals—some have supposed not much fewer than a hundred—which had for months, and in a number of cases for years, struggled for existence, and must have perished in the interim, had the repeal of the paper duties been postponed for another year.

The struggle for the remission of the paper duty continued for some years after the last of the two other taxes on newspapers had been abolished, and before the friends of an untaxed political journalism, as regards the duty on paper, had triumphed, the number of members of Parliament who had, as Vice-Presidents, joined the two Associations which were bravely fighting the good fight, was no less than one hundred and twenty. Lord Derby, who had succeeded to the Premiership, having, while the conflict was proceeding with a vigour which could not be easily described, had to receive a deputation representing those who were opposed to the only remaining tax on the Press—namely, the Paper Duty. In addition to the Presidents of the three Associations to which I have referred, and Mr. William Chambers, President of the Scottish Association, and Sir John Gray, President of the Irish Association, both having the same

objects in view,—this deputation consisted of about 110 Members of Parliament. Lord Derby was evidently much impressed with the number and respectability of the deputation. Still, whatever his private opinions may have been, he made no promises to the deputation of acceding to their wishes, even though the repeal of this last of the taxes on knowledge, had been made to form a part of Mr. Gladstone's Budget, and as such had received by a large majority the sanction of the House of Commons on the second reading. That majority, however, was greatly diminished from special causes which it is unnecessary to mention, on the third reading. The measure having passed the House of Commons, went up, as a matter of course, to the House of Lords, where it was opposed and thrown out. Its rejection excited great indignation in the country, because, being a Monetary Bill the act was regarded as unconstitutional. Lord Palmerston, as Prime Minister, on learning its rejection, asked the House of Commons ironically, what had become of "our Paper Duty Bill." A Commission was appointed to inquire into the question of precedents bearing on the conduct of the Lords. The result of the inquiry was, that the Commissioners declared that nothing analogous to the conduct of the Lords in rejecting the Bill, had taken place for centuries. On this, a more distinct resolution was proposed in the Commons, and passed unanimously, re-asserting their privileges. In the following Session,

the remission of the paper duty was, by Mr. Gladstone, made an essential part of his Budget, not again a separate measure. On passing the House of Commons, the measure was sent up a second time to the House of Lords, and being sent up in this form, the Lords were compelled to give it their assent. But before this was done, the then Lord Derby dragged down the late Lord Lyndhurst, then far above eighty years of age, to expound the constitutional bearings of the measure. Though so feeble as to require to be supported by a wooden barrier provided for the purpose, Lord Lyndhurst made a most able speech on the subject. Probably there never was given a more characteristic illustration of the "old man eloquent," than there was on that occasion. Lord Derby was afraid to repeat the rejection of the measure. While denouncing it as revolutionary and everything that was bad, he said he would not incur the responsibility of advising their Lordships to reject the Bill. It was accordingly passed. I ought not to omit the mention of the fact, that Lord Lyndhurst's speech on this occasion was the last he ever made in that or in any other place.

This last of the series of the three great victories over the supporters of taxes on knowledge was won in the Session of 1861; and the paper-duty ceased entirely, and doubtless for ever, on the 1st of October in that year.

What has the abolition of *all* the taxes on newspapers done for political journalism? This is a

question worthy of serious and interesting inquiry. We can arrive at certain results in relation to the question so late as 1864. In the session of that year Mr. Edward Baines, the member for Leeds, brought forward a motion for a limited extension of the political franchise in parliamentary boroughs; and in the course of a long and able speech he quoted various interesting statistics, which he stated were collected by Mr. John Francis, of the *Athenæum*, and furnished to him by that gentleman. These related to periodical literature in all its various forms, as well as to newspaper journalism. But as in this chapter of my work I am dealing only with the newspaper press, I will confine my observations to the statistics of Mr. Francis, so far as they have their bearing on our political journalism.

Mr. Baines, availing himself of the statistics furnished to him by Mr. Francis, which the latter collected after an immense amount of labour, submitted to the House of Commons a series of figures and of facts which could not fail, and did not fail, to surprise and delight that assembly, when he laid them before it. In the year 1831, when the stamp on newspapers was fourpence, and the duty on paper was threepence per pound weight, the total yearly circulation of newspapers was, for the United Kingdom, 38,648,314. Well, the reader will inquire what was the circulation of newspapers in the year 1864, when Mr. Baines made the speech in the House of Commons in which he submitted to the House his figures and his facts. Why,

the circulation of London papers *alone* in 1864 was nearly seven times as great as the *total* circulation of newspapers in England, Scotland, and Ireland was in 1831. The circulation in London only, of newspapers in 1864 was 205,462,400 against the 38,649,314 in the entire United Kingdom in 1831. The grand total yearly circulation of newspapers in the United Kingdom in 1864, was no less than 546,059,400, or 1313 per cent. more than in 1831! This could scarcely be credited, were not the facts established beyond the possibility of being denied or doubted.

But be it remembered that these results, astounding though they be, are only brought down to the year 1864. If brought down to the present year, 1871, they would be found doubly amazing,—almost indeed incredible. Since then a legion of what are called local papers have been started in all the large towns in the United Kingdom, while the circulation of those which had been established before has very largely increased. So, too, has the circulation of the metropolitan and provincial general newspapers. I have no doubt, for instance, though I have not any definite data on which to rest my conviction, that the circulation of the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Standard*, and many other journals, is now fully one-third higher than it was in 1864; and therefore, taking into consideration the increase in the number of new papers, chiefly of the penny and halfpenny class, and the increase which has taken place in the circulation of those which previously existed,—I should say that

instead of the total annual circulation of newspapers in the United Kingdom in 1864, of 546,059,400 copies, the circulation in the past year, 1870, could not be under, in round numbers, 700,000,000. Only conceive, then, the difference in the circulation of the newspapers in the United Kingdom in 1831, when it was only 38,648,314 copies annually, and the present circulation of 700,000,000! It is difficult for any one of reflective mind to realize the fact. Were it not capable of demonstration, it would be regarded as a thing impossible to be true. To the removal of the taxes on newspapers this marvellous state of things is to be almost entirely ascribed. Who, then, shall appraise at their proper value the benefits derived from the abolition of the taxes on newspapers? It cannot be done, especially when it is remembered, that the Newspaper Press, with its marvellous circulation, is characterized, with scarcely an exception, by a highly elevated tone, and therefore cannot fail to promote morality, as well as spread intelligence, among all classes of the community.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH IN CONNEXION WITH THE NEWSPAPER PRESS.

Origin of Mr. Reuter's Telegraphic Organization—His First Charges for Messages from the Continent—Extension of the Sphere of his Operations—Gradual Increase in his Charges—The Sums he receives from other than Newspaper Sources—The Prices paid by Newspapers for Telegrams from their Own Correspondents—The Machinery by which Mr. Reuter Works his System—Large Sums Paid for Messages across the Atlantic—Reductions in the Telegraphic Tariff.

A work on the Newspaper Press would be very incomplete without a Chapter on the Electric Telegraph in its connexion with our daily journalism. The application to newspaper work, of that marvellous discovery whereby messages may be instantaneously transmitted to any part of the world, that is to say, so far as the electric wires were laid, had been turned to practical use soon after the discovery itself had been made, but some time elapsed before it was habitually turned to account for journalistic purposes. Until the year 1858 there existed nothing like systematic telegraphic communication from the Continent to this country. The *Times*, and most of the

other morning papers, received, it is true, occasional telegraphic despatches from their Continental correspondents, but they came comparatively seldom,—only, indeed, when there was some intelligence of great importance to communicate. With the exception of the *Times*, I feel assured that the morning journal of which I was Editor at the time, received at that time as many telegrams from the Continent as any of the morning papers; but the amount we paid did not, on an average, exceed 40*l.* per month, which was rather less than 500*l.* a year.

While matters were in this state as regarded telegraphic messages from the capitals and other leading towns of the Continent, Mr. Julius Reuter's organization for an improved system for receiving telegraphic communication from abroad, was brought first under the consideration of the morning papers, and afterwards under that of the public. As in describing the circumstances under which it was so, I must necessarily, as will appear hereafter, refer to myself in connexion with the introduction of that system, I am very anxious in the outset to disclaim all idea of being entitled to the slightest claim to any credit in the matter. Mr. Reuter himself will, I am sure, be but too happy to give his confirmation to the accuracy of the statements I am about to make. It will be seen from them how true the words of the poet sometimes are, when he says, "What great events from trivial causes spring," or, on what seemingly slight circumstances very important events depend

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to individuals or to nations, and in some cases to both.

In October, in the year 1858, one morning, a gentleman called on me. His accent, though he spoke English well, at once indicated his German nationality.

"Have I," he said, "the pleasure of speaking to Mr. Grant?"

I said that Grant was my name.

"Would you favour me with a few minutes of your time, as I have what I regard an important proposal to make to you?"

"O, certainly," was my answer. "Take a seat," and so saying I handed him a chair.

"My name," he continued, "is Reuter. Most probably you have never heard of it before."

I said I had not had that pleasure.

"I am," he resumed, "a Prussian; and have been employed for many years as a Courier to several of the Courts of Europe, from the Government of Berlin; and in that capacity have formed personal intimacies with gentlemen connected with most of the European Governments. It has occurred to me that I might, therefore, be able to supply, by telegraph, the daily press of London with earlier and more accurate intelligence of importance, and, at the same time, at a cheaper rate, than the morning journals are now paying for their telegraphic communications from the Continent. But," Mr. Reuter added, "before bringing under your consideration my pro-

posals and plans, it is right I should mention, that previous to coming to you, I called on the manager of the *Times*, as the leading journal, to submit my views to him."

"That was perfectly proper," I observed. "The *Times* is not only the leading journal of Great Britain, but of Europe and the world. Did the manager of the *Times*," I inquired, "entertain your proposals?"

"He listened to them," said Mr. Reuter, "and to my exposition of the grounds on which I felt I could carry them out, and said that he had no doubt I felt confident I could accomplish all that I was willing to undertake; but, he added, that they generally found they could do their own business better than any one else. That, of course, I regarded as a negative to the proposals I had made to the *Times*,—I have therefore come next to you, as Editor of the *Morning Advertiser*, to lay my plans before you, and to submit my proposals for your consideration."

Mr. Reuter accordingly entered into full particulars relative to what he proposed to do, the grounds on which he expected to be able to carry out his plans, and the arrangements he had already made by which he could immediately furnish a proof of the practicability of all he was prepared to undertake.

On carefully listening to all that Mr. Reuter said, I remarked, as the manager of the *Times* did, that I had no doubt whatever that he was fully persuaded in his own mind, of his entire competency to accomplish all he was prepared to undertake. I added

that I would go even farther than that. I had, I said, no hesitation in saying that after attentively listening to his statements I had faith in his ability to carry out all he was ready to engage to do ; but, I added, that as certain arrangements existed which I had made some time before with our Continental correspondents to receive telegraphic information of anything of importance which transpired in any of the European countries, I should think it unwise to break up those arrangements until absolutely certain from experience of the success of Mr. Reuter's plans. I should here remark, that before this he knew, because I had told him, that the average sum we were paying monthly for our telegrams from the Continent was 40%, and he had offered, while pledging himself to transmit to us, as a rule, "earlier, more ample, more accurate, and more important information from the Continent," to charge only 30% per month for it all. Of course, this was a great consideration ; but though I told Mr. Reuter that the difference in the expense was a very important matter, yet even that consideration must give way to the efficiency of the manner in which that department of the *Morning Advertiser* must be conducted. If, I said to Mr. Reuter, I had any absolute guarantee that he could accomplish all that he undertook to do, I would at once accept his proposals, in connexion with the terms which he mentioned, but that while renewing the expression of my belief that he would be able to do all which he undertook to

accomplish, still that was only my opinion ; and that I would not feel justified in giving up the existing arrangements, to a mere opinion, however firm my faith might be in its soundness. Mr. Reuter, I saw from a single word he said, heartily responded to the reasonableness of this representation of the case, characterizing it as a business-like view of the matters under our joint consideration. His countenance brightened up on my saying that if I were satisfied that all he proposed was practicable, I would at once agree to his terms ; and like one who had full faith in his ability to do all that he had undertaken, he immediately answered,—“ Nothing could be more reasonable than that you should not think of giving up your existing arrangements for receiving telegraph communications from the Continent, until you were furnished with practical proof that better arrangements could be substituted for them ; but so thoroughly satisfied am I that my plans would be found better as well as cheaper, that I am willing to make this proposal to you,—that I shall send you daily for a fortnight my telegraphic communications from the Continent without making any charge for them, and you can in the meantime, go on receiving your own as before. In this way,” Mr. Reuter added, “ you will be able to institute a comparison between the value and the number, as well as the relative cheapness of my telegraphic messages from the Continent, and those which you receive from your correspondents under your existing arrangements.”

I not only at once admitted the liberality of this offer, but intimated my acceptance of it. Mr. Reuter, on my doing so, expressed the greatest pleasure, and added, "As I am going to make the same proposals to all the other papers—the *Telegraph*, the *Morning Herald*, and the *Standard*; the *Morning Chronicle*, the *Morning Star*—both the latter journals being at that time in existence—and the *Morning Post*,—will you permit me to say to the respective managers of these journals that you have accepted my proposals? Because," he continued, "that may have the effect of inducing them also to accept my offer." "With great pleasure, on the understanding," I answered, "that you state to them the conditions on which I have done so,—that is, provided that after receiving your telegrams for a fortnight without any charge, I am satisfied that you do the business much better as well as cheaper, than it is done under the existing system as worked by our own private correspondents."

Mr. Reuter renewed the expression of his gratification at the result of our interview, and before leaving said to me—and this is the great point to which I wish to direct attention—that if I had declined to accept his proposals as the *Times* had done, he would not have called on the managers of any of the other papers, but have abandoned the idea altogether of organizing a system of telegraphic communication from abroad, because,

he added, if the *Morning Advertiser*, or any one of the then existing morning papers, had declined to accept his proposals, the acceptance of them even by all the others, would not have sufficed to meet the expenses which it would be necessary to incur in the efficient carrying out of his plans. But all the other morning papers, except as I have said, the *Times*, accepted the same conditions as those to which I agreed, namely, that if they were satisfied, after a fortnight's trial, that his organization was superior to their own, they would permanently adopt his.

Mr. Reuter, in terms of the understanding not only come to between him and myself, but between him and the other managers, with the one exception I have mentioned,—at once applied himself to the carrying out of his engagements; and most certainly the result of the comparison between his organization and that of the morning papers at the time, proved the very great superiority of his. Not only did I at once give a permanent acceptance to Mr. Reuter's proposals, but the managers of the other journals did the same; and from that day is to be dated the wonderful organization now known throughout the world as "Reuter's Agency." The *Times*, I ought to mention, soon after joined the other morning journals in accepting Reuter's telegrams.

The simple facts which I have stated will, I am sure, be regarded as constituting one of the most striking illustrations which ever were furnished of the saying before alluded to, that great events

sometimes spring from causes which seem to be of the most trivial kind.

No one can read what I have thus written without being struck with the fact, that not only one's reputation in the world, but his fortune sometimes depends on the slightest conceivable incident. That was the turn of the tide in Mr. Reuter's fortune; and since then the tide has flowed with an increasing and rapid power, until he has become, as he deserves to have done, the possessor of a magnificent fortune,—one too whose proportions are still daily growing greater.

In mentioning these facts I have said nothing which Mr. Reuter would not himself say; for on one occasion, when I was dining at his house, several years after his system was in full and successful operation, he stated in the presence of a large company, among whom were Sir Charles Wheatstone, Dr. Gull, and several other eminent scientific and literary men, what I have just stated,—that had the proposals he made to me in the interview between us which I have described been rejected, his name would never have been heard of by the world in connexion with an organized system of telegraphs.

I am very desirous, in narrating these facts, that no one, as I have before remarked, should for a moment suppose that I claim the slightest merit in the part I performed in the matter. I was merely courteous to Mr. Reuter, just as I would have been to any one else, when, as a perfect stranger, he called on

me. I listened to what he had to say, and decided on conditionally accepting his proposals, on purely business principles,—as I would have done to any other proposals made to me which I might have deemed adapted to promote the interests of the morning journal I have mentioned, which was then under my sole editorial control and managerial superintendence.

I have said that at the time Mr. Reuter came to me to make his proposals, we were paying 40% a month for our telegraphic despatches from the Continent, and that Mr. Reuter's first charge was 30% a month; but the charge was somewhat higher to those papers which published second editions. At first Mr. Reuter only agreed to supply the journals, with which he had entered into the arrangement I have described, with telegraphic intelligence from the Continent; but by-and-by, he extended the area of his engagement to the United States of America, on the London daily journals agreeing to pay 100% a year additional for that extension of the area, whence telegraphic communications should be received. In a few years more, Australia, India, China, and other distant countries were embraced in the circle of Mr. Reuter's telegraphic operations,—the additional price corresponding with the additional expenditure which he incurred in carrying out his undertakings. Afterwards he added the leading towns in the United Kingdom which were noted for receiving early information of importance,—such as Liverpool, Dover, Plymouth, South-

ampton, &c. This again increased the cost of Mr. Reuter's telegraphic services to the metropolitan daily journals, until the amount for the morning papers has reached 1000*l.* a year. But those of the evening journals which use such of his telegrams as arrive after the middle of the day, and consequently too late for the second edition of the morning papers, are not charged more than a fourth of the sum—namely, 250*l.*—which the morning journals have to pay. As from the first, those papers which publish second editions are still charged about a sixth more than those which do not. Most of the journals grudged these various advances on the original sum agreed to be paid to Mr. Reuter, and would rather have preferred to have been content with the amount of intelligence which they at first received; or, at any rate, after America was included in the sphere of his operations. But they could not help themselves, unless they had combined together. They were driven into a corner. When one agreed to accept Mr. Reuter's telegrams, at an additional cost, from new parts of the world, the others were compelled to follow at any cost, because the one paper containing exclusive information of importance, would have gained both in reputation and circulation, to the disadvantage of all the others. But an understanding was come to about three years ago between Mr. Reuter and the daily papers, that no further increase would be made, for an indefinite period, on the sums now paid for his telegrams. This understanding has continued till the present time,

and there is no reason to apprehend that it will be disturbed for years to come.

The question will naturally be asked, does Mr. Reuter depend entirely on the metropolitan daily press for the mercantile success of his telegraphic system? By no means. So far from it, he has, in addition to the daily journals, several of the weekly papers, such as the *Observer*, and one or two other hebdomads, each of which pays him 150*l.* for telegrams furnished by him after the Saturday evening journals are published. But in addition to that, he has received for several years 3000*l.* from the Provincial Press Association, in consideration of that Association receiving certain telegrams which arrive after the evening journals are published. These telegrams of Mr. Reuter appear on the following morning in all the provincial journals with which the "Association" makes arrangements to receive them.

This is an addition to the revenue which Mr. Reuter derives from his telegrams to the London press; but it is trifling in comparison with that which he receives from the telegrams which he sends to the Continent, to America, and to all our colonial possessions. I cannot say what the aggregate sum is which he receives for the telegrams which he sends abroad, but it is very great. I know that for one telegram which he sent some years ago to Calcutta, he received no less than 130*l.* This telegram consisted of a summary of the Budget which Mr. Gladstone, who was Chancellor of the Exchequer at the time I

mention, brought before the House of Commons. Never, in the history of Great Britain, was a Budget looked forward to with greater interest than that financial statement of Mr. Gladstone. Its leading items, extending to no less than a column of the leader type of the *Times*, were sent to the Governor-General on the evening on which the statement was made; and reached the Governor-General within a few hours of the time in which Mr. Gladstone, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, was done speaking; and for this telegraphic communication, as I have said, Mr. Reuter charged and received 130%. All public despatches and occurrences in this country, possessing great Continental interest, are transmitted to the various Continental cities, and the leading Continental journals, by Mr. Reuter; and for all such communications he is, of course, adequately paid.

But much as all these sources of revenue contribute to Mr. Reuter's profits from his telegraphic system, they are not the only ones. Though his system of telegraphic communication from abroad originated in connexion with the newspaper press, it was not long limited to the journalism of Great Britain. Very soon after its commencement, its great advantages were discovered for other than newspaper purposes. The Stock Exchange arranged with Mr. Reuter to receive, at various hours of the day, the ever-varying prices of the foreign funds at the several Bourses of Continental Europe. The price which the Stock Exchange paid for intelligence of the prices of stocks and shares

from abroad was, I have been told, 2000*l.* a year in the first instance; but it is said that a lower sum was accepted after a time, in consideration of Mr. Reuter receiving large sums from other quarters. This arrangement, however, between the Stock Exchange and Mr. Reuter ceased to exist some years ago, and since then he has furnished that institution with no messages of any kind, or from any part of the world. Of course the Stock Exchange continues, as before, to receive its hourly telegrams from the various leading Bourses abroad, but they come to Capel Court in virtue of other telegraphic arrangements.

Among the various sources of Mr. Reuter's income from his telegraphic business, some are mentioned which do not exist. It is confidently said, for instance, that he receives from the Prime Minister, the several Secretaries of State, the First Lord of the Admiralty, and some other high functionaries, 1000*l.* a year each for the telegraphic messages which he sends them. Not only is the statement incorrect as regards the money which Mr. Reuter is said to receive from Government, for his services in this way, but the statement is equally incorrect as regards the fact of his sending messages at all, to the leading members of the Government. It is true, that if any information from abroad comes to him which he supposes would be interesting to the Queen, he sends a message to her Majesty communicating the intelligence; but he never makes any charge, and never

receives any remuneration for his messages. Mr. Reuter also forwards messages to the Prince of Wales, and occasionally to the Ministers of State and foreign Ambassadors; but in no instance does he receive, or expect to receive, any pecuniary return for his services. He does all from feelings of loyalty to the Sovereign, and from courtesy to the others.

One great source from which Mr. Reuter derives his income, in connexion with the working of his telegraphic system, is the large and varied establishments which he has on the Continent for transmitting the intelligence to all parts abroad, which he is constantly receiving from this country and from the United States of America. To give only one instance of this,—it is, I am informed by one who has lately witnessed it, quite a sight to see the number of persons in his employ in his establishment in Hamburg, and the activity they display on the arrival of important messages from America. Almost instantaneously the messages so received are retransmitted to all the leading towns in Germany and other parts of the Continent. Mr. Reuter has other sources of income, known only to himself; and if to all these be added the sums he receives for the telegrams which he sends to the Continent, to the United States of America, and to various parts of our Colonial possessions, I think I must be under, instead of above the mark, when I assume that his annual income from his telegraphic communications must be 25,000*l*.

But Mr. Reuter has yet other sources of making

money than any I have mentioned, or even indicated, in connexion with his system of telegraphy. By its means he was able, about ten years ago, to establish, chiefly on his own account, telegraphic communication between India and this country ; and so great was the success of that enterprise, owing to the high prices which the leading merchants, both in India and England, paid for the transmission of their messages, that the dividend exceeded twenty per cent. ; and the few shares which were in the market, held by others, brought treble the original price. Mr. Reuter afterwards converted the concern into a limited liability company, and the shares which he disposed of were sold at prices which approximated to 150 per cent. premium. I speak only from memory, but my decided impression is, that many of them brought even higher prices than I have mentioned.

I can conceive curiosity being felt by those who have read what I have thus far written, to know by what means Mr. Reuter is able to supply the telegrams which not only daily, but frequently in the course of one day, reach London from the Continent. I will furnish some idea of how the matter is managed, by describing the organization which existed in Paris some years ago, under his superintendence. He has an office there in a prominent place, and connected with it, as described to me by one, of all others, best fitted to give a faithful description, there were then five parties, each of whom had his own special department in the working of the telegraphic machinery.

The highest in Mr. Reuter's service in Paris is a gentleman alike in manners and education. His duty is to call, on stated occasions, on one of the leading officials holding a position which enables him to acquire such information as Mr. Reuter requires. During Louis Napoleon's reign, the party whom Mr. Reuter's principal agent in Paris most frequently saw, was the Emperor's secretary; but, whether Louis Napoleon's secretary or not, there was always some reliable party from whom correct and exclusive information was to be had. His salary was a few years ago 10*l.* 10*s.* per week, and I have reason to believe that it is higher now, because of the great increase which has taken place in the telegraphic business from the French capital since then. There was another party under him who rendered services which required a man who at once possessed capacity to do a certain kind of work, and so high a character for integrity, that every confidence might be placed in him. His salary is, or lately was, 7*l.* 7*s.* per week. He is the chief in the office which, if I remember rightly, was in the Palais Royal. The duty of a third is to examine all the Continental papers, and prepare for telegraphic purposes anything of importance which he meets with. His salary is 5*l.* 5*s.* per week. There is a fourth in the establishment whose duty it is to prepare the information which it is intended to send to the metropolitan daily papers. For his services he receives 3*l.* 3*s.* per week. And lastly there is a fifth, whose sole duty consists in carrying the messages to

the Government telegraph station, and to see that they are properly despatched. For this inferior work he receives 80% per annum, or about the same amount. It will be seen from these facts how Mr. Reuter's telegraphic system works abroad, and what the expenses are in carrying it out.

But in speaking of the telegrams of Mr. Reuter's connexion with the Newspaper Press, it would be a great oversight were I to omit to mention, that the sum which the daily journals pay for his telegraphic communications, is not the only expense which telegraphic correspondence costs the proprietors of these journals. Their "Own Correspondents" in the different capitals of Europe are ever on the watch for news of importance which they have reason to believe has not come within the knowledge of Mr. Reuter's agents, and they unhesitatingly despatch, without regard to expense, to the offices of the journals they respectively represent, the information they receive. I venture to say, that for the last twelve months, ending in the middle of July—the time at which I write this part of my work—the sums which the majority of the morning journals have paid for telegrams from their own correspondents, have been twice, if not three times, as great as that which they have had to pay Mr. Reuter. Of course this has been an exceptional period in newspaper history; but all the year round, large sums are paid under this head. Even some of the provincial journals—the *Scotsman* notably among the number—paid large sums for information re-

ceived by special expresses from their own correspondents at the seat of the late war. But, so far as I know, the greatest credit for a display of public spirit and liberal expenditure in this direction, is due to the *Manchester Guardian*. The proprietors of that journal paid no less a sum than 400*l.* for a single telegraphic despatch from their correspondent at Metz. I am not sure if any of our metropolitan journals can boast of an equal liberality.

But great as is the expenditure of our more prosperous and public-spirited journals under the heading of "Telegraphic Information," it falls far short of that of the American papers. The *New York Herald* has more than once paid 1000*l.* for one message from London to New York. In addition to its princely payments for special messages, the same journal paid to "The New York Associated Press Company," consisting of seven journals, no less a sum than 3500*l.* for messages received through that Company during the intervening period between July 28th, 1870, and October the 5th of the same year. Its payment for one day's telegrams was once no less than 818*l.*

But fortunately for newspapers and the public on both sides of the Atlantic, a great reduction has been lately made in the charges for messages to and from America. From two pounds, the charge for a word has been reduced to six shillings. Though still a heavy charge on newspapers which are not very prosperous, or for persons who are not in affluent circumstances, it is less than a sixth of what it was in the first

instance. Taking advantage of the reduction, the Messrs. Harper, of New York, the leading publishing house in the United States, entertained for a time the idea of telegraphing Mr. Disraeli's late work, "Lothair," so as to have a long start of every other house; but as it was found, on going fully into the subject, that the thing could not be done at the lowest sum, under 30,000*l.*, while the cost might exceed 35,000*l.*; and as no conceivable extent of the sale of "Lothair" could compensate for that enormous expenditure, the idea was abandoned.

But though no such enormous sum as this was ever paid for telegraphic messages since the establishment of the system, the large sum of 2000*l.* was paid in 1867, for one telegraphic message. It was sent by the Washington Government to their representative at the Court of the Tuileries. It was a despatch of the very greatest and most urgent importance. It consisted of 4000 words, and would have occupied, when extended into readable language, and printed in the leading article form, more than three columns of our daily papers. This lengthened message took ten hours in transmission, at the average rate of seven words per minute.

I need hardly remark, after the facts I have stated, that the invention of the telegraphic system, followed by its practical adoption on an extensive and ever-growing scale, has been a large item in the expenditure of the newspaper press. For a very considerable time after the establishment of telegraphic

communication between this country and America, by the opening of the Atlantic Cable, the tariff of charges for messages was so high, that even the *Times*, with all the princely liberality of its expenditure, only used it sparingly. No one will wonder at this when I repeat that at first, and for some time, the charge for ten words was no less than 20*l*. Two pounds for every word employed in sending a message to the United States, or receiving one from New York, was sufficient to impress on the sender more strongly than it ever had been before, the importance of condensation and brevity. Brevity, we have been told, is the very soul of wit; in this case it was the soul of economy. Only think what the value of a single letter was in the early days of Atlantic telegraphy. In such words as "to" or "at," the single letter was valued at 1*l*., those words, and others equally short, being charged 2*l*. each, or as much as those of greater length. The first message that was sent from this country to the United States, on the opening of the Atlantic Cable, was transmitted from a quarter that could well afford the price. It was from the Queen of England to the President of the United States. It was a message from her Majesty to the President, congratulating him on so great an event as this new means of communication between the two countries, coupled with the expression of a wish and a hope, it would constitute an additional cement of the existing amity between the United States and Great Britain. Of course the

message from our Queen to the President of the United States was not conveyed in the same concise terms as those which I have referred to. It was, however, brief compared with what a written communication would have been. But it was long enough to cost 500*l.*; and as the President responded without the loss of a minute to the gracious message from her Majesty, at the same length, and consequently paid the same sum of 500*l.*—the scale of charges being the same on both sides—for the transmission of his message to the Court of St. James's,—the telegraph did a good day's work, having received no less than 1000*l.* for the use of their wires for little more than an hour.

It was, however, found that the enormous charge of 20*l.* for ten words was too high to obtain extensive business. The newspaper press, on which they greatly relied for messages, declined on either side of the Atlantic, to transmit any messages except in cases of the most absorbing interest; and consequently, after the lapse of two years or so, the Company reduced their charges by one half. Twenty words, instead of ten, were now allowed for 20*l.* The consequence was, that the business on both sides of the Atlantic experienced an immediate and great increase. Mr. James Gordon Bennett, the proprietor of the *New York Herald*, was the first to have a lengthened message sent him from this country under the reduced tariff. The message was an account of the prize fight between the American pugilistic champion and Tom

Sayers, the English pugilistic champion. The account of the fight was given at so great length that while, had the charge for the report been made in strict accordance with the tariff, it would have considerably exceeded 1000*l.*, yet that sum was all that was asked. On paying the amount Mr. Bennett, it need hardly be said, took care to turn the matter to excellent account by representing his display of public spirit on the occasion as not only unparalleled in the history of the newspaper press, but, himself as the only man the world had ever seen, who would have the "patriotic soul" to make it.

After another interval of about the same space as the first, another reduction took place in the scale of charges for cable communication between the United States and America. It was to the same extent as the first. The scale of charges was lowered from 10*l.* to 5*l.* for ten words. Still, it was felt to be too high to insure a large amount of business from the Newspaper Press of either country,—although a considerable increase took place. But, after another interval of some length, there came a third reduction. In this case, however, it was not in the same proportion as in the two previous cases. Instead of its being a reduction from 5*l.* for ten words to 2*l.* 10*s.*, it was only lowered to 3*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.* I ought to mention that both the last two reductions were at least partly the consequence of the announcement of opposition by the formation of two new companies. And as the competition approached the period when it would

commence, there came another reduction in the scale of charges. Instead of charging for messages at the rate of 3*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*, the charge was lowered to 2*l.* But even this great reduction from the original charge of 20*l.* for ten words, was not the final tariff of the American Telegraph Company. Some time afterwards the three Companies were amalgamated, and now the charge is only 1*l.* 10*s.* for the number of words which originally cost 20*l.* in their transmission to the United States. Late last year, however, by a curious coincidence, the cables of two of the Companies broke, and during the many months which intervened before they were repaired, the Company raised their charges to 3*l.* for every ten words, as they had only one cable instead of three by which to transmit the messages sent by either country.

When the tariff was reduced to 3*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.* for ten words, the Press, on both sides, freely used that mode of communication between the countries; but when the price was lowered to 1*l.* 10*s.* for the same ten words, the Newspaper Press both here and in America patronized the Atlantic Cable to fully fourfold the extent they had done before.

In addition to Reuter's telegrams from New York, the *Times* has almost daily communications by telegraph from its correspondents in various parts of the United States. And while the *Times* thus pays the "Anglo-Telegraph Company" large amounts for the intelligence it receives from the other side of the Atlantic, the Company receives still larger sums for

the messages despatched from this country to the United States. "The American Associated Press," which has its agency in London, alone pays a very large sum for the messages which it transmits to New York. During the Session of Parliament it nightly sends to America a summary of everything of importance that occurs in either branch of the Legislature. It has its reporters in Parliament for that purpose. Its pecuniary resources are most ample; and Mr. Wilson, its enterprising and able manager in our metropolis, never spares any expense when intelligence of importance to the United States is to be transmitted to New York. It is no uncommon thing for Mr. Wilson to pay 30%, 40%, 50%, 75% for the transmission, by telegraph, of intelligence of paramount importance to the people of the United States. In some instances, indeed, he has paid as much as 100%. This was the case in transmitting the Queen's Speech on the opening of the last Session. That was, it is believed, the most lengthened Royal speech ever spoken from the British Throne:—and yet, notwithstanding its unprecedented length, it was published in New York before the conclusion of its delivery in the House of Lords. But there have been occasions when, through the energy of the representatives of the "Associated Press of America," the Queen's Speech has actually been published in the New York papers before a word of it was spoken in the House of Lords. A copy of the Royal Speech had, through private influence, been

obtained two hours before the time of its delivery ; and previous arrangements having been made at the office of the telegraph, and the New York journals having made the necessary preparations for putting it into type in the shortest possible space of time, the thing has been again and again accomplished.

It is due to the American Newspaper Press here to say, that in relation to telegraphic matters, it far surpasses any of our English journals. It does so in the extent to which it uses the telegraph wires. I do not remember to have seen, on any one occasion, any greater amount of intelligence given in our journals, by telegraph, than three columns in leaded type, and that only on one or two occasions. Two columns, indeed, are looked upon as something great in that way, whereas in the *New York Herald*, the *New York Times*, and occasionally some other journals, it is no uncommon thing to see two pages filled with reports.

From the Newspaper Press alone therefore the American Telegraph Companies derive a very considerable portion of their profits, and in return they are ever anxious to do all that lies in their power to facilitate the objects which the Press has in view. As a rule whenever the messages of private parties are not of an urgent kind, those of the journalistic class get the preference in regard to priority.

The Atlantic Telegraph Company has been more fortunate than any other Cable Company, in receiving what are called "windfalls,"—that is, large sums under exceptional and consequently unexpected

circumstances. A very remarkable case of this kind occurred in the months of April and May last. So great were the communications between our Government and that of Washington in connexion with the Commission appointed to adjust the various existing differences between Great Britain and America, that it cost the two Governments conjointly no less than 25,000*l.*,—this country paying one-half of the amount, and the Washington Government the other half.

Within the last few years a new telegraphic organization has been formed. At first it was under the title of "The Central Press;" but on the extinction of the *Sun* newspaper, it prefixed to the title just quoted, "The Sun," so that the title now is "The Sun and the Central Press." The Press, and the public too, of the United Kingdom are indebted for the early intelligence relative to home occurrences, which they receive through this telegraphic organization, to Mr. Saunders, of 112, Strand, where he carries on, in this way, an extensive and prosperous business. He has active and intelligent correspondents in all parts of the kingdom, who telegraph to him everything of general interest, and his staff in the metropolis abridge the matter so sent in such a way as will make it as suitable as possible for the London journals. Formerly, he charged so much per line, but by a later arrangement with the managers of the morning papers, he now supplies them with everything he receives from his country correspondence for 2*l.* 10*s.* per week. This is not only a great con-

venience to the London journals, but it is to them a considerable saving of expense. The wonder is how Mr. Saunders can supply so much matter to the metropolitan newspapers at so moderate a price. The explanation is, that within the last eighteen or twenty months, the Post Office formed a plan for purchasing all the telegraphic companies, communicating with the metropolis, and in a few months afterwards carried it out. The result is that telegrams to and from all parts of the country are now sent and received through the General Post Office. A great reduction was made by the Post Office on its thus acquiring the exclusive control of telegraphic communication between the provinces and the metropolis; but while the public have reason to be thankful for a reduction in the charges for telegraphic messages equal to a tenth part of what they formerly were, the Newspaper Press has still greater grounds for gratitude, because the tariff of prices to it is very much lower than to the public. The Press is only charged a shilling for one hundred words. It is by availing himself of the special facilities, thus afforded to the Newspaper Press by the Post Office authorities, that Mr. Saunders is enabled to make such arrangements with the journalism of the country, as those to which I have alluded.

But Mr. Saunders has provincial daily journals of his own, and supplies other papers in connexion with the Central Press, to the efficiency of which his great telegraphic resources are made to contribute in a very

great measure. A portion of each of these provincial papers is composed and stereotyped in London. The plates are then forwarded to the respective journals of which Mr. Saunders is the proprietor. As a rule, about one-half of each of his papers consists of the stereotyped matter thus sent to the provinces, and the other half is appropriated to local affairs connected with the town and district in which each journal is published. The stereotyped matter is sent in separate columns, so that in the event of its being necessary, from local or other considerations, to exclude any part of the matter sent, it can by means of a saw made for the purpose, be cut out, and the chasm thus created be filled up by the substitution of other matter composed with the ordinary type. I have seen the operation of cutting out portions of a stereotyped column performed; and can say that not only is it the work of a few seconds, but that when it is done, each side is so smooth, that there is no difficulty whatever in adjusting the ordinary type with the stereotyped matter.

CHAPTER XIV.

NEWSPAPER ADVERTISEMENTS VIEWED AS ILLUSTRATIVE OF HUMAN LIFE.

Varied Character of Newspaper Advertisements—Earnestness of the Advertisers—General Observations—Enormous Sums Expended in Advertising—Advertising in America—The “Agony Column” of the *Times*—Its curious Contents—“Want Places”—“Governesses”—Miscellaneous and Concluding Remarks.

I KNOW there are many people who never read the advertisements in newspapers, but turn away from them as too dry for perusal. Little do these persons know how much they thereby lose. I, on the other hand, know of no more interesting reading, provided the party who peruses that part of the *Times* does so with attention. To me, indeed, the advertisements of the leading journal are in some respects, at particular seasons, among the most interesting portions of the paper. I see in the advertisement sheet expositions and illustrations of human nature, which are not to be met with anywhere else. Talk of works of fiction as exhibiting human nature! To a certain extent, and in a certain sense, it is true you may get some insight into our common nature in the pages of our novels,—but along with truthful

representations of the feelings and foibles, the virtues and vices of humanity as they are given in works of fiction, there is always mixed up a large amount of the mere imagination of the writer. Without this, indeed, his book would not be what it avowedly is,—a work of fiction.

But go to the advertisements of the *Times*, and there you view human nature in its true light. You see the earnestness with which the advertisers are bent on accomplishing the object they have in view, whatever that may be. It is not an assumed earnestness; it is real. Their hearts are set upon it,—a fact which might, indeed, be safely assumed from the other simple fact, that they have paid a certain sum for the insertion of the advertisement.

See also the paramount importance, in their view, of the object which they seek to accomplish. In a single impression of the *Times* there are some thousands of persons all labouring with consuming zeal to bespeak the attention of the public or some section of it, to that which they wish to bring before it, and to enlist their favourable consideration on its behalf. And in every instance, or nearly in every instance, the advertiser is so absorbed in the importance of that to which he seeks to give publicity, that it looks as if there was nothing else so important or so interesting in the world. What signifies it to him that there may be thousands of advertisers in the same impression of the *Times* as himself? All other announcements are nothing compared with his; and he thinks that

the public ought to view the matter in the same light as he does. Just see, as an instance and illustration of this, the earnestness with which the proprietor of "Harvey's Sauce" cautions the whole world against purchasing the Sauce of somebody else under the mistaken impression that it is his. Day after day that caution is given in the *Times* with an earnestness and emphasis which could scarcely be surpassed if the owner of the "Sauce" were admonishing the civilized world that the end of all things was at hand.

Everybody, indeed, is in earnest who has anything to say, in the advertising columns of the *Times*. No one takes things coolly there. There is no such thing as apathy in that portion of the leading journal. It is in the majority of cases a life and death earnestness which we witness in every line we meet with in its columns. If articles, from magnificent estates down to insignificant "night lights," or boxes of lucifer matches, are to be sold, you find the same earnestness displayed in extolling their transcendant excellences. The world, if the advertisers may be believed, never witnessed anything like them before; and surprise is expressed that they should be permitted to remain a moment in the market without a perfect rush to obtain possession of them at the price—no matter what it may be—at which the vender is willing to dispose of them. Though, as in the case of sales of haberdashery, you do not read in all cases the words "To be sold at a tremendous sacrifice," yet

that is, in effect, the burthen of what is said in relation to all the sales advertised in the *Times*, no matter of what kind. By implication, if not in so many words, extreme pity is felt for those who do not appraise the thing advertised, whatever it may be, at the same value as the advertiser. Every advertiser in the *Times* belonging to this category is, in his own estimation, a philanthropist of the first magnitude,—a benefactor of the highest order, of his species ; and yet he has often to cry from the housetops of the advertising columns of the *Times*, and not be heeded. It always has been so. Philanthropists of this class spend their strength in vain. Though they strive to convince the public that it is for their benefit, not from any considerations of individual advantage, that they, day after day, commend what they have to dispose of, yet they cannot get an unbelieving people to credit what they say,—not, at least, to the extent to which their representations and assertions ought to be received. Still, experience has taught the majority of advertisers in the *Times*, to believe that if they cry aloud in vain as regards the great bulk of mankind, there will always be a certain number of persons in the world who will be sufficiently credulous to render the pecuniary return for their zealous efforts, a remunerative speculation. This may be a comfortable reflection for the *Times*, if, indeed, the proprietors and conductors of that journal should by any chance have misgivings as to the continuous supply of advertisements of the

class to which I refer. Hitherto the reverse has been the case. The *Times*, instead of having to lament a paucity of advertisements, has found their number a source of embarrassment. It has not been able to give them a place with the promptitude which the parties sending them could have wished ; for some have had, for want of space, to stand over for ten or twelve days, and even sometimes for a fortnight, before they could be published.

There are several trading companies, or individual trading establishments, who advertise in the *Times* all the year round. If a single day passes without their advertisements appearing, the omission is to be ascribed to the extreme pressure for that day on the space of the paper. As the *Times*, except in very rare and specially exceptional cases, does not give any credit, it consequently knows nothing experimentally of bad debts,—an item in the accounts of all the morning papers which has no small bearing on the profits of the paper for the year. The *Times* never receives any advertisements which on their face belong to the quack class. Other morning journals, let me remark, have of late begun to follow, in this respect, in the wake of the leading journal. But in some instances it is difficult to decide whether a particular advertisement comes within the empirical category or not. I wonder whether the *Times*, on being offered,—of course on their own terms,—would have accepted and inserted daily for a period agreed on, such an advertisement as one, for the daily publication of which

for a certain term, a contract was lately entered into with an Advertising Company in New York. The advertisement simply announced that a particular private firm were the manufacturers of Plantation Bitters and Magnolia Waters. The manufacturers of the Bitters and the Waters agreed to spend 47,000 dollars, or in round numbers 10,000*l.* in our money, as the first movement in this advertising affair. Probably there is no equally large advertisement contract in newspaper history, as this; but, if the expenditure for a year in advertising in the newspapers on the part of private firms were taken into account, it would be found that much larger sums than that are spent in that way. I speak from good authority when I say, that during the last quarter of a century Mr. Holloway has annually expended sums in advertising his "Ointment," varying from 20,000*l.* to 30,000*l.* Taking the average at 25,000*l.*, this would, in twenty-five years, give the enormous total of upwards of 500,000*l.* expended by Mr. Holloway in letting the world know the transcendant virtues of his "Ointment." His advertisements appear in every paper on the globe in which the English language is read, and in some cases in foreign papers as well. Mr. Holloway has, in his extensive establishment in New Oxford Street, two intelligent females whose sole duty it is to see that all the advertisements, whether at home or abroad, for the publication of which he has paid, are duly inserted. And, as I can testify from my own observation, when some time ago going

through Mr. Holloway's establishment, their situations are no sinecures. Any one wishing to have an idea of the number and the diversified character of newspapers printed in the English language abroad, should visit that establishment. People, on hearing of the enormous expenditure of 500,000*l.* during the last quarter of a century, will naturally, in their own minds, exclaim, "But can this enormous expenditure in advertisements ever pay?" All that it is necessary to say in answer is, that it does; and I can make the supplemental statement with all confidence, because of the source of my information,—that Mr. Holloway is, after all this immense expenditure in advertising, a man whose fortune is not less—probably more—than the medium sum, between 1,500,000*l.* and 2,000,000*l.*,—and farther, that he has made up his mind to become a second Mr. Peabody. I am in a position to add that, at the time I write, he is looking out for a suitable site on which to erect a commodious edifice on which, with the endowment, he is to expend 500,000*l.*, for the purpose of ministering to the relief of a certain class of sufferers who are wholly unable to help themselves.

But extensive as is the scale on which some of our advertisers, especially those of the empirical class, conduct their advertising, it hardly admits of a comparison with that which is witnessed in the United States. Probably the most extensive advertiser, either in America or the world, is a New York chemist of the name of Hembold. The sum which he weekly

expends in advertising is so great that were it not a well attested fact, it would not be believed. It is no less than 2000*l.* a week. He has nearly 3000 papers on his list to which he regularly sends his advertisements. To some of the leading journals he has paid as much as 750*l.* for one insertion of what he calls his "great advertisement." To the *New York Herald* he once offered 1000*l.* for one page of that paper in which to "display" his "great advertisement," only stipulating that it should be "displayed" in accordance with his wishes; but Mr. James Gordon Bennett actually declined to insert it, not because he was unwilling to "display" it in the manner desired, but solely because an announcement of the fall of Richmond, during the war with the South, with details of that great event,—required that all the space he could otherwise spare should be devoted to an account of that great event. One thousand pounds offered for a page of a paper, and that not half the size of one of our morning journals, seems to us astounding. And yet, that the offer should have been refused, solely because of the pressure of political matter of great national importance, is even more surprising. Still the fact is as I have stated.

There is one particular column,—always the second after that devoted to the record of "Births, Marriages, and Deaths," in the advertisement sheet of the *Times*, which is read with a special interest, and often with the deepest emotion by a few persons of both sexes,—and with curiosity by thousands of others.

The few individuals to whom I refer as taking a very special interest in the column in question, are those who send the advertisements and those for whom they are exclusively intended. The column alluded to has been generally known for some years under the name of the "Agony Column."

In reading this column of the advertising sheet of the *Times*, you can imagine that you actually hear the wail of woe, or the moans of misery, which issue from it. None but the parties advertising can realize the amount of anguish which is endured by those who have sent these notices to the "Agony Column" of the *Times*.

It has acquired this name because the few first advertisements in it usually relate to the forced separation of lovers, and the impossibility of otherwise communicating with each other; or to domestic quarrels, whether in the shape of a husband leaving his wife, or a wife her husband, without the party who has been left knowing whither the truant has gone. Most of the class of advertisements found in the "Agony" column of the *Times* are of this nature. But they often also relate to domestic unhappiness of various other kinds. It is easy to see that the cause of many of them is the extravagant, and other irregular habits of sons who have thereby incurred the displeasure of their parents, and consequently left home,—and it will be found that in most of these cases sisters, whenever there are such in the family, interpose their kind offices to make matters right.

Not long ago I was struck with an advertisement of this kind which appeared on several occasions in the columns of the leading journal. It was in these words:—"Your two loving sisters implore you, 'Boy,' to come back,—your two brothers will and can make everything right if you will only come back at once." Here we see the gentle and generous disposition of sisters displaying their affectionate feelings towards some erring brother. Who can tell what a struggle they may have had with parents and brothers before they succeeded in getting "everything made right," provided he will only "come back at once." The frequency with which this advertisement appeared in the *Times* proved the consuming earnestness with which the two sisters sought the return of their brother "Boy,"—no doubt a pet name with them and the family. I am sure that no one could read the advertisement as often as I did, without sympathizing with the "two loving sisters" in their distress. Nor could any one help joining in their earnest desire for the return of their brother. Let us hope that he may have "come back," like the prodigal in the evangelist's narrative, to his father's house, to the great joy of his affectionate sisters and his own happiness.

About the same time as that on which the above repeatedly appeared, and in some instances in the same impression of the *Times*, the following frequently met the eye:—"Pray forgive what was said, and come home. H. G." This was very short; but the

frequency of its insertion also shows that it must have been the reverse of sweet. The cause of the misery which "H. G." was enduring at the time, was something which he or she had *said*, not anything which had been *done*. There would be ample room for moralizing here. Shakspeare makes use of the expression, "speaking daggers," though not using them,—and a greater than Shakspeare, even Solomon, gave utterance to the same idea nearly three thousand years before Shakspeare was born. And who has not known in his own experience, or seen in the experience of others, how deep and lasting a wound is often inflicted by a single word. I have, indeed, known instances—and I am sure that many who may read this part of my book can, from personal knowledge, say the same,—in which one's whole life has been made miserable by the utterance of a single word on the part of others. That unfortunate word has been ever present to the mind, and unceasingly rankled in the breast of the party in relation to whom it had been spoken. It had caused a wound which nothing, not even the lapse of an indefinite period of time, could heal. It was a "rooted sorrow," which could not by any effort be "plucked from the memory,"—a mingled pain and grief which accompanied the party to the grave. Were this the proper place for moral and philosophical reflections, I would seek to impress on my readers the duty,—seeing how great an amount of misery a single word may cause,—to be very careful that no word ever escapes their lips

which might be calculated to wound the feelings of others. It should ever be remembered that, however hastily spoken, an unkind or injurious word can never be fully forgotten, no matter how deep and sincere may be the expressed regret of the party by whom it was uttered.

Just now the *Times* of the 13th of May is lying before me,—that being the day on which I am writing this part of my work. In the “Agony Column” I find the following:—“DEAR CHARLIE,—I have been very ill, and have been ordered out of town. I fear I shall never return again. Pray let me see you on Wednesday next. If you will not, say ‘No,’ as I am too weak to bear much fatigue.” Say “No!”—who could say “No” to a request made under such circumstances? If “Charlie” did say “No,” he must have been utterly unworthy of the profound affection which prompted the utterance of the earnest wish to see him. If the lady—for the writer evidently belongs to the other sex—could express her fear lest, owing to her extreme illness, she should never return to town after obeying her physician’s orders to leave it, “Dear Charlie” must have regarded the expression of her wishes to see him on the following Wednesday in the light, in a certain sense, of a dying request, and acted in accordance with that view.

Such an advertisement as this had its appropriate place in the “Agony Column” of the *Times*. The anguish of mind which was felt by the writer could be conceived by no one but herself, or at least only by

some other person similarly situated. Yet not less great, I doubt not, though probably caused by other considerations, must have been the agony experienced by the party who penned the following, which is next but one to the above in the *Times*.—"For Heaven's sake let me know how you are. All I do to forget you is of no avail." This looks very like the reality of the expression, "I am dying to see you,"—an expression which is often used without the slightest experience of the feeling which the phrase implies. But it is not so with all. It will direct their thoughts to objects of their special esteem or affection. Even friendship, which, though not so powerful as love, has its cherished and enduring remembrances of those with regard to whom the feeling exists; but for an illustration of the perfection of the quality of never forgetting, we must turn our attention to the feeling of love,—that love which is said to be strong as death. Among the myriads who have read this advertisement in the *Times*, there are, I doubt not, hundreds, who found in the phrase, "All I do to forget you is of no avail," a faithful expression of their own experience. The effort to forget, which is often made with a view to relief, only in most cases has the effect of making the absent object doubly dear. It is so in all such cases where the absent person is the object—which this, there can be no question, is—of the most sincere and fervent affection which our common nature is capable of experiencing.

I cannot spare space for more selections from the

“Agony Column” of the *Times* of the present day. I do not know to what cause to ascribe it, but it seems to me a fact that the “Agony Column” of that journal has not so much abounded of late with anguish of an equally intense kind, as in former years. I cannot permit myself to come to the comfortable conclusion, that the reason is to be found in the fact, that there is less of misery in the world now than in previous years, or that the world is getting better. On the contrary, if the prevalent belief and confident assertion be correct, the world is daily growing worse, and consequently there ought to be a greater amount of misery in it. Everywhere we hear of the want and woe which are stalking abroad with giant strides not only in our own, but in every other land. As I cannot, therefore, assign a reason which would be satisfactory to myself for the more modified character of the “Agony” advertisements in the *Times*, I leave the matter to the philosophical investigation of others. My purpose will be answered when I have shown, by a reference to the “Agony” advertisements of other years, that they were more expressive of intolerable anguish than those we meet with now.

In the *Quarterly Review*, many years ago, there appeared an article on newspaper advertisements, in which some specimens were given of the true “Agony” class. I subjoin one belonging to this category:—
“It is enough; one man alone upon earth have I found noble. Away from me for ever, cold heart and mean spirit! You have lost what millions—empires

—could not have bought, but which a single word truthfully and nobly spoken might have made your own to all eternity. Yet are you forgiven: depart in peace. I rest in my Redeemer.”

The qualities of womanly scorn and indignation are here mingled in pretty equal proportions. If the advertisement ever “met the eye” of the man who had betrayed and most probably for ever ruined the lady writer, it could not, we may feel assured, have failed to have made the iron enter his very soul. Her burning words must have haunted him by night and by day, in all his after-life, like so many demoniacal spirits.

But I have seen in former years, though I cannot lay my hand on them now, advertisements of this class even surpassing in the force of their scorn and indignation the one I have just given. I have seen, from the pen of deceived and ruined women, execrations and denunciations absolutely terrible to contemplate hurled at the heads of their betrayers. In the spirit, indeed, in which they were dictated, they scarcely fell short of the celebrated Popish curse on which Sterne has conferred immortality. But I believe the “Agony Column” of the *Times* has not, of late, contained anything which could be characterized in language like this. If any such advertisements have appeared in that journal within the last few years, they have escaped my notice.

But there are, in every number of the *Times*, adver-

tisements which ought to have appeared in the "Agony Column," but do not. These are appeals to "the Charitable and Humane," which indicate the fact that there are wives and families in circumstances of the deepest destitution, in conjunction with sickness of a kind which, humanly speaking, points to the grave as its inevitable termination. A single number of the *Times*, in its advertisements, tells, in a few words, stories of broken hearts because of starvation from entire destitution; and yet, as if in ridicule of the representations of these cases of distress from the utter want of money, you see a number of advertisements offering money to anybody, from 5*l.* to 20,000*l.*, without security! Some of the latter class of advertisements are, indeed, so benevolently worded, and in terms so very generous, that it almost looks as if they would regard it as a gratification if people would only come and receive any amount on their own terms, or indeed, without any conditions at all. What a cruel and gratuitous mockery this is of human want and woe!

Some of the advertisements in the "Agony Column" of the *Times*, are written in so vague a manner, and without any seeming means of identifying the writer, that one cannot help wondering how they ever can answer the purpose for which they are evidently framed. In a recent number of that journal we find, for instance, the following:—"By endeavouring to stretch the feelings of responsibility and devotion too far you risk their snapping altogether." This is evidently in-

tended as a rebuke and a warning. But as there are no initials, nor anything else to indicate who the writer is, or for whom the advertisement is intended, I cannot understand how the writer can accomplish any purpose by it. The same may be said of the following, which it will be seen is one of unusual brevity:—"Does Lady Wells' German friend wish to see her again?" Not unlike this advertisement is another which we meet with in the same column of next day's *Times*:—"Large pecuniary engagements, and other difficulties, by which I am at present surrounded, render it absolutely impossible for me to carry out your wishes; so at once give up the idea, and write to say so, or I shall be very angry.—Tom Bell." There is no doubt that "Tom Bell" has been the cause of great misery to some one; and now that his victim implores him to render the needed assistance, he not only threatens to become angry if the idea of expecting any aid from him be not given up, but has waxed angry already. It is easy to imagine how different before this the tone was in which "Tom Bell" wrote and spoke to the unhappy party who supplicates much needed assistance.

One often meets in the "Agony Column" of the leading journal with advertisements which seem to have no claim to a place in that part of the paper. There does not, for example, seem to be anything of the "Agony" element in the following:—"Moses hears that Aaron's in town, and would be very glad if he would call at 66, St. John's Wood Terrace, Regent's

Park, N.W., at any hour after 6 P.M.” This appears to be written in a very light and tranquil spirit. Yet as no advertisement appears in the “Agony Column” of the *Times* unless requested to be put in that part of the paper, and paid for at such a price as will insure its insertion, there must have been more or less of the “Agony” ingredient in the matter, though not perceptible to the uninitiated eye. Surely the following is entirely out of place in the “Agony Column?” If, indeed, there were such a column as the “Joyful Column” in the leading journal, it ought to have a prominent place in it:—
“R——D. to B——S. Thanks—delighted. Nineteen will not suit—twenty will. I hope so. B—— write to D——. Yours R.”

But in all that is sensational, we must acknowledge that the Americans beat us. There is prose poetry in their “Agony” advertisements. Here is a specimen taken from a late number of the *New York Herald*, in which there is on an average a whole column of that class of advertisements; while our *Times* does not usually contain more than six or seven:—“Olympic Theatre, Orchestre, Saturday evening.—Sweet eyes, was I so madly deceived as to imagine you did return the pressure of my arm? When we unspeakably hope, we marvellously doubt. If, indeed, it were Fate that led us into such exquisite companionship, surely its prescience teaches thee to divine all the rapture that captivated soul and sense in that enrapturing contact.” Four lines of versification follow this:—

“ Better trust all and be deceived,
And weep ~~that~~ trust and that believing,
Than doubt one heart that, if believed,
Had blessed our life with true believing.

If possible, send one word of recognition to ‘ LONELINESS, *Herald* office.’ ” Many of the advertisements in that particular column refer solely to what the French call “ affairs of the heart,” in connexion with which “ the course of true love ” has not “ run smooth,”—not in relation to the parties themselves, but to the families on either side, or it may be on both sides, who have interposed, and thrown obstructions in the way of the otherwise tranquil current of their mutual affection. The “ agony ” in such a case is that of unavoidable separation for a time between the lovers. But when, after a temporary interruption to their meeting together, matters are so far arranged that they can see each other again, the announcement of the fact—especially if made by the lady—so far from being an expression of anguish, and therefore entitled to a place in the “ Agony Column,” is indicative of an access of delight; and therefore, were there an “ Ecstasy Column ” in the *Times*, the advertisement would have more appropriately had its place there.

From the title given to the second column of the advertisement sheet of the *Times*, the inference would be a natural one,—that the whole of that column is devoted to the utterance of human anguish; that, however, is not the case. On an average, as I have just

said, only five or six of the advertisements in the column can properly be classed under the "agony" head; the remainder are advertisements of the miscellaneous kind. The only instance which I remember in which a whole column of the *Times* has been filled with "agony" advertisements, was during the late siege of Paris, when the French people, who had previously sought a residence in this country, had no other means of communicating with their families and friends but through the medium of the advertisement sheet of the *Times*. For weeks there were, day after day, several columns of this class of advertisements in the *Times*; and on one occasion nearly the whole of the "Agony Column" page was filled with them. But the question will naturally be asked by persons unacquainted with all the circumstances of the case, "How did the advertisements reach the eye of those for whom they were intended when the siege of Paris was so close as we all knew it was?" The *Times* itself furnishes an answer to the question. That journal thus explains how the thing was done:—"Attempts," says the *Times*, in one of its impressions about the middle of the period during which the beleaguering of Paris lasted—"attempts to establish a ready communication between the beleaguered inhabitants of Paris and their relatives and friends beyond the German lines, have given rise to many contrivances which are not unlikely to make a new era in the history both of aeronautics and photography. Among them may be mentioned the ingenious device

by which the matter of two whole pages of the *Times* has been transmitted from London to Paris. This has been accomplished by photography. Those pages of the paper which contained communications to relatives in Paris, were photographed with great care by the London Stereoscopic and Photographic Company on pieces of thin and almost transparent paper, about an inch and a half in length by an inch in width. On these impressions there could be seen by the naked eye only two legible words, *The Times*, and six narrow brown bands representing the six columns of printed matter forming a page of the newspaper. Under the microscope, however, the brown spaces became legible, and every line of the newspaper was found to have been distinctly copied and with the greatest clearness. The photographs were sent to Bordeaux for transmission thence by carrier pigeon to Paris. When received there they were magnified, by the aid of the magic lantern, to a large size, and thrown upon a screen. A staff of clerks immediately transcribed the messages, and sent them off to the places indicated by the advertisers. The success of this experiment gives rise to the hope that the new art of compressing printed matter into a small compass will not stop here."

These miniature embodiments of a leaf of the *Times* were called the "*Pigeon Times*,"—the name "*Pigeon*" being probably derived from the fact that pigeons have, from time immemorial, been employed in all countries, before telegraphy was known, to con-

vey brief messages from one country to another, or from one part of a country to another part of the same country. These Lilliputian portions of the *Times* must have been great curiosities in their way; and it is a wonder that they have not, as such, been published in the usual photographic fashion. They could not, had they been so, have failed to meet with an extensive sale.

Not the least interesting of the *Times*' advertisement department is that devoted to "Want Places." Until one turns his attention to that part of the paper, he could not have imagined that there ever existed so great a variety of places to be filled up, or that any one of the many situations sought after, admitted of such diversified forms. Without poring over a file of the *Times* for illustrations of this, I content myself with a glance at the very first two copies of that journal on which I can lay my hand. I find in them under the "Nursery" section, that a person wants a situation as "Head Nurse," but with the stipulation, that it must be for the "Lady's *first* baby." There must be something meant in making it a condition that the baby should be the lady's *first* one; but to me the matter is a mystery. In juxtaposition with this advertisement there is one in which the applicant for a situation calls herself an "Upper Nurse." The uninitiated must be desirous of knowing whether "Head Nurse" and "Upper Nurse" are synonymous expressions. Next we have an applicant for the situation of a "Thorough Nurse." One would like to

know whether this is as high a grade in the Nursery department of a domestic establishment, as the "Head" and "Upper" position. But there comes another who, not deeming the term "thorough" sufficiently commendatory, adds to it the word "good." "Thorough good" is surely strong enough. The force of eulogizing oneself could, it might be supposed, no farther go. Next we have an "Under Nursemaid" offering her services, but limiting them to one baby. The next candidate for a situation in the nursery goes farther than her predecessor in the advertisements of the *Times*. While she would prefer being nurse to only one child, she is willing to undertake to discharge the duties due to two babies. But she does not say in what capacity she would do this. Instead of dignifying herself with the title of "Head Nurse," or "Upper Nurse," or "Thorough Nurse," or "Thorough Good Nurse," she contents herself with the simple denomination of "Nurse."

Descending in the scale of position in the nursery line, we come to an application for a situation as "Under Nursemaid." And close to her advertisement there is another who speaks of herself as "Second or Under Nurse." But these are not all the grades which exist in the Nursery. We have the "Invalid Nurse" and the "Wet Nurse" as well. What strikes persons of our sex in reading what relates to the Nursery department of a house, is the very great injustice which mammas do to the mistresses of the nursery. You cannot enter a house

in which one or more nursery-maids are kept without hearing grievous complaints from the lady head of the house of the misconduct of her nursery-maid or maids. They are represented as haughty, supercilious, insubordinate, unkind to the children, very probably as being insolent; and yet, on looking over the columns of the *Times* in which their advertisements appear, when seeking situations, you cannot divest your mind of the idea, that these are all calumnies, for not only never yet have I seen anything in their advertisements which would give the slightest sanction to such representations of their character as are given by the "Missus" of the house, but they all, with one accord, describe themselves as everything that is good, respectable, and amiable. And surely no one will hesitate to admit, that they must know themselves better than any one else can.

But the persons that seem to be most numerous who are in "want" of situations, are the cooks. You would fancy, on looking over the long list of this class of advertisers, that all the cooks in London were out of place at once, and you begin to wonder how you get a dinner at all, seeing it seems as if there were no one to cook it. And the surprise one feels on casting one's eye over the legion of cooks who are out of place, is greatly increased when we find the high character which each one gives herself. Somehow or other, the world seems to be up in arms against those who supply our eating necessities. Who ever heard a good word said on behalf of the sovereign of the

kitchen? On the contrary, our female culinary artists are among the most maligned of all her Majesty's subjects. They are represented as devotees to gin and brandy, in addition to their being ill-tempered and ill-tongued. What better proof could any one wish of the grossness of this calumny, than the fact that out of the scores who apply for situations as cooks, there is not one that has not got something or other to say in commendation of herself. They are all "respectable." In a word, they are the impersonation of all that is good. And surely their own testimony ought to be preferred to the opposite statements of others, for they ought to know themselves best.

Footmen, too, like cooks, seem always out of situations; and in every instance—that is, if their own word is to be taken for it—they are veritable models, morally and otherwise, of what footmen ought to be. The matter for marvel is, that being so superior in every way they should ever have been out of place at all. Ask them the reason why they left their last situation, and you will promptly learn that there were grounds for quitting it which no one could ever have conceived. The fault was, of course, entirely that of the family, not "John's" in the slightest degree. If any one has a sufficient amount of faith to credit the statements in the *Times* made by the fraternity, the sun never shone on a more civil, obliging, obedient, and virtuous class than the footmen who advertise in that journal. You cannot help regretting, as you run

your eye over their section of the *Times*, that their excellent qualities are not better appreciated. Yet such is the way of the world. Morals, manners, and merit, as embodied in the footman, are not appreciated. The class, on the contrary, are grossly and systematically slandered. Of all classes of the community, they have, if they may be believed, the greatest injustice done to them.

We see from some of the footmen's advertisements for situations that a married footman—especially if the marriage has been matter of recent occurrence—has a great affection for his wife. Well, who would think of objecting to that? It would be a most ungracious thing to do. The strength of affection on the part of the footman for his spouse, leads him often to advertise for a "place" where his wife can fill some other situation in the household. This, of course, would be a convenient arrangement for both husband and wife, yet somehow or other, in households of position, there is a prejudice against it, where the couple have been recently married.

The advertisement is sure to contain an announcement that the couple are without "encumbrances." Everybody knows what, in such a case as this, the word "encumbrances" means. I believe a school-girl who is just about to emerge from her school and her teens knows the meaning of the word, just as well as she will do when she is twice that age. But no married footman is authorized to employ the expression "no encumbrances," because he cannot tell how soon the

circumstances of the case may be altered. Though there may be "no encumbrances" now, there may be before many months have elapsed.

Some of the advertisements which one meets with in the *Times* journal, are in the reading somewhat anomalous. My eye, just now, alights on one from a lady who wishes to get a situation for some *protégé* whose name is not given; but she is evidently in a humble position, because she aims at nothing more elevated than the "place" of cook. Application is to be made to *Miss Goodman*. It is not every day that we find in the same person a union of the two opposite sexes. But we have it here. The party to whom the reference is to be made is both a *Miss* and a *Man*; and what is more, the *Miss* is a *Good-man*. But there is another feature in this advertisement which is well deserving attention. For the first time, so far as my memory is to be trusted, this cook is recommended for a situation on the ground of her being "Irish." "No Irish need apply" is a notification which one sees in numerous instances in almost every impression of the advertising sheet of the *Times*, but here is a plain intimation that the "Irish" are deemed more entitled than the cooks of any other land to the situation, wherever there is a vacancy. But why wonder at this? Extraordinary changes are now so common that we have no right to wonder at anything.

But of all the varieties of advertisements which appear in the columns of the *Times*, there are none

which have made a deeper or sadder impression on my mind, in their effects, than those which refer to a governess being wanted. On this point I can speak with a special feeling, because of the fact that I permitted two lady friends, advertising for a governess, to make, on two different occasions, the reference to my address, and to say that they would there see the lady advertising. On each occasion, exclusive of those who wrote, somewhere about forty young ladies called personally in answer to each of the two advertisements. The lady who wished to engage one was naturally desirous of knowing the antecedents of such as pleased her so far as personal appearance and manners were concerned ; and the revelations made with regard to the majority of those she thought the most likely to suit her, were much more touching than anything one meets with in works of fiction. They had not only been highly educated, but brought up in the lap of luxury, and until they had emerged from girlhood into womanhood, had never known what it was to want anything which they could not have ; but the death of a father in insolvent circumstances, some sudden collapse of a father's fortune, or some other cause, had reduced them to absolute want, and they had no other means of ministering to their necessities than to avail themselves of their education by going out as governesses. The ladies to whom I allude spoke of most of these applicants as eminently refined in manners as well as highly accomplished ; and yet

they were severally willing to accept a very small salary, as intimated in the advertisement, and to go to any place, not knowing whither they went. Who could help feeling for creatures so delicately brought up, accustomed to every enjoyment, and treated with the utmost parental kindness, in being thus compelled, by the exigencies of their altered position, to submit to the drudgery of managing rude and refractory children, and to be, in the majority of cases, though not in the individual cases to which I have referred, treated with disrespect and unkindness by the parents. Poor creatures! I know of no class of the community so much to be pitied, or so deserving of the sincerest sympathy. Hard indeed is their lot; deplorable, in the most comprehensive sense of the term, is their destiny. It were sad enough that they should have continually present to their minds, the contrast between what they were with what they are, without having the additional aggravation of the painfulness of their position, caused by unkind conduct on the part of those under whose roof they have been placed by the stern necessities of adverse circumstances. I have seen in my time various classes of the community who had strong claims on the kind consideration of those in more favoured circumstances, but I have never known any class of our fellow-creatures who are more deserving of the sympathy, the commiseration, and the aid, wherever it can be delicately rendered, of the philanthropic, than the unprotected governesses who are in

our midst, in numbers so great as to deepen the pity which all right-minded persons must feel for them.

It would be an endless task to dwell on the variety of the contents of the advertisement department of the *Times*. It is all but infinite. It would be impossible beforehand to give any conception of the diversified objects embraced by the advertisements of that journal. From a loan for 10,000,000*l.* sought to be negotiated by some foreign Government, down to a halfpenny box of matches offered for sale, there is not an object of intervening value which is not to be met with in that part of the leading journal, as having its price and seeking a purchaser. There is nothing of which you wish to possess yourself, which you may not have, if you will only give the price which the seller has fixed as being, in his opinion, its fair value.

It is worthy of observation, that among the advertisements in the *Times* there are certain classes which appear in its columns every day all the year round. I do not, in making this remark, mean those advertisements which are contracted for for long periods, and which are the same every day; I allude to those which are frequently varied, though coming from the same parties, and having essentially the same objects in view. Advertisements of the ever-changing programmes of the performances in our theatres are of the class to which I refer. There is not a theatre in London of any importance that does not, every morning, announce in the columns of the *Times* its "bill,"

as it is called, for the evening. In fact, if any of our leading histrionic houses were not to publish in the *Times* its daily programme, it might as well close its doors at once. And while these advertisements are a source of unceasing revenue to the morning newspapers, the bulk of the metropolitan readers of these journals would regard them, if absent, as wanting in one of their most attractive features of intelligence. So that theatrical advertisements at once contribute to the financial prosperity of the lessees of houses for dramatic performances, and minister to the gratification of a large portion of the readers of the journals in which they appear. Considering how essential it is in our day to advertise the bill of fare every morning for the evening, it will cause surprise to many to learn that until 1701, there is no instance on record in which theatrical performances were advertised in newspapers. The first theatre which had recourse to announcing its nightly programme in a newspaper was the Lincoln's Inn Theatre,—a popular West End theatre in those days; and the first newspaper in which the advertisement appeared was the *English Post*. The other larger theatres soon, however, followed the lead of the little house.

CHAPTER XV.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

Miscellaneous Observations—American Fancied Improvement on our Mode of Announcing “Births, Marriages, and Deaths”—American Notions respecting Announcements of “Matrimonial Alliances”—Announcements in America of “Divorces”—New Heading of “Births, Marriages, and Deaths” in the American Journals.

HAVING devoted the preceding chapter chiefly to the advertisements of the *Times*, it would be a great oversight were I to pass by in silence the first column of the second sheet of that paper. Its contents are “advertisements,” though of a particular class. There are few persons who lay down the leading journal without reading that portion of its contents. There is, indeed, no class of the reading community who do not take a lively interest in the information which is furnished by it to the readers of the *Times*. And it is all the more appreciated, because it is nowhere else to be met with. That journal has a monopoly of the “Births, Marriages, and Deaths” announcements. It is true that a stray announcement under either of the three heads does find its way into the columns of others of the morning papers ; but this is so rare an

occurrence, that it does not invalidate my statement that the *Times* has a virtual monopoly of that kind of intelligence. To some it may seem surprising that it should be so, inasmuch as several other journals—the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Standard* for example—have a larger circulation than the leading journal, yet so it is, notwithstanding that fact; and no one ever thinks of looking in the pages of any of the other morning papers for the announcement of a “Birth,” a “Marriage,” or a “Death.”

It is curious to consider the diversity of tastes in the readers of the *Times*, as these are shown in the priority which they give to their perusal of the three classes of announcements which I have named. The eyes of married ladies, especially mothers, light, as if by a sort of instinct, upon the first of the three intimations. And this is natural. Many of them have lady friends whom they know to be in what is termed an “interesting” situation, and just, it may be, on the eve of an event which will make them the happy mothers of living children. Lady friends are curious to know whether the infantine strangers are sons or daughters. So attractive, indeed, is this department of the *Times* to married ladies, that it is not only the first they peruse, but in the case of many of their number, the only part of the paper they read.

But then there are unmarried as well as married ladies in the world. These rush to the list of “Marriages” the moment they take up the second

sheet of the great cosmopolitan journal; and scan with eager eye that portion of its contents. The question arising in their minds when they begin to read, is whether any of their lady friends have been so fortunate as to have entered into a matrimonial contract,—not, according to the marriage ceremony, to terminate until that day arrives when “death do us part,” though many partings unhappily take place long before Death would have had anything to do in the separation, had the matter been left in his hands. And when, as a rule, young ladies read the list of marriages, those of them who are engaged, naturally look forward with delightful anticipations to the day when their names shall figure as happy brides in the same column of the *Times*.

But there is yet another class of announcements. Next come the “Deaths.” This is the one event which happeneth to all,—an event which never fails to occur. Whatever else may fail to happen, or however unexpected such failure may be, death is sure to come. And while the “Births” and the “Marriages” are as a rule happy events—at least they are both presumed to be the prelude to the happiness of the parties concerned—the “Deaths” are so many messages of sadness and sorrow. What man or woman whose eye has glanced over the list of “Deaths” in the *Times*, has not experienced a shock to his feelings too great to be described, when unexpectedly coming on the announcement of the sudden departure from this world of some beloved or revered friend? I

am sure there is scarcely one of those who may read what I am writing, that has not experienced the feelings to which I allude. I know, indeed, of some persons whose sensibilities are so great, and their affections or friendships so strong, that while they are irresistibly drawn to the "Deaths" part of the *Times*, they never begin the perusal of it without fear and trembling lest they should come on the name of some one towards whom they cherished a tender affection, or for whom they felt a measure of friendship so great that none but themselves could fully appreciate its strength any more than its sincerity. It has occurred to me, again and again, that the "Deaths" list of the *Times* might be regarded as a daily sermon preached to the whole civilized world, on the certainty of death, in conjunction with the uncertainty of the time of its occurrence, and of the circumstances under which it will take place.

It seems to me that there ought to be a transposition of the heads "Births" and "Marriages." The order, in my view, ought to be inverted, if any regard is to be had to the journalistic fitness of things. I cannot see on what grounds the "Marriages" are made to follow the "Births." "Marriages" are *conventionally* assumed, in all cases, to precede "Births." We all know that such unhappily is not always the case, but I repeat that, *conventionally*, it is supposed to be so, and it certainly ought to be the fact. I am disposed to go farther. I am inclined to doubt whether any of the announcements of "Births" in the

Times, are those of children not born in wedlock ; for few fathers would take any pleasure in proclaiming the fact, far and wide throughout the civilized world, that the paternity of illegitimate children belonged to them. Is it not manifest then, that there should be an inversion of the order in which the two announcements, " Births " and " Marriages," are given in the *Times* ?

I am quite aware that men and women must be born before they can be married ; but I am not speaking of the order of nature. I am speaking of the claims of journalistic propriety ; and on that account, if on no other, let us hope that the day is not distant when we shall see " Marriages " first and " Births " afterwards.

It will probably be new to some of my readers when I mention that the " Births, Marriages, and Deaths " column of the *Times*, is the most profitable, commercially, of any part of the paper. As no " birth," or " marriage," or " death " is admitted under six shillings, and as, taking the " births " and the " deaths " at an average of two lines, while the number of lines in a column is about 250, we have no less than 37*l.* 10*s.* for a column of " Births, Marriages, and Deaths." It is true that the " marriages," taking them on an average, exceed two lines, but then there is the counteracting consideration, that three shillings in addition to the six for announcement of " deaths " is charged whenever the slightest and briefest compliment is paid to the memory of the deceased.

But this is a mercantile view of matters. The column to which I refer of the leading journal suggests materials for contemplation of a kind which has no relation whatever to commercial considerations. I feel assured that no one in the habit of viewing matters in the light of an intelligent morality, can read the "Births, Marriages, and Deaths" column of the *Times* without mingled emotions. What will be the course of life, and what its close, of all the infants which have just been introduced into the world? That is a question which none can answer. And it is better in the majority of cases for the parents, that no one can. There are many things hidden from our view as to the future, and it is a merciful dispensation of Providence that it should be so. Some of these infantile strangers will no doubt live honoured and happy lives, and be a comfort to friends, and a blessing to their fellow men; but if what the future will be may be inferred from what the past has been, suffering and sorrow, either through their own folly and vice, or in the course of those ills to which flesh is heir, will more or less largely be their portion in their passage along the pathway of life.

Then there is the contrast between the present and future feelings caused by the words "Births" and "Deaths." With those who have just entered the matrimonial state, all is joyous, and the future all bright. It is more,—it is brilliant. They are just beginning their honeymoon, and no thought obtrudes itself into their minds that the day ever will come when dark-

ness, clouds, and shadows shall rest on their circumstances in life. Very different are the feelings of the surviving relatives and friends of those whose decease is recorded. They are in the house of mourning. All is sombre in their eye. A deep gloom overshadows every earthly object. Their hearts are desolate, and they feel as if there never was to be any relief to the sorrows by which they are overwhelmed. Such are some of the opposite reflections which will occur to the man of contemplative mind who reads the column of the *Times* devoted to the record of "Births, Marriages, and Deaths."

In connexion with the column of the leading journal devoted to the record of "Births, Marriages, and Deaths," let me here express my surprise, that varied as are the titles of our modern novels, and numerous as are our writers of fiction, none of the latter have yet chosen as the title of one of their works, "Births, Marriages, and Deaths." I could conceive of no better title. It is most comprehensive. There is nothing in human life that is not included in it. It would afford boundless scope for an author's fancy in inventing incidents, and unlimited play for his descriptive powers in working them up. There would be the most ample room for dealing with every conceivable phase of human nature. The qualities of pathos and humour might be made to alternate with any degree of rapidity which the writer might desire; and the result would be that, in the hands of a skilful author we should have a book for which there would

be so great a demand that the circulating libraries would be unable to meet it, for all classes of the community are, in some way or other, personally interested in the subject of "Births, Marriages, and Deaths."

These are days of what are called improvements; and the people of America, whose motto is "go-ahead," are beating our own country, and all other countries in that respect. They have found out that our old-fashioned heading, "Births, Marriages, and Deaths," is very incomplete; and they propose to add to it two other items. The first is "Matrimonial Alliances," and the second, "Divorces." Very naturally, they propose the "Matrimonial Alliances" to be the first of the five classifications. This is logical. "Matrimonial Alliances" ought, in the course of things, to precede "Births." Though it does not always do so, the rule, nevertheless, stands good. But in this matter we cannot allow that the Americans are first in the field. They indignantly repudiate the idea of adopting anything from us; but in this instance they are plagiarists. During the whole of the present century, at least, if not from an earlier date, it has been the practice to announce in our public journals matrimonial alliances a considerable time before they take place, between the members of aristocratic and fashionable families. The Americans, therefore, have not been the first to introduce the practice, but they have been the first, I admit, to introduce the practice into some of their journals of giving a special heading to "Matrimonial

Alliances," and giving it precedence in that part of the paper devoted to "Births, Marriages, and Deaths." As yet the thing is a novelty, only comparatively few of the American papers having introduced the additional feature; but I have no doubt the practice will speedily become more general, especially when it is considered how advantageous it will be for the affianced ladies. It will have, too, the salutary effect of preventing, in many cases, our own sex from exposing themselves to actions for breaches of promise, because if they do not deny their "engagement" when it is announced in the public journals, it would not do to deny it afterwards. The affianced lady will have the satisfaction of knowing that when her lover's name is publicly announced as intending to lead her to the altar, she has got a hold of him which she would not otherwise have had. The announcement, that Mr. Smart is engaged to be married to Miss Sweet, is only, indeed, a kind of preliminary proclamation of the banns,—the difference being that the one proclamation is made in the hearing of the world, and the other only in that of the congregation gathered together in a place of worship.

But before I come to the other novelty—namely, "Divorces," which some of the American newspapers have introduced in that part of their columns set apart for "Births, Marriages, and Deaths," I will, in passing, make a moment's allusion to a new improvement—or innovation, if the word be preferred—in the mode of announcing births. An announcement in

this new form of the advent of an infantine stranger into the world, is thus given by the editor of the *Chicago Post*:—"The Editor of the *Chicago Post* acknowledges the receipt this morning, from the authorized source, of a personal item of the masculine persuasion, weighing nine pounds." It remains to be seen to what extent this new form of announcing infantine introductions into the world is destined to be adopted.

With regard to the addition of the heading, "Divorces," which some of the American newspapers are making to their "Births, Marriages, and Deaths" column, it is one which is sure to be attractive, especially to unmarried ladies. They will see the names of a class of men who are sure to rush again into the matrimonial state; for it is a curious and interesting fact—to ladies especially—that those of our sex who have been divorced, no matter whether by their own act or by that of their wives, not only scarcely ever remain single for the remainder of their lives, but are almost invariably in hot haste to get married again. The more divorces, therefore, the "merrier" it will be for maiden ladies, for *divorcées*, and young widows. But the married ladies, too, for reasons which I shall presently mention, take a deep interest in the intelligence which is given in those American papers which appropriate a part of their columns to "Divorces."

Should the example of those American newspapers to which I have alluded, as having introduced as a new feature in their journals, the announcement of

"Divorces" along with their "Births, Marriages, and Deaths," be followed by others, that part of the United States which will furnish them most liberally with the necessary materials will be Chicago. Divorces seem to be the order of the day in that place. They are, indeed, almost matter of hourly occurrence. Any one acquainted with the present state of America is aware that Chicago does more in the divorce line, than any half dozen other towns that could be mentioned, with an aggregate population of fifty to one of Chicago. But in this country few can account for the fact, and therefore they wonder how it is to be explained. The explanation is, that Chicago is the capital of Illinois, and there is a law peculiar to that State, in terms of which any husband making a "declaration" in a certain form, to the effect that his wife is so bad-tempered that he cannot live any longer with her; or that she has contracted habits which render his wedded life miserable, obtains a divorce from her without any further trouble. The wife possesses the same right in relation to getting rid of her husband, should she wish to be divorced from him. This is the only practical modern exemplification with which I am acquainted of the theory of the late Robert Owen, the great champion of Socialism forty or fifty years ago. He set aside all the religious and civil sanctions of marriage, with which, as he said, we unnecessarily connect the contract between two parties of the opposite sexes. His doctrine was, marriages ought not to be encumbered with civil or

religious obligations of any kind, but that if two persons wish to become man and wife, let them manage the matter themselves without having anything to do with the clergy or with civil authorities of any kind. And carrying out his theory to its logical consequences, Robert Owen maintained that when man and wife get tired of each other, they had only to agree to part, as they had agreed to be united, and then each could go his or her own way, and look for some new partner,—not necessarily “for life,” but only for a few years, or it may be for a few months, or even weeks, until they again thought “a change” desirable. Less than a half a century has passed away since Robert Owen established a weekly journal under the title of the *New Moral World*, for the purpose of advocating this hypothesis. The State of Illinois practically recognises the Owenist theory of marriage, only that it hampers it by a few legal forms, which are, however, of such easy compliance with, and so inexpensive, that they throw no obstacles whatever in the way of divorces. Hence, as Chicago is the principal town in the State of Illinois, that place has acquired the reputation, if such it ought to be called, of having fifty times as many divorces, regard being had to the comparative population, as any other part of the civilized world. No wonder, then, that, as we are assured is the fact, almost every husband and wife in Chicago takes in every paper published in that town,—the wife lest the husband should unknown to her have made the “declaration”

necessary to get rid of her, or she secretly have given it to get rid of her husband. This is said to be the solution of what has appeared to many a great mystery,—namely, that Chicago has four times the number of newspapers of any other town of the same population in the United States. It will, too, account for the uneasiness which is said to be felt by ladies who have no wish to be divorced, when they hear of their husbands having determined, for some assumed reason or other, on paying a visit to Chicago. The same facts will also account for some of the papers in that place giving a list of “Divorces” along with their “Births, Marriages, and Deaths.” Fortunately, while we, in this country, could wish to see fewer “Divorce” cases in our courts of law, than we have witnessed since the Legislature made divorces of much easier attainment than before, it is no small satisfaction to feel assured that divorces are not in the least likely to become so common as that we shall ever see the headings in our public journals, “Births, Marriages, and Deaths,” with the addition of “Divorces.”

Much surprise has been expressed, by those unacquainted with the circumstances I have just mentioned, at the rapid increase which has taken place in the population of Chicago within the last twenty years. Twenty years ago its population did not much exceed 5000; now it is at least 180,000,—probably it may amount to 200,000. Persons, whether men or women, intending to get rid of their wives or husbands, as the case may be, flock to it from all parts of

the United States. And so long as the State of Illinois enjoys a monopoly of "Divorce made Easy," the population of Chicago, its capital, is likely to continue to increase.

In thus glancing parenthetically at the novelties which the American papers are introducing in connexion with the "Births, Marriages, and Deaths" department of our *Times*, I may make a momentary allusion to another. I have now before me a copy of the *San Francisco News Letter* of last month, and find that for our heading of "Births, Marriages, and Deaths," it has substituted "The Cradle, the Altar, and the Tomb." Other papers are following the example thus set,—so fond are the American journals of discovering something different from the "Britisher's" mode of doing things.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE LONDON, PARIS, AND NEW YORK DAILY PAPERS COMPARED.

The Tone and Character of our London Journals compared with those of other Countries generally—Editors of Daily Papers in London, Paris, and New York—Relative Number and Circulation of Newspapers in the three Places—Sensational Placards of the New York Journals—Miscellaneous Remarks—Rise and Progress of the *New York Herald*—Observations on the New York Daily Journals—American and English Reporters—American “Interviewers”—Aggregate Number of Newspapers in the World.

I HAVE now come well-nigh to the close of my notices of the daily journals of London. I have given sketches of the leading past as well as present morning and evening papers, in order that the reader may have before him a historical account of the literature of the daily press of the metropolis from its commencement. I have sought to bring prominently before the public the leading features of our current journalism. It only remains that, in connexion with the diurnal journalism of London, I should make a few general remarks, which could not have been appropriately introduced in referring to either of the various characteristics of our daily newspaper press to which I have adverted.

First of all, every Englishman has reason to be proud of the metropolitan daily press of his country when he contrasts its tone and temper with the daily press of any other country. There is a violence, often mingled with coarseness, in the tone and terms of the daily papers of France, Spain, America, and other countries, to which the daily journalism of Great Britain is happily a stranger. Our morning and evening papers can take a thoroughly decided part on any question, and oppose or advocate whichever side they take, in the most vigorous language; but, with very rare exceptions indeed, this is always done with gentlemanly feeling, and in language which accords with the recognised rules of courtesy. Then our daily metropolitan press is free from those Editorial recriminations and abuse which are so prevalent in France, Spain, the United States, and other lands, and which not only disgrace many of the journals of those places, but which frequently lead to personal assaults, street fights, assassinations, and fatal duels. Such things as these are hardly ever known in London. I have no recollection of even a duel, which is thought to be a gentlemanly affair, being fought between two journalists since the one which took place in 1835 between the late Mr. Black, then Editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, and Mr. Roebuck, then Editor of a series of periodical political papers. To that duel I have referred in my historical sketch of the late *Morning Chronicle*.

But it is not with regard to each other only that

the Editors of newspapers in France, Spain, and America indulge in personalities so gross as often lead to assaults, or to assassinations, or to duels, in which either of the combatants is killed. The ferocious way, especially on the other side of the Atlantic, in which Editors assail parties of prominence who are wholly unconnected with the newspaper press, but towards whom they have some personal dislike, very frequently leads to mortal combat between the party assailed and the Editorial assailant. So common, indeed, are these fatal fights in America, that scarcely a week passes without hearing of some new cases of the kind. It has, in fact, been clearly ascertained, after due inquiry, that the probabilities, in some parts of America, of the Editors of particular newspapers being killed in their journalistic capacity, are greater than that officers should lose their lives in such a war as that which was lately carried on between the Northern and Southern States of that country. Vicksburg has long been notorious, above all other towns, for the fighting feats of the Editors of the *Sentinel*. It would appear that for many years in succession its Editors not only took a special pleasure in journalistically tomahawking men of any mark in the town or district, but that they equally luxuriated in fighting duels with those they had injured editorially. If the following narrative were not well attested, it could scarcely be credited. It is headed "FIGHTING EDITORS." It is extracted from the *Vicksburg Republican* :—"Dr. Hogan took

charge of the *Sentinel* in 1837; fought a duel with the Editor of the *Whig*; participated in a number of street fights, and was finally killed in 1849 in a street fight by W. D. Adams. His assistant, Isaac Partridge, died with the yellow fever in 1849. Dr. J. S. Hall, associated with Mr. Partridge, was a noted duellist, and had a number of "affairs," in one of which he was severely wounded. The next unlucky Editor was James Regan, who in vindicating his honour was killed by R. E. Hamet, of the *Whig*. From the report of the fight, it would seem that the *Whig* man got the best of it. Next on the list came Walter Hickey, who indulged in several street rows, and was repeatedly wounded. He killed Dr. Hacklin, and was soon afterwards killed himself in the 'Lone Star' State. The next Editor was John Lavering, who, it seems, declined glory on the field of honour, and consequently is not entitled to a place in the niche of fame. He indulged, however, in the usual amount of Southern indiscreet abuse, and atoned for his folly by serving a time in prison. Mr. Jenkins, his successor, in aspiring to immortality, came to an untimely end in a street fight with H. A. Crabbe. Mr. Crabbe was assassinated in the same manner in Sonora. Mr. F. C. Jones succeeded Jenkins, but not finding the Editorial chair an easy one, he drowned his sorrows and body at the same time in the Father of Waters. William Ray, Esq., subsequently assumed editorial charge of the *Sentinel*, and soon after he celebrated the event with a street fight. This exer-

cise was repeated at intervals, until finally he was assassinated in a street row by his book-keeper."

Unless a man takes a special pleasure in running the risk of assassination, or of being murdered in street fights, or having a bullet sent through him in an "affair of honour" with some one whom he has slandered or grossly assailed in the paper, the Editorship of the *Vicksburg Sentinel* could have no attractions to him. Yet the position—it is historically proved—has its fascinations; for the moment one Editor has been got rid of, another is forthcoming to take his place, and to risk all its responsibilities. It is for the credit of our English Journalism that the assassinations, street fights, and duels, which appear to be inevitable appurtenances of newspaper journalism in America, may be said to be unknown in this country. And why? Because the Editors of English newspapers have so high an opinion of the mission and duties of our political journalism, that when they have occasion to attack the opinions or arraign the conduct of those who are opposed to them on public questions, they do so with the feelings and in the manner of Christians and gentlemen. They have learnt that, being thus, with very rare exceptions, educated and gentlemanly men, it is due to themselves to edit the papers committed to their charge in accordance with those principles of politeness which they would practise in the private walks of life. It is the glory of English journalism that this is so. Our Editors of newspapers can be as decided in their

respective political or party views, and as uncompromising in their advocacy of them, as those of the American newspaper press. They can attack an opponent, or defend their own particular views, with the greatest energy; but they have learnt to do this in accordance with the acknowledged rules of courtesy. They have acquired practically the knowledge of the important truth, that it is quite possible to be earnest and energetic, without merging the gentleman in the journalist. This is "a great fact." It is one of which every Englishman ought to be proud. It is "a great fact," which reflects honour on our common country. The beneficial social effects of a newspaper press, conducted as ours is with so much courtesy blended with so much ability, can hardly be exaggerated. Public feeling, not only politically and morally, but socially, is powerfully influenced in all countries by the tone of their public journals. It is impossible it could be otherwise; for the community in every country must, however unconsciously, imbibe the spirit of the newspapers which they daily read. This is no mere matter of opinion. We see the truth exemplified in practice. No one can read the American papers without being struck with the fact, that the subscribers follow, with regard to duels, assassinations, and street fights, in the walk of the conductors of their journals. Is it not, indeed, a notorious fact, that educated men, in many parts of the United States, habitually carry with them bowie knives, revolvers, or some other instrument which, in the event

of personal collision, may either take the life, or seriously injure for life, those with whom the collision has occurred. And in our own country we witness, in a no less manifest degree, the powerful influence of our Press on our social habits. Assassinations, street fights, or duels, are, as I have said, all but unknown among educated men in Great Britain. And this, I hold, is chiefly to be ascribed to the elevated tone of feeling which pervades our Newspaper Press, in conjunction with the correct conduct of those who are at the head of our political journalism.

When I have thus adverted to the absence of fine feeling in the majority of the Editors of the American papers, no one will be surprised to learn that they not only, as a rule, have no social intercourse together, but that in the case of the best known Editors among them, they do not recognise each other in the streets, or if they chance to meet at any general parties. Only a few months ago the following paragraph, having reference to this, appeared in the *New York Leader*:—"There are," says the writer, "scarcely two prominent journalists in New York who are not so savagely jealous of each other, that anything like common courtesy is unknown between them. Greeley, Bennett, Dana, and almost every Editor is included in the list; and it is a public fact, that none of these three are on speaking terms, and will attend a supper and not notice each other's presence." How very different the state of matters in this respect with regard to the Editors of our London

daily papers ! Sometimes misunderstandings, leading to estrangements, will occur among our metropolitan daily journalists, but these are of rare occurrence, and scarcely ever because of any quarrels arising out of their Editorial functions. I believe I am correct when I state, that at this very hour no two Editors, of either of our metropolitan morning or evening papers, would object to meet each other, in the most friendly manner, at the festive board of any mutual acquaintance, or in any other place, or under any other circumstances. The difference in relation to this point between our London journalists and those of New York, reflects a credit on our Newspaper Press, of which all Englishman may well be proud.

There is one great contrast between the New York Newspaper Press and that of London, at which every Englishman ought to rejoice. The New York journals not only anticipate what the decisions of juries will be in cases of great importance which are submitted to their decision, but while such cases are before the courts of law, they seek to influence the juries to whose decision they have been referred. There is not a journal in London that would dare to do such a thing. Of course I am aware that, to attempt with us to influence a jury in relation to its judgment, would be a violation of law, and on that account would not be attempted ; but apart altogether from that consideration, the sense of propriety, and a regard for the interests of justice, would deter the Editor of any of our journals from seeking

in any way to influence the decisions of juries in the cases submitted to their judgment. We have at this very moment, while these sheets are passing through the press, a striking illustration of this. The great Tichborne case is before the Court of Common Pleas. For months past that case has been the subject of conversation in all classes of society, and at every social gathering, where its merits have been freely canvassed, and opinions no less freely given as to whether the claimant is or is not the rightful person. Yet I venture to say, that no one can name a journal which has expressed an opinion as to what the result of the case ought to be, or which directly or indirectly has sought to bring about, by recommendations or suggestions to the jury, any particular decision. Justice is allowed to take its course. Our journals simply report the proceedings, and leave each of their readers to come to his own conclusions as to whether the judgment ought to be in favour of the plaintiff or the defendant. How different would have been the facts of the case had the action been tried in New York instead of London! There is not a paper in New York—at any rate, not more than one or two—that would not, day after day, have made earnest appeals to the jury as to the decision to which they ought to come. The New York Press, in other words, would have usurped the functions of both judge and jury, and decided the case for both. It is the glory of the Press of this country, that our journalists never seek, directly or indirectly, to

exercise the slightest influence one way or the other, upon our judicial courts, but leave the judgment entirely in the hands of these courts, feeling that they are the proper tribunals, not the Press, to decide on the cases which come before them.

It was the general belief that when the stamp duty of a penny on newspapers was reduced to a halfpenny, as regards the postal transmission of journals, we should have at least some addition to the number of our daily journals. That belief has been proved to have been without foundation. Not one single daily paper, morning or evening, has been added to our previously existing list. Nor, considering that no new morning newspaper could have the shadow of a chance of success without an expenditure of at least 50,000*l.*, is there any probability that we shall for many years to come, if ever, see even one more addition to the present six morning journals. Including the four evening journals, the entire number of Daily Metropolitan Newspapers is ten; and yet Paris, before the war between France and Prussia, though not possessing nearly half the population of London, had a number of daily newspapers fluctuating between twenty-five and thirty. New York, too, though not having more than a third of the population of our metropolis, can boast of producing each day upwards of thirty newspapers. It is right, however, to add, that notwithstanding this, the aggregate circulation of our daily journals is three times as great as that of the daily newspapers of Paris. With the exception of

one Paris paper, which before the war with Prussia had a circulation somewhat—at times of unusual political interest—exceeding 50,000 copies; another 30,000 copies; a third about 25,000 copies, the circulation of all the others varied from 2000 to 5000. From indeed the best calculations I have been able to make, the sale of our *Daily Telegraph* alone, is not much under the circulation of all the Parisian daily journals, taken together.

With regard, again, to the circulation of the New York daily press, though the number of its newspapers be more than three times as great as that of our metropolitan journals, I venture to affirm that the aggregate circulation of our London daily papers is much more than twice as large as that of all the New York dailies taken together,—with the exception of the *New York Herald*, whose circulation I have never heard stated by any competent authority to exceed 100,000 copies; while probably the other belief, that the average extent of its circulation does not exceed 80,000 copies, may be correct. There is another paper, the *New York Sun*, which is said to be almost equal in the number it circulates to the *New York Herald*. Suppose we allow it 90,000 copies. The *New York Tribune*, according to the general belief in New York, has an average sale of 50,000 copies, and another paper of 25,000. The circulation of the remaining twenty-eight daily papers of New York averages in round numbers 70,000 copies. Add to these figures 265,000 for the sale of the four

most extensively circulated daily newspapers in New York, and we have an aggregate circulation amounting in round numbers to 335,000 copies.

I am quite prepared for the remark, on the part of those who read American publications of any kind, and take their statements without deduction, that my estimate of the number of New York daily newspapers is very greatly under the mark. I am quite aware that in Mr. S. Low's *Monthly Bulletin* he gives the number of daily papers published in New York at 77, being considerably more than double that at which I have given it. Nominally, the estimate of the *Monthly Bulletin* may be approximately correct; but in reality the statement that New York publishes daily newspapers to the extent of 77, would, if believed, leave on the mind a very erroneous impression. In that city there are various class journals which, alike in appearance and contents, are mere apologies for newspapers. They are the size—and are devoid of all the features of newspapers, properly so called—of a morning paper published among ourselves, called the *Financier*. And among those who make up the *Monthly Bulletin's* number of 77, there are several purely religious journals, and a considerable number of papers are printed in a foreign language. Upwards of 340 American papers are printed in the German language alone. As the *Monthly Bulletin* is published by Messrs. Low, Marston, and Co., in London, it is due to them to state that they are not responsible for the exaggerated statement that New York has no

fewer than 77 daily newspapers. The statement comes from New York itself, and they simply transfer it to their *Bulletin*. To show how careful we ought to be, on this side of the Atlantic, not to receive as fact all that is stated on the other side, I may mention that a few months ago it was seriously said, by an American writer, that the profits—the *profits*, not the *income*—of the *Times*, were not less than 700,000*l.* a year! Other authorities in New York give the number of New York daily publications, which really are to be regarded as newspapers, at from 30 to 34,—the medium number being 32.

But the facts I have mentioned are not the only ones which ought to make us cautious in receiving the statements which appear in America, with regard either to the number or the circulation of the newspaper press of the United States. They include all journals under the general head of newspapers. This is calculated seriously to mislead. The American “Newspaper Directory” for the present year, 1871, heads its newspaper statistics, “American Journalism;” and then that publication goes on to confound purely scientific, literary, philosophical, and class periodicals of every kind, with newspapers strictly so called. In this way, it makes out the entire number of journals in America to be within 13 of 6000; and including 73 for the Territories, 353 for the Dominion of Canada, and 29 in the British Colonies, it gives us a grand total of 6438. But even of the journals that have some sort of claim

to be considered newspapers, a large number are, for the most part, printed in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Chicago, giving all the national news, and leaving only a few columns' space for the local news of the place to which they are sent. These, which are called auxiliary papers, and number nearly 1000, are practically only one paper. To say nothing of the number, close on 400, of exclusively religious journals, nearly all of them more or less devoted to the advocacy of Evangelical principles, we thus, at one stroke, strike off nearly 1000 journals, which, as I have just stated, are in reality one, though miscalled individual political journals. As far, indeed, as I have examined the question of the number of real newspapers published in America, I would reduce it from the 6438 given under the general head of "Journalism," to, in round numbers, 5000 newspapers.

But besides—surely those compilers of statistics respecting the American Press cannot be serious when they dignify with the name of newspapers such publications as those to which reference is made in such terms as are employed in the following:—"We have to apologize to our readers for issuing only a paper half the usual size this week, owing to our only compositor, with ourselves, being ill, and our pressman drunk; while, in consequence of our wife being laid up, we have been obliged day and night to rock the cradle." Again, as an excuse for the non-appearance of his newspaper on the usual day of publication, the Editor of the *Brookville Jeffersonian*, says:—"No-

paper has been issued since the 20th of May, and although many questions have been asked, our only apology is, that other business required our attention. Becoming tired of asking for money without receiving any, we went rafting to recruit our health." A third Editor, "Out West," finding it impossible to keep his paper alive, "Offers his entire establishment, subscribers' accounts, &c., for a clean shirt and a good meal of victuals." A newspaper proprietor in the Backwoods, assigns the following as his reasons for being obliged to present his readers with an incomplete paper on a particular occasion:—"The Editor is absent, the foreman has the toothache, the 'devil' is drunk, and trying to drink lager beer out of a boot-jack, and we ain't well ourselves,—so please excuse a poor paper this week." Notices of this kind, though the thing may not be believed by those in this country who are unacquainted with the Backwoods Press of America, are constantly appearing in journals published in remote and thinly-populated towns; while their mode of clamouring for payments for the paper from dilatory subscribers, is often of the most ludicrous kind. One of the best I have met with is an urgent appeal made, in the first instance, for payment in greenbacks or in anything that had the "look" of currency. Finding that no response came to that appeal, a most doleful entreaty is made to send an equivalent for the subscription in hewn pieces of wood; but that appeal meeting with no better success than the other, a third, doubly doleful, is

made to the Editor's subscribers, adding that if they will not send the wood in blocks, to send it in logs, with an intimation that he will cut it himself. Only imagine what sort of journals such publications as these must be! Is it not a manifest misnomer to call them newspapers? And yet out of the number of American journals dignified with the name of newspapers, there is at least a fourth part which are conducted in a manner of which I have given some specimens—are printed in worn-out type, hideous to look at, and on paper so coarse as to be unfit even for wrapping up tea and sugar in a grocer's shop. Such publications as these are a perfect burlesque on the very name of newspapers. Then there are hundreds of others, given under the general name of "Journals," which have no claim whatever to be placed in the category of newspapers. Many of them are published monthly, and others once a fortnight, while they are entirely destitute of anything which has any right whatever to be called news. They consist of articles or discussions on literary, or scientific subjects, or whatever topics the publication has specially devoted its advocacy to. When all these publications are struck out of the list of newspapers which are given in the *American Directory* of the present year, it will be seen that I am more than liberal when I allow so large a number of real newspapers to the United States as 5000.

But leaving out of view the question of what the number of American newspapers is, and returning to

the comparative number of New York and London daily newspapers, and their comparative circulation, let us endeavour to make the best approximation we can to the facts of the case. Let us first take our own daily newspapers in the order of their reported priority in point of circulation. We have then first the *Daily Telegraph*, with its daily sale of 170,000 copies; next the *Standard*, with a circulation, including the evening edition, of 140,000 copies; thirdly, the *Daily News*, with its 90,000 copies; fourthly, the *Times*, with its 70,000 copies; fifthly, the *Morning Advertiser*, with its 6000; and lastly, the *Morning Post*, with its 3500 copies. These are all morning papers, with the exception of the evening edition of the *Standard*, and their aggregate circulation will be found to amount to 474,000. Then there are the evening papers, omitting the *Standard*, which I have, for obvious reasons, included under the head "Morning Papers." I feel that I am not exaggerating the average sale of the *Echo* when I put it down at 80,000 copies. I have reason to believe that the *Pall Mall Gazette*, though its price is double that of the highest other evening papers, can boast of a circulation of 8000; while the *Globe* is represented, by those who should be authorities on the point, as having a nightly sale of 7000 copies. Adding, then, the sale of the 95,000 copies of the evening papers to the 474,000 copies of the morning papers, we have an aggregate circulation of our London daily journals of no less than 569,000 copies.

But as it is difficult, in the case of the penny papers, to strike an average on which we can depend, as they fluctuate much in their sale, consequent on the circumstance of there being, or not being, matters of exciting interest before the public mind; and suppose we make the deductions on so liberal a scale as to reduce the sale of the London daily papers from 569,000 copies to 500,000, or half a million,—even then we shall have a sale, of our ten London dailies, nearly double that of the thirty-two journals published in New York, and three times as great as that of the daily journalism of Paris. What an amazing amount then of newspaper daily circulation ours is! No less than 500,000 copies per day! Or 3,000,000 a week! — Or, 150,000,000 a year! The thought is astounding.

As I am only in this work making incidental allusions to the American Press, I cannot go into details respecting the origin and progress of any of the leading New York daily journals. But in making a passing reference to the *New York Herald*, I may pause for a moment or two, to say a few words about the circumstances under which that journal rose so rapidly to the prosperity which placed it, in point of circulation and commercial success, at the head of the American Press.

Mr. James Gordon Bennett commenced his journalistic career in a way which no other journalist ever did. It was with a determination to attack all the other Editors of any note in the coarsest and most ferocious manner, and to accept of no challenge to fight which

might be sent to him by those he had aggrieved. By attacking the Editors of other newspapers he calculated on their replying to him in return, and that by these means his infant paper would be brought into notice. But it was soon found that his assaults on other journalists were so savage and so scurrilous that no one would think of replying to them through the Press. And as Mr. Bennett had publicly declared his determination not to fight duels under any circumstances, it was felt by the journalists so coarsely assailed, that there was but one course open to them. General Webb, Proprietor and Editor of the *New York Courier*, was the first who resorted to this course. Meeting Mr. Bennett one day in the street, he gave him one of the soundest horsewhippings of which, even in America, where horsewhippings are common, there is any record. Only a few persons had heard of the circumstance, and the interest and surprise therefore, of the New York public may be imagined when they saw in the poster of the following day, announcing the contents of Bennett's own paper, in the largest type his office could supply, the words, "Mr. James Gordon Bennett Publicly Horsewhipped!" The passers-by could scarcely believe the evidence of their own eyes when they saw this announcement in colossal letters at Mr. Bennett's own office, and as forming the most prominent part of his paper that day. The account of the horsewhipping was given in large leaded type, avowedly written by Mr. James Gordon Bennett himself. In the report of the affair he glorified himself

for the magnanimity which he—a tall stout man—had shown in not retaliating on the aggressor, who was but comparatively small. Mr. Bennett also congratulated himself and his readers on his having an exclusive account of the horsewhipping business. The *Herald* of that day, which had before been but little known, sold in tens of thousands, and as Mr. Bennett announced his intention of not only renewing his personal attacks on General Webb, but on other New York Editors, some of whom he named, there grew a great and continued demand for the paper. After a brief interval another placard was put up at the *Herald* Office, announcing in flaming letters as before, “Mr. James Gordon Bennett, Horsewhipped a *Second Time*!” Another Editor had followed the example set by General Webb, and given Mr. Bennett a terrible flagellation. True to the instincts of his nature, avowed by himself to be to make capital out of everything, he again reported the affair at great length, magnifying himself on what he called the fact, that all the Editorial world of New York were envious of the high position to which he had raised both himself and the *Herald*. This gave another impetus to the circulation of Mr. Bennett’s paper,—every one expecting, day after day, to meet with further accounts of other applications of the whip to his person. Several other horsewhippings took place in the course of time, but meanwhile, Mr. James Gordon Bennett got married, and next day there came out a leading article, written by himself, eulogizing his bride as

one that blended, to an extent never known before, exquisite beauty, with grace of manner, and all the virtues that ever were found in the female character. This led Mr. Bennett to expatiate for weeks thereafter on the matchless beauty and accomplishments of American ladies in general; and the result was that husbands and fathers were compelled by wives and daughters to "take in" the *New York Herald*. Nor was this all. In due time Mr. James Gordon Bennett became a parent, and that interesting event was also made the subject of a leading article. The substance of the article was, that there never had been such a son as this baby Bennett, and pledges were given by the father that the boy would, in due time, prove himself to be "the worthy son of a worthy sire!" Six months after the birth of his boy—now the very excellent young man who a few years ago made a present to Prince Alfred, of the yacht which gained the memorable race across the Atlantic—he was made the subject of a leading article in the *New York Herald*. The father described, with great seeming gusto, the visit paid by the baby Bennett, in his nurse's arms, to the *New York Herald* office, and though unable to articulate a word, the father gravely assured his readers, that so great was the innate sense of the child in regard to the distinctions which subsist between right and wrong, that he gave a sort of indignant cry at something reprehensible which he saw done by one of the compositors. Mr. James Gordon Bennett, the father, illustrated what

the baby's cry meant, by saying it was an intimation that when the child came, in the course of years, to take the father's place, he would, while approving what was right, sternly and virtuously punish what was wrong. Incredible as it may seem to us in this country, it was in this manner that the *New York Herald* made its way to be the first daily paper on the other side of the Atlantic. I feel sure it may be safely said that no newspaper ever achieved success in such a way, and so unparalleled in so short a time. The progress of the *New York Herald*, viewed in connexion with the means through which it was successfully accomplished, reminds one of the unusual circumstances under which the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III., became the accepted suitor of the hand of Lady Anne. His soliloquy on his success,—“Was ever woman in such humour wooed? Was ever woman in such humour won?”—might with great propriety be repeated by Mr. James Gordon Bennett, with the simple substitution of “the American Public” for “Woman.”

In connexion with the journalism of New York I ought to make allusion to a statement which has been seriously made by one of the leading provincial United States journals. The statement is that the town of Chicago, with a population of about 180,000 souls, actually prints a greater number of copies of newspapers than New York. Another journal replies to this statement with an edifying brevity. It simply appends to it in brackets [“Nonsense!”] Of course,

considering that the population of New York is ten times as great as that of Chicago, the statement cannot be true. Yet it is a fact, as well attested as it is extraordinary, that Chicago, with its population of 180,000, has no fewer than fifty weekly newspapers, besides a number of dailies. Some of the latter are conducted on a scale of liberality, and with a measure of success, which actually vie with the principal New York journals. One American paper even expresses doubts whether any other newspaper in the world is more "generous" in regard to its scale of remuneration to those in its employ than the *Chicago Tribune*. It states, and no one will doubt the correctness of the statement, that that journal has three editors to each of whom a yearly salary of 1200*l.* is given; and that the best reporter has a salary of 1000*l.* All other payments are on a scale of corresponding liberality. And yet the annual profits of the paper vary from 30,000*l.* to 35,000*l.* The highest salary given to a New York Editor of a daily journal is 2000*l.* That salary is given to Mr. Horace Greeley, Editor of the *New York Tribune*. Formerly it was 1500*l.*, but last year it was raised to 2000*l.* In Paris, Editors are also well paid. The highest salary ever given to the Editor of a daily paper, so far as I have been able to ascertain, was nominally 800*l.* This was in the case of M. Clement Duvernois, some years editorially connected with the *Liberté*; but he received this sum on becoming Editor of the *Epoque*. The salary was in reality more than 800*l.* a year. M. Clement

Duvernois received in addition, "an indemnity of 2000*l.*" against actions for his writings, and a carriage and horses were also provided for him. In fact, there is no Editor of a daily paper in the world so well off as the Parisian Editor. He has none of the exhausting labour which the Editors of the morning papers in London and New York have daily or rather nightly to go through. The duties of the Parisian Editor are confined to writing two or three articles of moderate length, in the course of the week, seeing and talking to persons who call upon him at the office, or to visiting the friends of the journal or of the party with whose political views it is identified, at their own houses.

In Paris at least three-fourths of the entire impression of each paper, taking the sale of the aggregate journalism in the French capital, are sold in the public streets. Probably five-sixths of the New York daily papers are sold in the streets, or at railways, or on steamboats. Indeed, it was proved lately, in a case which came before one of the law courts in the United States, that out of the aggregate sale of 11,000 copies of a particular newspaper, no fewer than 8500 were sold in the streets, at railways, or on steamboats. With us it is very different. The penny papers, it is true, are to be found on sale in the streets, on the steamboats, and at railway stations, but I am confident I am within the mark when I say that not a fourth part of their circulation takes place in this way; while the full-priced papers, the *Times*,

the *Morning Advertiser*, and the *Morning Post* never sell a single copy in the streets, and but comparatively few copies at railway stations or on steamboats.

Several of the American daily journals possess features which are peculiar to themselves. They have, for example, what is unknown in the daily press of London and Paris, regular Ship News Editors. And not only so, but that department, in several of the New York daily journals, is regarded by the public as the most interesting department of all. This is especially the case as respects the *New York Herald*, because Mr. James Gordon Bennett has turned his especial attention to Shipping Intelligence in a much more comprehensive acceptation of the phrase, than any of the other New York journals. All our London dailies have, without fail, the heading, "Shipping Intelligence," but that heading includes nothing more than simply the departure of vessels to all parts of the world, and the arrival of vessels from all parts of the globe. But under the title "Ship News," the New York daily journals, give accounts of shipwrecks, or disasters, or anything in the shape of exciting accidents at sea. And then instead of simple statements of wrecks, or sea disasters of any kind, the narratives are worked up in the most sensational manner. This is especially the case as regards the *New York Herald*. Not only is the "Ship News Editor" himself liberally paid for his labours, but the proprietor of that journal laid it down as a

rule within a year of the commencement of his paper, to hold out inducements to persons to furnish him with the earliest and most ample information of wrecks and other exciting marine disasters, by handsome payments for their trouble. "It is not," says a recent writer on the *New York Press*, "an unfrequent thing to have a jolly-looking sailor burst upon the *Ship News* Editor's privacy to report an arrival, or shock his nerves by announcing a wreck. Not unfrequently," adds the same writer, "sailors have been known to take the train for points on the Long Island Railroad, and rush off to the *Herald* Office, to report disasters, satisfied that they will receive better pay as reporters than as wreckers."

The *New York* dailies have their "City Editors" as the *London* dailies have, but the phrase has a different signification in *New York* from what it has with us. In this country, with the City Editor we associate monetary matters in all their varied phases. The Funds, the fluctuations in the price of Consols, and all the varied transactions which take place on the Stock Exchange, together with notices of monetary movements in their diversified forms, are exclusively the materials with which the City Editors of our *London* papers deal in their City Articles; but the chief functions of a City Editor in *New York*, are to superintend the labours of from ten to twelve reporters, who are engaged for the sole purpose of collecting items of information respecting civic matters, and reporting police cases, proceedings in the various Courts,

and all public meetings having an intimate connexion with City affairs. It is the duty of the City Editor to cut down such reports as are sent in to him, and are deemed worth a certain amount of space—to reject those which are considered devoid of interest,—and to put into proper order the whole of the civic matter to be used. It is worthy of observation, as it will probably somewhat surprise the readers of this work to be informed, that the “City Editor” of a New York daily, as I have thus described him, is, on the whole, the most important functionary on the establishments of the New York daily journals.

The New York daily papers have severally their own mode of conducting their establishments. A certain number of the staff constituting the principal writers call every evening at the office to receive instructions in relation to the articles they are to write, and the tone which they are to take; but Mr. James Gordon Bennett is said to have a mode of doing business of his own. The number of retained writers of leading matter for the *Herald* which he is said to have, varies from ten to twelve. It is added that he lays it down as a rule, that they shall all meet at a particular hour in the evening at the *Herald* Office, when he gives specific instructions to each as to the subject of his article, with some general remarks as to the particular views he is to take, and suggestions as to particular illustrations and arguments he is to use. Mr. Bennett is reported to possess a remarkable aptitude for this kind of work, and that his

retained writers are so well trained to catching his personal notions and mannerisms, that some numbers of the *New York Herald*, containing five or six original articles, so much resemble the views and style of Mr. Bennett himself, that it is difficult for the reader to divest his mind of the idea, that every sentence of each of these articles was not written by himself. And yet it is confidently stated, and believed in New York, that he has not written a single article for the last seven years. His meeting in this way with the chiefs of his literary staff may be said to constitute his only appearances in society. As he is now upwards of seventy years of age, it can easily be believed that at his time of life society would have but few and feeble attractions for him ; but it is no secret in America, and hardly any in this country, that for special reasons he did not at any part of his public career mix much in society. Though his residence, built not long ago, is one of the most palatial in appearance in New York, and furnished in a style of splendour which could scarcely be surpassed, he lives in it the life of a perfect hermit.

Like our own London daily papers, the daily journals of New York treat revealed religion with habitual reverence. This is, indeed, a remarkable feature in the American Newspaper Press. However vituperative they may be in their abuse of persons or parties with whom they are at variance, and coarse in their Editorial quarrels, the conductors of the New York journals rarely allow anything to appear in their

columns by which readers of a religious turn of mind could feel offended. If there be any newspaper of any note to which these observations do not apply, I am unacquainted with it. The only exception, indeed, in the case of any American journal of standing with which I am acquainted, to making at least a profession of reverence for revealed religion, is in the case of the *San Francisco News Letter*. It is conducted on Atheistic principles, and seems to revel in whatever is adapted to bring the religion of Jesus into contempt.

In the matter of reporting, so far as regards pay and the number of reporters employed, one or two of the New York daily papers have the advantage of us. Of course I exclude the *Times* when I make this statement. But in regard to the *number* of reporters, strictly so called, even the *Times* is surpassed by the *New York Herald*. The latter journal has a staff of reporters which numbers no fewer than twenty-three; but their average pay per week is only 3*l.* 3*s.*, whereas none of the nineteen gentlemen, including summary writers and the superintendent of the corps, who report for the *Times* in Parliament have, as I have stated before, less than 5*l.* 5*s.* per week, while some have much more. The manner of reporting in America, wherever the reporter mixes up some of his own observations with those of the speaker, which is quite common, is very different from what, in that respect, it is with us. Our reporters express no opinion as to the quality of the speech or its effects on the audience to whom it is addressed. Here is an instance of the

way in which these things are done on the other side of the Atlantic. A particular speech of one of the members of Congress for Ohio is thus described. I quote the paragraph from an Ohio journal:—"Mr. Acker thrilled the House on Saturday with one of his most majestic efforts. A reporter speaks of the scene as indescribable. Ladies on the back seats were obliged to climb up to the back of the chairs to escape the torrents of eloquence. The speaker was so charged with the electricity of eloquence that his sharply-pointed spike-tail coat frequently stood at an angle of sixty degrees, and trembled like an aspen. The orator most of the time resembled an irresponsible victim in galvanic slippers." Were any of the reporters in the gallery of our House of Commons to write in this strain, he would not only be dismissed next morning, but the first question for the consideration of his family and friends would be as to which of our numerous lunatic asylums he ought to be sent.

Reporters in America are not treated with the same respect by the proprietors of papers as they are with us. They are often made the subject of jocularities. The following is the latest instance of this which has come under my notice:—"We took a new reporter on trial yesterday. He went out to hunt items, and, after being away all day, returned with the following, which he said was the best he could do:—"Yesterday we saw a sight that froze our muscles with horror. A hackman, driving down

College Street at a rapid pace, came very near running over a nurse and two children. There would have been one of the most heart-rending catastrophes ever recorded, had not the nurse, with wonderful forethought, left the children at home before she went out, and providentially stepped into a drug store just before the hack passed. Then, too, the hackman just before reaching the crossing, thought of something he had forgotten, and, turning about, drove in the opposite direction. Had it not been for this wonderful concurrence of favourable circumstances, a doting father, a loving mother, and affectionate brothers and sisters, would have been plunged into the deepest woe and most unutterable funeral expense. 'The new reporter will be retained.' This may have been pure invention, or it may have had some foundation in fact; but in either case it is one of the many illustrations which we constantly see in the American papers of the jocularly indulged in at the expense of the reporters in that country.

A novelty has lately taken place in reporting in America, which is, as yet, wholly unknown among us. I allude to what is called the practice of "interviewing." A few years ago the thing was unknown; but now all the New York daily journals have a regular "interviewer" attached to their establishments. His duties are to look out for eminent persons coming to or in the United States, and at once starting for the place of their location, contriving, by some means or other, to get access to them with the

view of extracting from them whatever may be supposed to interest the American public. The "interviewers," as a class, are not only persons of great intelligence and acuteness, but of superior address. Otherwise they would be repelled instead of favourably received, and the information sought to be obtained by them not imparted to them. The latest case of "interviewing," of European as well as American interest, which has met my eye, was furnished by the "interviewer" to the *New York World*. The story, as told by the "interviewer," is that he has lately "interviewed" Frederick, son of President Grant, and that he condescended to inform him that the Queen of England had made an offer to President Grant of her daughter, the Princess Beatrice, to marry his son Frederick. The "interviewer" was sent all the way to West Point for the purpose of "interviewing" the son of President Grant, and whole columns of the *New York World* were devoted to a detail of the "interviewer's" conversation with, "at least, the probable future husband of the Princess Beatrice!" Even the *New York World* itself, in a leading article, affects to believe all that its "interviewer" says, and that the Princess Beatrice will before long be married to President Grant's son, now a young cadet!

Several of our morning, as well as all the evening, and nearly all the weekly journals, regularly publish flaming bills, announcing the leading contents of each day's impression. The only exceptions among the

daily journals are the *Times*, the *Morning Post*, and the *Morning Advertiser*. But though there is at times a good deal of the sensational in the placards of our newspapers, they fall far short, in that quality, of the newspapers in America in relation to the way in which their contents are given. The Americans have, indeed, raised the thing to an art. They never issue a single "poster" which does not look as sensational as if the paper were announcing the end of the world. A specimen of these American posters is now lying before me as given in a New York journal. It is worthy of being transferred to my pages. I accordingly subjoin it:—

A Family Poisoned.

An Alleged Murderer Arrested.

A Brother Shoots a Sister.

A Philadelphian's Pocket Picked of 8000 Dollars.

A Swindler Arrested.

Wanton Murder of a Young Man in Philadelphia.

A Bostonian Beats his Mother's Brains out.

A Policeman Fatally Shot by Burglars in Washington.

Sentence on a Wife-Killer.

An United States Soldier Shot.

A Pack Proprietor Shot at a Race.

Counterfeiters Nabbed in St. Louis.

Two Murders in Nashville.

A Forger Arrested in Washington.

Desperate Attempt of a Convicted Murderer to Escape.

Man Murdered in Richmond.

Lynch Law in Minnesota.

A Man Cuts his Wife's Throat.

A Coroner Shot.

Murder by a Negress.

&c. &c. &c.

Happily it rarely, if ever, falls to the lot of any London journal to have to present to its readers such an overflowing cup of horrors as is contained in the above; but even were it unfortunately so, none of our London newspaper publishers could compete with it in the preparation of the posting-bill. It is due to the American journalistic publisher to add, that the quiet way in which I have given the above list of the contents of one day's paper, does not give any adequate idea of the sensational effect produced by the placard, because the Americans so vary the type, and display it in such an artistic manner, that it could not fail to attract the eye and arrest the attention of the most careless passer-by.

With regard to the respective prices of the London, Paris, and New York daily papers, they are, as respects the journals of the latter two places, variable like our own. With the exception of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, published at twopence, and the *Echo*, at a halfpenny, the London dailies are either threepence or a penny. In the case of the Paris daily papers, the price charged for each varies from one penny to twopence; but there are a few published at intermediate prices. In New York, the general price for the leading journals is four centimes, or twopence of our money; but there are several of the dailies of that city for which the charge is only two centimes, or one penny. These exceptionally cheap papers, however, are not equal either in the quantity or quality of their matter to those journals which charge twopence per copy.

Neither are the Paris newspapers to be compared to our dailies in size or general appearance. The quality of their paper is soft and dingy, and when written upon with pen and ink, resembles blotting-paper. In relation to the comparative quantity of matter given in the London, Paris, and New York daily journals, it is due to the New York papers to state, that though none of them give half the quantity given by our *Times*, nor nearly so much as the penny papers, yet in this respect they far surpass the Paris daily newspapers. The latter, in the majority of cases, consist of only four pages each, somewhat larger than one of the eight pages of the *Globe*; but the Paris journals are printed in so large a type that there is more matter in a page of the *Globe*, printed in its ordinary type, than there is in a page of a Paris paper. Then with regard to the nature of the contents of newspapers in the three towns I have named, there is a much greater variety and general interest in the matter of our London dailies than in those of New York or Paris. In the sensational way, it is true, more matter is to be met with in the daily journalism of New York, than in our daily metropolitan papers; because New York Editors lay themselves especially out for sensational matter; and where it does not exist in fact, they either invent it, or give a sensational colouring to accidents which in themselves have nothing of the sensational quality about them. In every other respect the New York daily press can bear no comparison to our London morning and evening journalism. In rela-

tion to the contents of the Paris daily press, it is almost a misuse of language to say that they contain general intelligence at all. They are, in this respect, in precisely the same situation as our newspapers were two centuries ago. Beyond reporting some dreadful murder, or a fearful railway catastrophe, or some other terrible tragedy, no one ever looks for intelligence, because it is never to be found, in the Paris papers. It is all the more surprising that none of the Parisian Editors have ever seen how great would be the additional attraction of general intelligence in their papers, when they have such a model for that feature in *Galignani's Messenger*, published daily in their midst, and whose success, chiefly on that account, made it before the late war with Prussia the most profitable journal perhaps in all France; for I can state on the very best authority that the profits of *Galignani's Messenger* the year before that war began, exceeded 14,000%.

The aggregate circulation of newspapers in the world is a point on which, I am sure, most of my readers would wish to have even an approximate knowledge. I need hardly say that there is no absolutely reliable data in regard to the matter; but it is some satisfaction to know that inquiries have been made, with great care, into it, and that the aggregate number of newspaper sheets daily thrown off in the various parts of the world is 12,000,000. Probably no one has made more patient inquiries into the extent of the newspapers of both hemi-

spheres than M. Eugene Hatin, author of the "History of French Journalism;" and the results at which he arrives, after his careful researches, are detailed by him in a recent contribution to a Paris literary journal. His belief is, that the number of newspapers in the world is 12,500. Of this number he gives 7000 to Europe, and 5000 to America, and the remaining 500 to Asia, Australia, &c. This being the assumed number of newspapers in the world, he next supposes, taking together dailies with tri-weeklies bi-weeklies, and weeklies, that each journal appears four times a week; and then allowing the average circulation of each to be 2000 daily, the final conclusion to which he comes is, to use his own language, "that something like 12,000,000 sheets of informing paper are sprinkled daily among the sons of Adam." My own judgment is, that there is no exaggeration in M. Hatin's conclusions; and, if so, what a mighty mental and moral power must be in operation throughout the civilized world, by means of the Newspaper Journalism of 1871!

CHAPTER XVII.

MISCELLANEOUS OBSERVATIONS.

Editors and Proprietors of Newspapers—Committees of Management—Anecdotes Illustrative of the Unpleasant Position of Editors with Newspaper Proprietors and Committees of Management—Editorial Salaries—General Remarks in connexion with the Newspaper Press.

IN my chapter on the "Interior of a Morning Newspaper Establishment," I have made a brief allusion to the anxious and responsible nature of the duties of the Editor of a morning journal. This is one of those positions which no one can comprehend who has not himself been in it. The sources of his annoyance are various beyond conception, and they are never-ending. It is not that he is alone responsible to the public for the manner in which he discharges his duties—that is of itself a responsibility sufficiently great to weigh on any man of sensitive mind, with a pressure under which he often finds it difficult to bear up—but he has another never-failing source of anxiety and unhappiness in adjusting conflicting interests in relation to what is due to the proprietor or proprietors of the paper, with the forbearance and kindness which he would wish to exer-

cise towards some of the literary staff on the paper, who are wanting either in attention or ability, or both. I have particular Editors of morning papers in my eye, who have for many years been sorely tried in this way. But there is another source of unceasing solicitude and continuous anxiety to the Editor of a morning paper; and this applies to the Editor of an evening journal, and also to weekly papers, as well as to the Editor of a morning paper, though necessarily in a less degree in the case of the two latter. I allude to the difficulty of conducting the paper under his control in such a way as to please the proprietor or proprietors of the journal. Probably there is not a position in the world more deserving one's sympathy than that of the Editor of a newspaper, who, in addition to the unremitting arduousness and responsibility of his journalistic duties, is constantly found fault with by the proprietor or proprietors of the paper which he conducts. Such a position is truly one which deserves public compassion. It is enough to crush one's energies; and I have personally known several instances in which Editors of daily journals, having found their position, chiefly from these causes, altogether intolerable, have sought a solace for their sorrows in so immoderate a resort to the brandy-bottle, that they have become confirmed drunkards. I have known others who, from the same causes, have been bereft of their reason. In one case I have known it end in suicide. The instances, consisting

with my own personal knowledge, are various, in which Editors, unable to bear up under the severe and continuous annoyances to which they have been subjected at the hands of those whose property the journals they conducted was, have preferred the alternative of throwing up their situation, with the certain knowledge that the step would involve extreme privations to themselves and their families. I am not, in saying this, speaking of morning papers alone. I have in my eye individual cases in connexion with evening and weekly journals.

But let me here guard against the possibility of misconception. I am most anxious that no one should understand me as if I meant my remarks to apply to newspaper proprietors, as a body. Nothing could be farther from my thoughts, as nothing could be more unjust. I can refer to my own individual experience in proof of the fact, that both as regards individual proprietors, and collective proprietors, there are those who treat their Editors with the greatest kindness and consideration. This holds true in relation to several of the present morning, evening, and weekly metropolitan newspapers. Still the remarks I have made in reference to the hard destiny of Editors, especially of daily papers, unhappily are true; and not only so, but so far from being exaggerated, they fall short of the reality.

I might give several illustrations of what I have said from the published experience of those who have occupied the Editorial chair; but I will content

myself with one. It will be found in a work in two volumes, published more than a quarter of a century ago, under the title of "Records of my Life," by John Taylor, author of "Monsieur Tonson." Mr. Taylor, unfortunately for the interest of his book, rarely gives dates in connexion with the incidents he relates; and therefore I cannot name the period during which he was Editor of the *Morning Post*. But I know it was some time prior to the close of the last century. The story could not be done greater justice to—not, I believe, so great—than in Mr. Taylor's own words. I should premise that Mr. Taylor had been two years Editor of the *Morning Post*, during which time he had been subject to constant affronts, often to downright insults, which he bore for a time, because the proprietor was "naturally a rude, vulgar upstart," of no education, and was incapable of knowing what an insult was when offered to a man of education, and of refined feelings. But there are limits to endurance; and in the case of Mr. Taylor they ultimately came. The actual incident which led to the resignation, or rather the dismissal—for it really was so—of Mr. Taylor as Editor of the *Morning Post*, is described by him in the following terms. "The proprietor had been prepared with a lesson to complain of my management of the paper, but unluckily had not memory sufficient to retain his task. Among other complaints, he told me that the paper was wholly confined to politics, and had none of those little *antidotes* which had before diverted the

readers. The poor, or rather, indeed, rich man, had doubtless *anecdotes* strongly impressed upon his mind, but not understanding the meaning of the word, it is not wonderful that he should have forgotten the sound. His late Majesty, when Prince of Wales, once dined with this person at his country seat, and having observed that the wine was very good; 'Yes,' said his wise landlord, 'it is very good, but I have better in my cellar.' 'Oh!' said the Prince, 'then I suppose you keep it for better company!' This rebuke, however, was quite unintelligible to mine host, who did not think of sending for a bottle of his superior vintage."

How intolerable and humiliating as well must it every day have been to a man of the sensitive mind of the author of "*Monsieur Tonson*," and other well known works, to have been subjected to the vulgarity of such a man as this,—the then proprietor of the *Morning Post*. Yet there is no lack of other cases of a similar kind. I need not quote further instances, inasmuch as I have given a very striking one in the experience of Mr. S. T. Coleridge, when he was Editor of the *Courier*, which, at the time, had as its sole proprietor Mr. Daniel Stuart.

It has been a question whether it is preferable for the Editor of a daily paper, or, indeed, of any paper, to have a single proprietor to deal with, or a Committee of Management. I give it as my judgment that the answer to the question must depend on circumstances. I have had experience both of single proprietors and of

committees. As a rule, if there were only some way of insuring a committee, consisting chiefly of honourable and intelligent men, I would Editorially prefer, speaking from the experience of very many years, a committee; but assuredly, if the majority of such committee consisted, as they often do, of men who are themselves devoid of education, and equally so of refined feelings, and have no respect whatever for men of character and talent, then I say, "Give me the sole proprietor of a journal, if he be a gentleman in his ideas and his conduct."

With regard to Committees of Management in connexion with the Editorship of a public journal, I will here make some reference to communications which have been made to me, as well as to what has come under my own observation; and when I have recorded what follows, I will leave it to the judgment of the reader to say whether if he were the Editor of a newspaper, he would prefer to have to deal with a single proprietor or a managing committee.

The anecdotes which I am about to relate, bearing on the subject, have, I repeat, either been verbally communicated to me, or have come within the sphere of my own personal knowledge; and none of them, I think it right to add, have before appeared in print. Many years ago there was a London paper which had as its managers a Committee consisting of twelve persons. It was at the time essentially a class paper, devoted avowedly to the advocacy of the special interests of the class by whom it was started; but on

finding, after a fair trial, that the fact of filling its columns with one kind of matter did not answer, it was determined that it should take a wider range, and while not losing sight of the class interests for the promotion of which it had been set on foot, the Editor was "ordered" to discuss in its leading articles the great political questions of the day, and appropriate a considerable portion of its space to general intelligence. No definite instructions, however, were given to the Editor as to the tone of politics which he was to adopt, and as there was in the twelve committee-men a personal representative of every conceivable variety of political opinion—embracing all the intermediate shades of sentiment from ultra-Toryism down to the most extreme Radicalism—the unfortunate Editor found himself in this predicament, that whatever course he pursued, he displeased some of the Committee. After a series of remonstrances, mostly in the personal form, because, in the case of a large proportion of the Committee, writing was not their vocation, a meeting was called to decide on a programme to be given to the Editor. The meeting took place, and was characterized by the most complete confusion, and the most entire disagreement, that ever were witnessed. Each member had his own proposal to make as to the tone of politics to be adopted, and made it accordingly; but no one else concurred in it. Every one, on the contrary, condemned it as a course which, if followed, would be sure to result in the ruin of the journal. One person

proposed that there should be leading articles, but without any politics in them. Another seriously proposed that there should be political discussions, but that, in order to please all parties, the political views advocated by the paper should alternately embrace the varied phases of political belief which intervened between Toryism of the Lord Eldon school, and the Feargus O'Connor class of Chartism. And by way of illustrating this new Editorial duty, it was actually proposed, with the greatest possible gravity, that as a keen contest was then going on in one of the metropolitan boroughs between a thorough-going Tory and a no less thorough-going Radical, the Editor should be instructed to prove the impartiality of the paper by advocating the cause of the one candidate one day, and that of his opponent the next,—so that each candidate on alternate days should have a leading article in his favour! Another member suggested, as an improvement on this proposal, that one article in the same impression of the paper should be devoted to the advocacy of the candidature of the Tory aspirant to the vacant seat in Parliament, and that in close contiguity to that article there should be another, strenuously contending that the Radical candidate was the man who ought to receive the suffrages of the constituency!

As no agreement could be come to at this meeting, it was adjourned for a fortnight. But in the interim a deputation waited one day on Mr. Penman, the Editor, not only without any previous notice being

given him of what the purport of their visit was, but of their even intending to pay him a visit at all. When he saw five members of the Committee enter his room, each looking more serious than the other, he felt assured that some complaint was about to be made,—some charge to be preferred against him of failing in his Editorial duty. I should mention that three of the deputation were personal friends of Mr. Penman, and that the party getting up the deputation, in asking them to form part of it, assigned as a reason for his selecting them, the fact of his knowing that they had a high opinion of the Editor's individual character. He added that they were aware that he entertained the same opinion; but in saying this, he did not give the other parties forming the deputation the slightest idea of what his object was. On presenting themselves, the Editor of course asked each of them to take a seat, which, having done, the party who headed the visitors said, in a solemnity of tone and with a gravity of appearance which the Editor could never forget, "Mr. Penman, I am sorry to say that we have come here to-day on a very unpleasant business."

"I am very sorry to hear it," answered Mr. Penman. "I trust that nothing serious has happened?"

"Something very serious *has* happened," said the other, emphatically.

"Would you be good enough to say what it is?" remarked the Editor.

"Why, Mr. Penman, you are every day publishing gross libels on eminent public men."

"I think, sir, you are mistaken. I feel perfectly persuaded that I have neither written nor published any libels on any one. Will you be good enough to name an instance?" observed the Editor.

"Why, I could name them by the hundred."

"Then there can be no difficulty in naming one."

"Well, then, you had one gross libel in the paper so late as yesterday."

"Will you mention what it was?"

"You know that the Chancellor of the Exchequer brought forward his Budget the night before last?"

"Certainly."

"And that you wrote a leading article on it on the following day?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And did you not, Mr. Penman, in that article say that the Budget was so bad that an attorney's clerk, sitting on his three-legged stool in his master's office, at a salary of 100*l.* a year, would have given us a better Budget?"

"Certainly I did."

"Well, and wasn't that, Mr. Penman, one of the grossest libels on the private character of the Chancellor of the Exchequer ever published in any paper in relation to any man?"

The other parties present, who were intelligent men, and had all this time been kept in a state of intense anxiety to know the nature of the "very serious

charge" to be brought against the Editor, could scarcely restrain themselves from a regular outburst of laughter on learning what it was.

I leave it to the reader to imagine, as best he may, what the position of the Editor of this newspaper must have been while this state of things lasted. Happily for him the quarrels among the Committee became so frequent and violent, and the failure of the paper so decided, that it was agreed to break up the company and discontinue the paper. But just as this was about to take place, a friend of the Editor bought the copyright for a small sum, and handed it over to him. Being untrammelled in any way in his management of the paper, and being a man of intelligence, judgment, and ability, the journal to which I allude became a property in his hands, and is so at the present time.

It may hardly be deemed credible that it could ever have been seriously proposed that a paper should be conducted on the principle of advocating rampant Toryism one day, and equally rampant Liberalism the next; but the thing has not only been proposed, but actually carried out. I have no doubt it will be remembered by some that, twenty years ago, a newspaper was started on the principle of appropriating a large portion of its space to the advocacy, in the form of leading articles, of three different classes of politics. The first was Toryism; the second, Neutralism; and the third, Radicalism. Prominent headings, indicating the nature of the views to be advocated, were

given ; and the Tory, the Neutral in politics, and the Radical, could severally choose whichever of the leading articles of this journal was in accordance with his political tastes. This attempt to establish a newspaper on the principle of being "all things to all men," ended, as might have been foreseen it would do, in a decided failure. It speedily added another proof to the many proofs which had been previously furnished, of the truth of the well-known adage, that he who hopes and attempts to please *everybody* is sure to end in pleasing *nobody*. The journal in question only lasted three months.

In connexion with how newspaper matters are managed by Committees, where the majority of the members are not only not acquainted with journalistic affairs, but not otherwise educated men, I may mention another anecdote. Some years ago a vacancy occurred in the Editorship of a well-known newspaper, and some weeks elapsed before the necessary arrangements could be made for the appointment of a successor to the party who had ceased to occupy the Editorial chair in consequence of not possessing the confidence of the Committee. There were a number of candidates for the vacant post ; and after they had been severally examined by the Committee as to their comparative fitness for the office, they appointed a day to choose from among the aspirants for the Editorial position, the one they might deem most fitted for it. The majority were wholly unfit for giving an opinion as to the comparative qualifications of the

several candidates ; but the chairman and the minority, without being, in the broader acceptation of the phrase, learned men, possessed a fair amount of intelligence, associated with good judgment in practical matters connected with a newspaper office. The candidate whom the chairman and his minority regarded as the most qualified of the candidates was on the eve of losing his election, the majority expressing a preference for another of the applicants for the Editorial office, when just as the final decision was about to be come to, the chairman, referring to something which had been said by one of the ill-informed majority, chanced to make the observation—"Oh, but that was during the Editorial interregnum." The chairman had no sooner uttered the words, than one of the members moved that the candidate, in whose favour the chairman and the minority were, should be the new Editor ; and the chairman immediately asked those who were of opinion that he was the fittest person for the office to hold up their hands. A majority of those who voted held up their hands in favour of the candidate in question ; and the question, on the contrary, being put without any hands being held up in its favour, he was declared to be the new occupant of the Editorial chair.

Of course, the reader will be desirous of knowing how this could have happened when there was a majority against him ? It occurred in this way,—that one of the majority fastened on the expression which the chairman had made, just before the question was put

to the vote, "Oh, but that was during the Editorial *interregnum*,"—and not comprehending the meaning of the word "*interregnum*," said to the committee-man next him, "*Interregnum! interregnum!* What on earth is the meaning of that word?" "I never heard it before, and don't know its meaning," was the answer. He put the question to the member of the Committee who sat nearest to him, and the same ignorance of the meaning of the word "*interregnum*" prevailed in that quarter. His next neighbour had the question put to him, and his answer was that he knew nothing about it, but supposed it meant something dreadful. From a fifth committee-man no better definition of the word could be got, except that he had no doubt it "was some outlandish word or other, of which no one knew the meaning." A sixth not only did not know the meaning of the word, but was "blessed if he cared to know it." A seventh settled the matter by saying he was sure it had no meaning at all. It was while the majority of the Committee were questioning each other, and so perplexing themselves about the meaning of the word "*interregnum*," as to be unconscious of the fact that the motion had been put and carried for the appointment of a new Editor,—that the candidate to whom I have alluded was elected. When the desultory discussion was over about the word "*interregnum*," the member of the Committee, with whom it originated, said, addressing the chairman, "Now, we are ready to vote for the new Editor." "But we *have* voted for him and ap-

pointed him to the office," answered the chairman. "When?" rejoined the other. "When you were having your conversation about the word 'interregnum,'" was the chairman's reply. "But," said several of them in a kind of chorus, "we have not voted at all!" "That is your own fault," retorted the chairman; "the question was duly put and the vote taken, and Mr. Leader is the Editor of the *Nation*."

As I think it not improbable that some of my readers may doubt the correctness of this representation of the way in which the vacant Editorial chair of an important newspaper had, on a particular occasion, been filled up, I think it necessary to say that the party from whom I received my information was the chairman on the occasion referred to, and that he was a man whom I had not only intimately known for many years, but of whom I can say, that he was incapable of stating anything which was not in accordance with the truth. But, as I have sought to guard myself against being misunderstood in my remarks on the way in which Editors, especially on some morning papers, are treated by individual proprietors, so I am no less anxious that no one should erroneously view my observations as applicable to the way in which all newspaper Committees treat their Editors. What I have said in reprobation of the conduct of certain newspaper Committees, applies only to some Committees. There are not only exceptions, but there are decided exceptions. I speak, in saying this, from personal experience. I question if there be a man

alive who has had larger personal knowledge than myself of Newspaper Committees. And it is due to several of the Committees with whom I have been thus Editorially connected to say, that so harmoniously have they and I worked together, that several years have sometimes elapsed, not only without my being once called before the Committee to give an explanation in reference to something which was supposed to require it, but without one word of dissatisfaction being expressed by the Committee in relation to my Editorship of the paper. I have generally out of Committees consisting of twenty-four,—the chairman being counted as two, because in the event of equal numbers on any division, he had a casting-vote,—found four or five men of great intelligence, sound judgment, and the highest honour and integrity, and they have usually guided and kept the others right. With such Committees I have found it most pleasant to co-operate. Unhappily, however, as many Editors will testify, speaking from painful experience, such Committees are of comparatively rare occurrence. The Committee to whom I refer were a changeable Committee,—that is, one-third of their number went out in rotation every year. But I have seen and known what it was, at times, to have to deal with Committees of a very different class. With those Editors, therefore, who are placed in circumstances of this kind, I can most sincerely sympathize,—just as I can with those Editors who are the servants of one proprietor of a

newspaper, who may be either ignorant or overbearing in his conduct, and because, not being a man of gentlemanly feeling himself, he has no regard for the sensitive feelings of the gentleman who acts in the capacity of his Editor.

But if the Editors of our metropolitan morning papers have duties so onerous and arduous, and if their situation altogether be one less enviable than that of almost any other which men of cultivated minds are found as a rule to occupy, the question will naturally occur to the reader, "How are they paid for their labours?" With regard to the *Times*, no one, so far as I know, has even ventured to indulge in a confident conjecture as to the amount of remuneration which its Editor receives, because that journal stands in this, as in almost every other respect, alone. But I am revealing nothing which need be kept secret, when I say that I have no idea that any other paper pays its Editor more as his salary than a thousand guineas. I can vouch for the accuracy of the statement when I say that with the exception of the *Times* there was no morning journal, a very few years ago, that paid its Editor more than that sum, and I believe only two papers that paid so much. A thousand guineas per annum was, for many years, the amount of my salary as Editor of the *Morning Advertiser*. I can state that 800*l.* a year was the highest amount then paid by the other morning journals, just as I know that that is the sum paid by some of them at the present time.

In connexion with the remuneration of the Editors of our morning papers, it may be interesting to state that, always excepting the *Times*, the salaries which the Editors of the principal New York daily papers receive are more liberal than those received by the Editors of the morning journals of London. Mr. H. Greeley, as I have before stated, Editor of the *New York Tribune*, receives 2000*l.* a year as his salary; and though I have not been able to obtain specific information as to what Mr. James Gordon Bennett, proprietor of the *New York Herald*, pays his Chief Editor, I have no doubt that the sum is not less than 2000*l.* per annum. I partly ground this belief on what I know to be a fact,—that the salary he allows his publisher is 1000*l.* a year. And speaking of this latter person, it is worthy of being mentioned, that when he entered the *New York Herald* Office, when the paper started in 1835, he did so as an errand-boy at a salary of eight shillings a week. A rise from a salary of eight shillings a week to one of 1000*l.* a year is sufficiently great to be worthy of being noted.

It must be an unfailing source of satisfaction to the Editors of our morning papers, in the midst of all their responsibilities and the annoyances incident to their journalistic position, to know that, speaking of them as a body, they stand so high as they do in the scale of social life. They are not only received into the most aristocratic society, but are invariably so received as if on a footing of equality with the best in the land. It will be in the remembrance, I doubt not, of many

of my readers, that, a little more than a year before Lord Palmerston's death, Mr. Disraeli, in a speech in the House of Commons, was so utterly wanting in good taste, as to insinuate that there were Editors of our leading journals who were influenced in their political views by the attractions of "the gilded saloons" of the wives of Ministers. Lord Palmerston at once saw that the insinuation was levelled at the circumstance of Lady Palmerston inviting Mr. Delane to her parties; and, amidst the deafening cheers of the House of Commons, he indignantly repudiated the imputation that the independence or the integrity of those Journalists, of whom Mr. Delane was at the head, could be affected in the slightest degree by the considerations to which Mr. Disraeli had alluded. He then proceeded to pronounce a high eulogium on the character of Mr. Delane, both as a man and as the Editor of the *Times*, and concluded by saying that it was to him (Lord Palmerston) a source of pride and gratification to possess the personal friendship and enjoy the society of a man of Mr. Delane's high honour and varied acquirements. I could name particular Peers of the realm who have not only invited Editors of morning journals to visit them at their country seats, and begged them to remain as long as their journalistic engagements would permit, but made them their confidants in matters of a purely personal nature, at the same time asking for and acting on their counsels.

It was, however, not always thus. So late as the

latter end of the last century, the Editors of the morning journals were not, speaking of them as a class, held in high respect, or received into the best society. Edmund Burke, speaking of them, expressed himself in the following terms:—"The writers for the Newspaper Press"—he meant "Editors" when he said "writers"—"are for the greater part either unknown or in contempt." This was true in the days of Burke, and for a considerable part of the present century. Of all the Editors of whom we hear prior to the nineteenth century, Mr. James Perry of the *Morning Chronicle* was the only one who had access to the higher orders of society, and mixed with its members on a footing of perfect equality. It is just the opposite now. Instead of the leading journalists of the present day being slighted in the higher ranks of life, their society is courted, and they are treated with mingled respect and familiarity by those occupying, socially, the most distinguished positions in the kingdom.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE MISSION AND THE POWER OF THE PRESS.

Remarks in Relation to the Extent of the Journalism at Work in the World—The Aims and the Influence of the Newspaper Press—Probable Future of Journalism—Duties and Responsibilities of Individual Editors—Exalted Character of the Journalistic Profession—Concluding Observations.

If the calculations of the French writer on the Newspaper Press from whom, in the concluding part of my last chapter but one, I have quoted some interesting statistics respecting the rapid rate at which newspapers are spreading throughout the civilized world, be correct—and I have no doubt whatever that they are substantially so,—there is something not only marvellous but astounding in the contemplation of the fact. The question, “When and where will the extension of newspaper Journalism end?” is a question which will be asked by every reflecting mind. It is a great question,—one which involves momentous issues to the whole human race. If the statement be in accordance with the fact, that America is doubling the number of her journals every six years, and if the present number of those journals be what I have supposed it is, 5000—after making deductions for exagge-

rated representations of the number of her papers,—we shall have, by the end of another six years, the enormous number of 10,000 newspapers on the other side of the Atlantic. In the course of six years more, assuming the increase to proceed in the same ratio, the United States will be able to boast of 20,000 newspapers. And though in this country we cannot go on increasing the number of our newspapers at the same rapid rate as the United States, because, amongst other reasons, our population is not increasing in the same ratio as theirs, yet there can be no question, judging from the experience of the past few years, that we will in all probability, including the Newspaper Press of our Colonies, at least double the present number of our newspapers, which is 1500, before another decade has passed away.

Just now there are millions in the United Kingdom, as well as in our Colonial possessions, who never meet with a newspaper—nor, indeed, could read it if they did—while millions more comparatively seldom get the sight of a newspaper; but from the rapid rate at which newspaper journalism is progressing with us at this moment, I feel a perfect persuasion that ere many years have elapsed no one reading the English language abroad or at home, will remain for many days without perusing a newspaper. I must add to this the expression of my belief, that the very desire to read newspapers will contribute more than any other consideration, to make those who, cannot now read, resort at once and vigorously to the adoption of

those facilities which at present so largely abound, for acquiring at least such a knowledge of the English language as will enable them to read with ease. It is delightful, I had almost said glorious, to contemplate the blessed results which will inevitably follow, before many years have passed away, from the spread of an intelligent and healthful newspaper journalism in every part of the world where the English language is understood, read, and spoken. There is something absolutely sublime in the thought that there is at this moment so mighty a combination of intellectual, social, and moral agencies engaged, through means of newspaper journalism, in the great work of seeking to improve men's minds, to liberate them from all sorts of slavery, whether of the body or the soul, and to transform their moral character.

The Mission of the Newspaper Press is, as I have said in my Preface, one of the noblest in which human beings can engage. It is not only to enlighten the minds, and to elevate the character of mankind in general, but one of its grand aims, where it is in the hands of men of right principles—and that may happily be said of the majority of its conductors—is to promote the great principles of peace and amity among the nations of the earth. It seeks to effect, in general terms, the civilization and happiness of the human race. Though it cannot as yet be said that this exalted and beneficent object has been accomplished to the extent which all of us wish to witness, no one who has carefully studied the amazing marches which the Press has made

towards that Divine purpose, can doubt that it is destined ultimately, and before long, to achieve in this respect a signal success.

No one conversant with the Newspaper Press of the present day can fail to contemplate it, when contrasted with what it was little more than a generation ago, without feelings of joy and thankfulness. The moral character of our Press has undergone a marvellous change for the better within the last forty years, and when to this fact is added the other fact,—that the circulation of the newspapers of the United Kingdom is now twenty times as great as it was in 1830, it is a matter of logical necessity that the high character of its teachings should be continuously exercising a powerful influence for good among the millions of its readers.

But though much good has been done, and is now doing through the salutary teachings of the Newspaper Press, all that has yet been accomplished is no more than a first instalment of the blessings which will follow, if those in whose hands our Journalism is placed, be but true to their exalted vocation. In saying this, I speak of the combined agencies of our Newspaper Press; but each individual Editor ought ever to remember that while he is one of the great brotherhood of Journalism, he has an individual sphere of his own in which he is bound, by moral and social obligations of the most sacred kind, to work in the newspaper vineyard as if he laboured in that vineyard alone. Carlyle once exclaimed "Great is Journalism !

Is not every Editor a ruler of the world, being a persuader of it?" The observation, though not wholly true, is true in part. Though it is not correct to say that every Editor is a ruler of the world, in the widest acceptation of the word, because, in that case, as we have thousands of Editors, we should have thousands of rulers of the world; but the remark of Mr. Carlyle is true to this extent,—that every Editor is a ruler of part of the world. He is a sort of monarch in the district in which he fulfils his journalistic functions, and at least the majority of his readers may be said to be his subjects. This is a consideration which ought to weigh heavily on the mind of every newspaper Editor. If his power for good or evil be so great, the fact ought never to be absent from his thoughts,—that the amount of his responsibility to the Supreme Being and to his readers is correspondingly great. Who shall undertake to estimate the extent of the power, for good or evil, which is possessed by the Editor of one of our morning journals, influencing, as it does, every succeeding day, some hundreds of thousands of our fellow beings. There is something solemn in this thought to every one who has correct views of the obligations under which individuals lie to the Great Creator and to mankind in general.

If my memory be not defective, it was Montesquieu who said, in relation to the influence which national songs had on the people of a country, and through them on dynasties and governments, "Give me the writing of the national songs, and I care not who

has the making of the laws." I am sure there will be no dissentient among my readers when I express my belief that what Montesquieu thus said of the national songs of his country, would apply with greater force, not to the Press of France of his day, but to the Press of Great Britain in ours. I cannot, at the moment, lay my hand on the quotation, but Burke, in speaking of the Newspaper Press, has a passage in one of his works to the effect, that if he had only the sole control of the Newspaper Press for one year, he would undertake to effect the greatest political and social changes which could be conceived. Sheridan expressed himself in terms not dissimilar. And if the Press in the days of Burke and Sheridan could have accomplished such mighty changes, there ought, in reality, to be nothing impossible of accomplishment by the Press of our day, being, as it is, in every respect, full fifty times as great an institution as it was in theirs.

The Press in this country has, for at least a generation, been called, in all seriousness as a rule, but by some in a half jocular mood, "The Fourth Estate," and as such the Press of the United Kingdom has become, under that designation, one of our stereotyped toasts at public festive gatherings of her Majesty's subjects. But within the last few years the appellation of "The Fourth Estate," given to our newspaper journalism, has acquired an appropriateness to which it was never entitled at any previous period of its history. It is destined before many years have

elapsed, to become the great ruling power, not in this country only, but throughout the whole area of civilization. It will be—it almost is already—omnipotent. No power, nor indeed any combination of agencies, however mighty they may hope to become, will be able successfully to confront it. The Newspaper Press will have to do battle with the hosts of ignorance, superstition, barbarism, and despotism ; but its ultimate triumph is certain. Nor will the conflict be prolonged, any more than the issue is doubtful. The victory of Journalism in this, as in other respects, will be speedy as well as signal. Oppressors everywhere have a presentiment of this. They read their day of doom in the progress of Journalism. At the very name of the Press, tyrants tremble. It is the thing which, of all others, despots dread. In every country and clime they stand in awe of the Press. They regard it with an indescribable terror. The Press is the impersonation of a grand cosmopolitan Revolution,—not Revolution in the anarchical or worst sense of the term, but in the sense of a great moral, social, and political transformation. That is the treble mission of the Newspaper Press, and it will not only as surely accomplish it as the light of tomorrow will succeed the darkness of the coming night, but I rejoice in being able to record the fact, that it has already made such marked progress in its great work. Nothing can resist its onward course. It will scatter as chaff before the wind whatever combinations may be formed against it. “Holy Alliances,” or rather

“*Un-Holy*” alliances may be entered into with a view to resist and repel the aggressive course of the Press, but all these, no matter how formidable some of them may at first sight seem, will be utterly vanquished as soon as the opposing forces come into collision.

There is not an Editor of any newspaper, either in this country or throughout the world, who has the testimony of the still small voice within him, that he is a zealous co-worker with his journalistic brethren, in doing all he can to fulfil the grand legitimate Mission of the Press,—who has not reason to be proud that he is engaged in so high and holy a vocation, and to rejoice in the conviction, that as he has bravely and faithfully done his part in the great struggle, so he shall have his full share in the glory of the grand eventual and not distant triumph.

Let me say in conclusion, that I for one rejoice in having for more than a generation occupied a prominent place in the ranks of Journalism, and trust that I shall continue, more or less directly, till the close of my public life, to be connected with the Press of our common country. I have never had any other ambition,—a higher, in my own estimation, I could not have. I have witnessed with an admiration and delight which language cannot express, what the Press has, in the course of the last half century, done for mankind, and I look forward with no less pleasurable emotions to what it is destined to accomplish in the years which are yet to come. Comparatively few of those who may read these volumes can expect to live

so long as to witness the wonderful works which the Press will have wrought during another half century, but those who have reached the meridian of life, and those still more advanced in years, can rejoice together in the anticipation of a period when their successors on the platform of life will see, and be sharers in, the benefits and blessings of which an intelligent, able, and high-toned Journalism will be productive to the world at large.

THE END.

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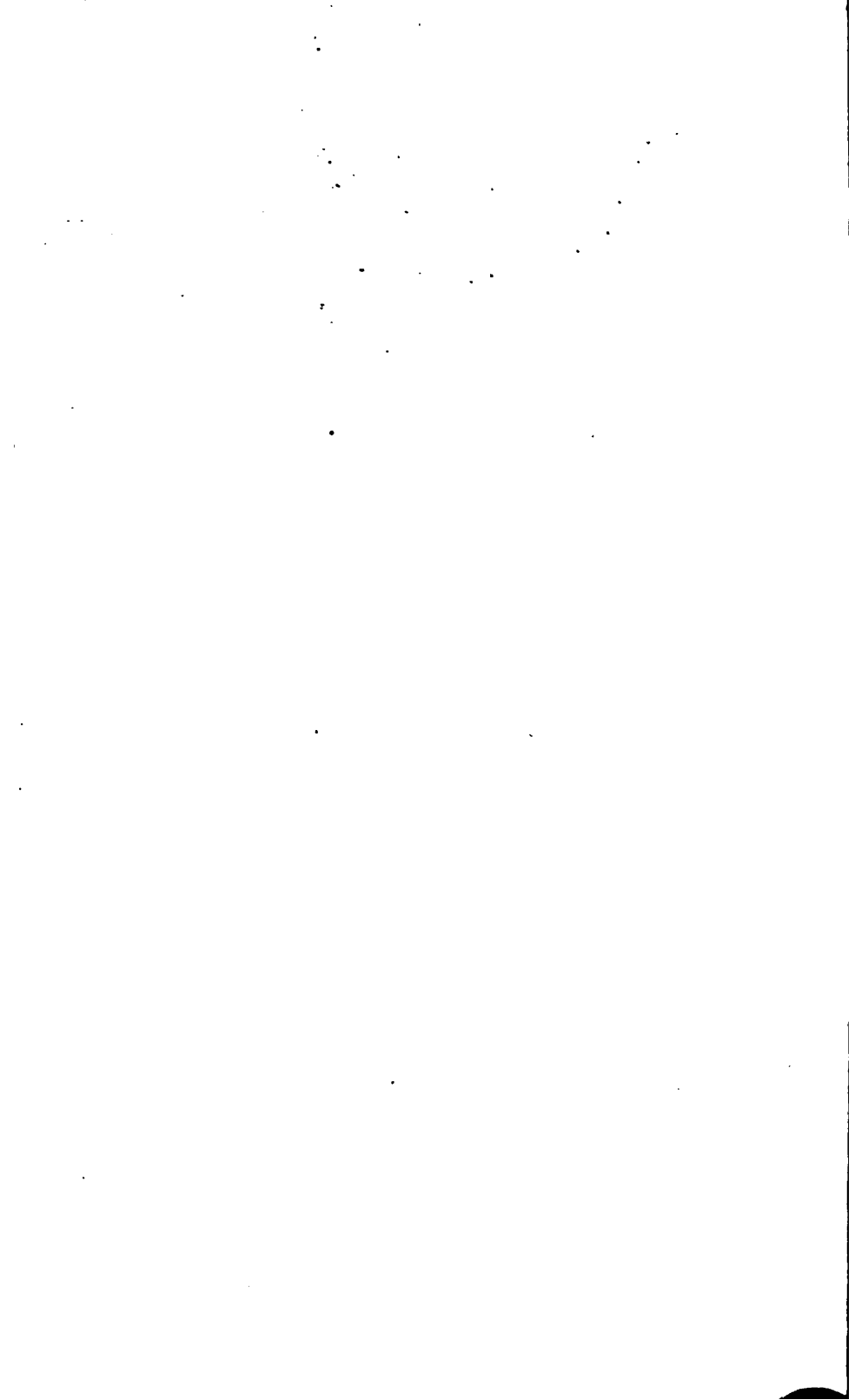
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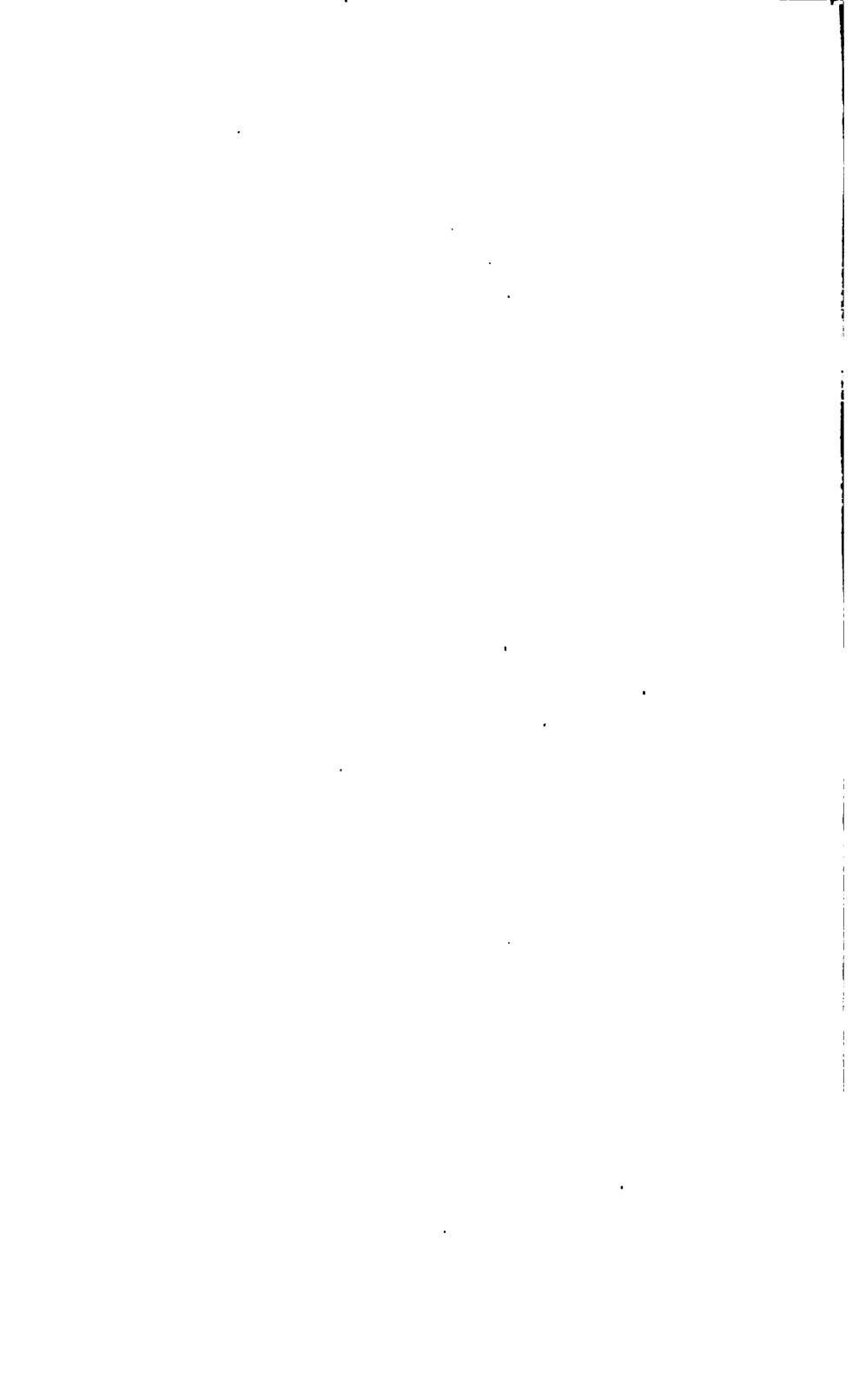
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